This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

1837
ARTES VERITAS SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
E PLURIBUS UNUM
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE
DEPARTMENT
OF
PHYSIOLOGY

THE GIFT OF
DR. W. P. LOMBARD

DC
203
.L82
1835

UNIV. OF MICH.



Eng.d by Illman & Pilbrow

JOSEPHINE

N. York, Published by J. & J. Harper 1832.

N York, Published by J. & J. Harper. 18[illegible]

Harper's Stereotype Edition.

THE

HISTORY

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

BY J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

WITH COPPERPLATE ENGRAVINGS

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1835.

Dr. Warren Lombard

gft.

CONTENTS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

299871

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHAPTER XLII.

LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Decrees of Berlin—Napoleon renews the Campaign—Warsaw taken—Enthusiasm of the Poles—Retreat of the Russians—Battle of Pultusk—The French go into Winter Quarters—Battle of Preuss Eylau—Taking of Dantzic—Battle of Friedland—Armistice—Expeditions of the English to Calabria, Constantinople, Egypt, and Buenos Ayres—Peace of Tilsit.

Napoleon had achieved the total humiliation of the Prussian monarchy in a campaign of a week's duration: yet severe as the exertions of his army had been, and splendid his success, and late as the season was now advanced, there ensued no pause of inaction: the emperor himself remained but a few days in Berlin.

This brief residence, however, was distinguished by the issue of the famous *decrees of Berlin*: those extraordinary edicts by which Buonaparte hoped to sap the foundations of the power of England—the one power which he had no means of assailing by his apparently irresistible arms.

Napoleon declared the British islands to be in a state of blockade: any intercourse with that country was henceforth to be a crime; all her citizens found in any country in alliance with France to be prisoners; every article of English produce or manufacture, wherever discovered, to be confiscated. In a word, wherever France had power, the slightest communication with England was henceforth to be treason against the majesty of Napoleon; and every

coast of Europe was to be lined with new armies of *douaniers* and *gens d'armes*, for the purpose of carrying into effect what he called "the continental system."

He had long meditated the organization of this system, and embraced, as a favourable opportunity for its promulgtaion, the moment which saw him at length predominant in the north of Germany, and thus, in effect, master of the whole coasts of Europe from the mouth of the Oder round to the Adriatic Gulf. The system, however, could not be carried into effect, because from long habit the manufactured goods and colonial produce of Britain had come to be necessaries of life among every civilized people of the world: and consequently every private citizen found his own domestic comforts invaded by the decree, which avowedly aimed only at the revenues of the English crown. Every man, therefore, was under continual temptation, each in his own sphere and method, to violate the decrees of Berlin. The custom-house officers were exposed to bribes which their virtue could not resist. Even the most attached of Napoleon's own functionaries connived at the universal spirit of evasion—his brothers themselves, in their respective dominions, could not help sympathizing with their subjects, and winking at the methods of relief to which they were led by necessity, the mother of invention. The severe police, however, which was formed every where as a necessary part of the machinery for carrying these edicts into execution—the insolence of the innumerable spies and informers whom they set in motion—and the actual deprivation of usual comforts, in so far as it existed—all these circumstances conspired to render the name of the Berlin decrees odious throughout Europe and in France itself. It may be added that the original conception of Napoleon was grounded on a mistaken opinion, to which, however, he always clung—namely, that England

derives all her strength from her foreign commerce. Great as that commerce was, and great as, in spite of him, it continued to be, it never was any thing but a trifle when compared with the internal traffic and resources of Great Britain—a country not less distinguished above other nations for its agricultural industry than for its commercial.

Napoleon received at Berlin a deputation of his senate, sent from Paris to congratulate him on the successes of his campaign. To them he announced these celebrated decrees: he made them the bearers of the trophies of his recent victories, and, moreover, of a demand for the immediate levying of 80,000 men, being the *first* conscription for the year 1808—that for the year 1807 having been already anticipated. The subservient senate recorded and granted whatever their master pleased to dictate; but the cost of human life which Napoleon's ambition demanded had begun, ere this time, to be seriously thought of in France. He, meanwhile, prepared, without further delay, to extinguish the feeble spark of resistance which still lingered in a few garrisons of the Prussian monarchy, beyond the Oder; and to meet, ere they could reach the soil of Germany, those Russian legions which were now advancing, too late, to the assistance of Frederick William. That unfortunate prince sent Lucchesini to Berlin, to open, if possible, a negotiation with the victorious occupant of his capital and palace: but Buonaparte demanded Dantzic, and two other fortified towns, as the price of even the briefest armistice; and the Italian envoy returned, to inform the king that no hope remained for him except in the arrival of the Russians.

Napoleon held in his hands the means of opening his campaign with those allies of Prussia, under circumstances involving his enemy in a new, and probably endless, train of difficulties. The partition of Poland—that great political crime, for which

every power that had a part in it has since been severely, though none of them adequately, punished —had left the population, of what had once been a great and powerful kingdom, in a state of discontent and irritation, of which, had Napoleon been willing to make full use of it, the fruits might have been more dangerous for the czar than any campaign against any foreign enemy. The French emperor had but to announce distinctly that his purpose was the restoration of Poland as an independent state, and the whole mass of an eminently gallant and warlike population, would have risen instantly at his call. But Buonaparte was withheld from resorting to this effectual means of annoyance by various considerations, of which the chief were these: first, he could not emancipate Poland without depriving Austria of a rich and important province, and consequently provoking her once more into the field: and, secondly, he foresaw that the Russian emperor, if threatened with the destruction of his Polish territory and authority, would urge the war in a very different manner from that which he was likely to adopt while acting only as the ally of Prussia. In a word, Napoleon was well aware of the extent of the czar's resources, and had no wish at this time to give a character of irremediable bitterness to their quarrel.

Though, however, he for these and other reasons refrained from openly appealing in his own person to the Poles as a nation, Buonaparte had no scruple about permitting others to tamper, in his behalf, with the justly indignant feelings of the people. Some of the heroic leaders of the Poles, in the struggles for their expiring independence, had long been exiles in France—not a few of them had taken service in her armies. These men were allowed, and encouraged, to address themselves to the body of their countrymen, in language which could hardly fail to draw eager and enthusiastic recruits to Napoleon's

standard, and increase mightily the perplexities of the Russian councils. The brave old Kosciusko forwarded, on the 1st of November, from Paris, an address,* which was generally circulated throughout Poland, and well calculated to produce a powerful effect wherever it penetrated. "Dear countrymen and friends," said the hero, "arise! the great nation is before you—Napoleon expects, and Kosciusko calls on you. We are under the ægis of the monarch who vanquishes difficulties as if by miracles, and the reanimation of Poland is too glorious an achievement not to have been reserved for him by the Eternal." Dombrouski and Wibichi, two Polish officers in Buonaparte's own army, sent forward from Berlin, on the eighth of the same month, a proclamation which commenced in these words:—"Poles! Napoleon, the great, the invincible, enters Poland with an army of 300,000 men. Without wishing to fathom the mystery of his views, let us strive to merit his magnanimity. *I will see* (he said to us) *whether you deserve to be a nation.* Poles! it depends then on yourselves to exert a national spirit, and possess a country. Your avenger, your restorer is here. Crowd from all quarters to his presence, as children in tears hasten to behold a succouring father. Present to him your hearts, your arms. Rise to a man, and prove that you do not grudge your blood to your country!" Lastly, in one of Napoleon's own bulletins, the following ominous sentences were permitted to appear: "Shall the Polish throne be re-established, and shall the great nation secure for it respect and independence? Shall she recall it to life from the grave? God only, who directs all human affairs, can resolve this great mystery!" These appeals produced various eager addresses from Poland—and Buonaparte prepared to visit that country, though not as her liberator.

* We suspect that the letter of Koschusko above-mentioned was a forgery.

Before re-opening the great campaign, Buonaparte accepted the submission and explanation of the elector of Saxony, who truly stated that Prussia had forced him to take part in the war. The apology was accepted, and from this time the elector adhered to the league of the Rhine, and was a faithful ally of Napoleon. The landgrave of Hesse Cassel had worse fortune. The answer to all his applications was, that he had ceased to reign. What use the conqueror designed to make of the territories thus confiscated, we shall presently see. The Saxon army, and that of Hesse Cassel, were both, however, at his disposal, and they both accordingly were marched forwards, and blended with the forces occupying Prussia.

The French army, having now invested Glogau, Breslau, and Graudentz, and left detachments to urge these sieges, moved towards the Polish frontier. General Bennigsen, with a considerable Russian army, had advanced to overawe the dissatisfied population, and was now at Warsaw. But the march of the French van under Murat soon alarmed him in these quarters. After some skirmishes of little moment the Russians retired behind the Vistula, and Murat took possession of the Polish metropolis on the 28th of November. On the 25th, Napoleon himself had reached Posen, and found himself surrounded by a population in a high state of excitement and enthusiasm. The ancient national dress reappeared: hope and exultation beamed in every countenance: the old nobles, quitting the solitary castles in which they had been lamenting over the downfall of Poland, crowded the levees of the victor, and addressed him in language which recalled the half-oriental character and manners of their nation. "We adore you," said the palatine of Gnesna, "and with confidence repose in you all our hopes, as upon Him who raises empires and destroys them, and humbles the proud—the regene-

rator of our country, the legislator of the universe." "Already," said the president of the council of justice, "already our country is saved, for we adore in your person the most just and the most profound Solon. We commit our fate into your hands, and implore the protection of the most august Cæsar."

Having largely recruited his armies with brave Poles, who fancied him both a Solon and a Cæsar, Napoleon now moved forwards. General Bennigsen found himself under the necessity of abandoning, first the line of the Vistula, and then that of the Bug, and the French still advancing in numbers not to be resisted by his division, at length threw himself behind the river Wkra, where Kaminskoy, the Russian commander-in-chief, and three other divisions of the army, had by this time taken their ground. On the 23d of December Napoleon reached and crossed the Wkra, and Kaminskoy ordered his whole army to fall back upon the line of Niemen. Bennigsen accordingly retired towards Pultusk, Galitzin upon Golymin, both followed by great bodies of the French, and both sustaining with imperturbable patience and gallantry the severities of a march through roads, on which it is said there were at the time about five feet of mud, and of frequent skirmishes with their pursuers. But the minor divisions of D'Anrep and Buxhouden retreated without keeping up the requisite communications with either Bennigsen or Galitzin, and consequently suffered considerably, though the matter was absurdly exaggerated in the French bulletins.

Bennigsen, in spite of Kaminskoy's orders to retreat, at all hazards, made a stand, and a most gallant one at Pultusk. Having his left in that town, and his right on a wood, the general conceived his position to be too favourable for speedy abandonment, and on the 26th of December expected the onset of Lannes, Davoust, and the imperial guard of France. They charged with their usual impetu-

osity, and drove the Russian right wing, under general Barclay de Tolly, out of the wood; but Bennigsen skilfully availed himself of this occurrence; by his orders Barclay de Tolly retired much further than was necessary for his own safety, and the French, advancing unguardedly, found themselves confronted on very unfavourable ground with the Russian main body, which had now been arranged on a new line of battle, and of a battery of 120 guns, placed so as to command their march with terrible efficacy. The result was, that the Russians lost 5000 in killed and wounded, the French 8000—one of their wounded being marshal Lannes himself; and the French drew back from the hardly contested field with such haste, that all next day the advancing Cossacks sought in vain for their rear-guard. On the same day, with nearly as much success, prince Galitzin halted also, and awaited and repelled the enemy in pursuit; and had either Bennigsen or Galitzin been supported by the other divisions, which were doing nothing within a few miles of their respective marches, these events might have been improved so as to involve the French army in great and immediate perplexity. But in truth, the total want of plan and combination on the part of Kaminskoy was by this time apparent to the veriest tyro in his camp. Symptoms of actual insanity appeared shortly afterward, and the chief command was transferred, with universal approbation, to Bennigsen.

The affairs of Pultusk and Golymin, however, were productive of excellent effects. They raised to a high pitch the spirits of the Russian soldiery; and they afforded Napoleon such a specimen of the character of his new enemy, that instead of pursuing the campaign, as he had announced in his bulletins, he thought fit to retire, and place his troops in winter quarters. He himself took up his residence at

Warsaw, and the army occupied cantonments in various towns to the eastward.

But general Bennigsen, having proved at Pultusk what Russian troops could do when under a determined commander, no sooner found himself at the head of an army of nearly 100,000 men, than he resolved to disturb the French in their quarters, and at all events give them such occupation as might enable the king of Prussia to revictual Konigsberg where the few troops, gathered round that unfortunate sovereign, were already beginning to suffer many privations. With this view Bennigsen advanced as far as Mohrungen, where the French sustained considerable damage in a skirmish, and from whence his Cossacks spread themselves abroad over the country—creating such confusion, that the leaguer of Konigsberg being for the moment relaxed, the Prussian garrison received welcome supplies of all kinds, and Napoleon himself perceived the necessity of breaking up his cantonments, and once more concentrating the army for active war.

His design was to occupy Willensberg, to the rear of the great Russian camp at Mohrungen; thus cutting off the new enemy's communications with his own means of resource, in the same manner which had proved so fatal to the Austrians at Ulm, and the Prussians at Jena. But Bennigsen, having learned the plan from an intercepted despatch, immediately countermarched his army with masterly skill and thus involved Napoleon in a long series of manœuvrès, not to be executed in such a country at that dismal season without the extremity of hardship. The Russians themselves, inured as they were to northern climates, and incapable of even dreaming that a soldier could seek safety in flight, were reduced to the border of phrensy by the privation of these long marches. Their commissariat was wretched: the soldiers had often no food, except such frozen roots as they could dig out of the

ground; and, tortured with toil and famine, they at length demanded battle so vehemently, that, against his own judgment, general Bennigsen consented to grant the prayer. He selected the town of Preuss-Eylau, and a strong position behind it, as his field of battle; and—after two skirmishes, one at Landsberg, the other nearer the chosen ground, in the former of which the French, in the latter the Russians, had the advantage,—the whole army reached Preuss-Eylau on the 7th of February.

In the confusion of so great a movement, a division designed by Bennigsen to occupy the town itself misunderstood the order, and evacuated it at the approach of the enemy's van. The French took possession of the place accordingly, and—general Bennigsen commanding it to be regained, as soon as he learned the mistake that had occurred—the whole day was spent in severe fighting within the town, which was taken and retaken several times, and at the fall of night remained in the hands of the French. On either side the loss had been very great, and Napoleon, coming up in person, perceived that the contest must needs be renewed at daybreak. The night was clear, and he could trace the enemy's line darkening the whole of an admirably selected position, between which and the dearly contested town, a level space covered with snow, and two or three small frozen lakes, glittered in the mingled light of an unclouded moon and innumerable watch-fires.

The great battle of Preuss-Eylau was fought on the 8th of February. At dawn of day the French charged at two different points in strong columns, and were unable to shake the iron steadiness of the infantry, while the Russian horse, and especially the Cossacks under their gallant Hetman Platoff, made fearful execution on each division, as successively they drew back from their vain attempt. A fierce storm arose at midday: the snow drifted right in the eyes of the Russians; the village of Serpallen,

on their left, caught fire, and the smoke also rolled dense upon them. Davoust skilfully availed himself of the opportunity, and turned their flank so rapidly, that Serpallen was lost and the left wing compelled to wheel backwards, so as to form almost at right angles with the rest of the line. The Prussian corps of L'Estocq, a small but determined fragment of the campaign of Jena, appeared at this critical moment in the rear of the Russian left; and, charging with such gallantry as had in former times been expected from the soldiery of the great Frederick, drove back Davoust, and restored the Russian line. The action continued for many hours along the whole line—the French attacking boldly, the Russians driving them back with unfailing resolution. Ney, with a fresh division, at length came up, and succeeded in occupying the village of Schloditten, on the road to Konigsberg. To regain this, and thereby recover the means of communicating with the king of Prussia, was deemed necessary; and it was carried accordingly at the point of the bayonet. This was at ten o'clock at night. So ended the longest and by far the severest battle in which Buonaparte had as yet been engaged. The French are supposed to have had 90,000 men under arms at its commencement; the Russians not more than 60,000. After fourteen hours of fighting, either army occupied the same position as in the morning. Twelve of Napoleon's eagles were in the hands of Bennigsen, and the field between was covered with 50,000 corpses, of whom at least half were French.

Either leader claimed the victory; Bennigsen exhibiting as proof of his success the twelve eagles which his army, admitted to be inferior in numbers, bore off the field: Buonaparte, that he kept possession of the field, while the enemy retired, the very night after the battle, from Eylau towards Konigsberg. It was, in truth, a drawn battle; and to have found an equal was sufficient bitterness to Napoleon.

The Russian general-in-chief had retreated, in opposition to the opinion of most of his council, out of anxiety for the personal safety of the king of Prussia at Konigsberg, and desire to recruit his army ere another great action should be hazarded. The French, triumphant as was the language of their bulletins, made no effort to pursue. Bennigsen conducted his army in perfect order to Konigsberg, and the Cossacks issuing from that city continued for more than a week to waste the country according to their pleasure, without any show of opposition from the French. But the best proof how severely Napoleon had felt the struggle of Preuss-Eylau, is to be found in a communication which he made to Frederick William, on the 13th of February, five days after the battle, offering him, in effect, the complete, or nearly complete restoration of his dominions, provided he would accept of a separate peace: with the king's answer; namely, that it was impossible for him to enter on any treaty unless the czar were a party in it. Finally, on the 19th of February, Napoleon left Eylau, and retreated with his whole army on the Vistula, well satisfied that it would be fatal rashness to engage on another campaign in Poland, while several fortified towns, and, above all, Dantzic held out in his rear, and determined to have possession of these places, and to summon new forces from France, ere he should again meet in the field such an enemy as the Russian had proved to be.

Dantzic was defended with the more desperate resolution, because it was expected that, as soon as the season permitted, an English fleet and army would certainly be sent to its relief. But the besiegers having a prodigious superiority of numbers, and being conducted with every advantage of skill, the place was at length compelled to surrender, on the 7th of May; after which event, Napoleon's extraordinary exertions in hurrying supplies from

France, Switzerland, and the Rhine country, and the addition of the division of 25,000, which had captured Dantzic, enabled him to take the field again at the head of not less than 280,000 men. The Russian general also had done what was in his power to recruit his army during this interval; but his utmost zeal could effect no more than bringing his muster up again to its original point—90,000; the chief blame lying, as it was alleged, with the coldness of the English cabinet, who, instead of lavishing gold on the emperor of Russia, as had been done in other similar cases, were with difficulty, it is said, persuaded to grant him, at this critical time, so small a supply as £80,000. Russia has men to any amount at her command: but the poverty of the national purse renders it at all times very difficult for her to maintain a large army in a distant contest.

Bennigsen, nevertheless, was the first to reappear in the field. In the beginning of June he attacked Ney's division stationed at Gustadt, and pursued them to Deppen, where, on the 8th, a smart action took place, and Napoleon arrived in person to support his troops. The Russians were then forced to retire towards Heilsberg, where they halted and maintained their position, during a whole day, in the face of an enemy prodigiously superior in numbers. The carnage on both sides was fearful; and Bennigsen, continuing his retreat, placed the river Aller between him and Napoleon.

The French emperor now exerted all his art to draw the Russian into a general action: the resistance he had met with had surprised and enraged him, and he was eager to overpower and extinguish Bennigsen before further supplies of these hardy Muscovites should come up to swell his ranks. The Russian general was on the west or left bank of the Aller, opposite to the town of Friedland, when Buonaparte once more came up with him, on the

13th of June. There was a long and narrow wooden bridge over the river, close by, which might have been destroyed if not defended; and Napoleon's object was to induce Bennigsen, instead of abiding by his position, to abandon its advantages, pass over to the eastern bank, and accept battle with the town and river in his rear. His crafty management outwitted the Russian, who, being persuaded that the troops which appeared in front of him were only a small division of the French army, was tempted to send some regiments over the river for the purpose of chastising them. The French, sometimes retreating, and then again returning to the combat, the Russians were by degrees induced to cross in greater numbers; until at length Bennigsen found himself and his whole army on the eastern bank, with the town and bridge in their rear—thus completely entrapped in the snare laid for him by his enemy.

On the 14th of June, under circumstances thus disadvantageous, the Russian general found himself compelled to accept battle. His army occupied open ground—the intricate and narrow streets of the town of Friedland, and the bridge behind it, appeared to be his only means of retreat in case of misadventure—and in front, and on either flank, extended those woods which had covered Buonaparte's stratagems of the preceding day, and which now afforded complete shelter to the imperial army—the means of attacking from whatever point they might select—and of retiring with safety as often as might be found advisable.

The battle commenced at ten in the morning, and the Russians stood their ground with unbroken resolution until between four and five in the evening, sustaining numberless charges of foot and horse, and exposed all the while to a murderous cannonade. At length, Napoleon put himself at the head of the French line, and commanded a general assault of all arms, which was executed with overpowering effect,

Having lost full 12,000 men, general Bennigsen was at last compelled to attempt a retreat: the French poured after him into the town: the first Russian division which forced the passage of the river destroyed the bridge behind them in their terror; and the rest of the army escaped by means of deep and dangerous fords, which, desperate as the resource they afforded was, had been discovered only in the moment of necessity. Nevertheless, such were the coolness and determination of the Russians, that they saved all their baggage, and lost only seventeen cannon; and such was the impression which their obstinate valour left on the enemy, that their retreat towards the Niemen was performed without any show of molestation.

The results of the battle of Friedland were, however, as great as could have been expected from any victory. On the retreat of Bennigsen towards the Niemen, the unfortunate king of Prussia, evacuating Konigsberg, where he now perceived it must be impossible to maintain himself, sought a last and precarious shelter in the seaport of Memel; and the emperor Alexander, overawed by the genius of Napoleon, which had triumphed over troops more resolute than had ever before opposed him, and alarmed for the consequences of some decisive measure towards the re-organization of the Poles as a nation, began to think seriously of peace. Buona parte, on his part also, had many reasons for being anxious to bring hostilities to a close. The Swedish king was in Pomerania, besieging Stralsund, and hourly expecting reinforcements from England, which might have ended in a formidable diversion in the rear of the French army. Schill, an able partisan, was in arms in Prussia, where the general discontent was such, that nothing but opportunity seemed wanting for a national insurrection against the conquerors. The further advance of the French towards the north could hardly have failed to afford

such an opportunity. Neither could this be executed, to all appearance, without involving the necessity of proclaiming the independence of Poland; thereby giving a character of mortal rancour to the war with Russia, and in all likelihood calling Austria once more into the field. Under such circumstances the minds of Napoleon and Alexander were equally disposed towards negotiation: general Bennigsen sent, on the 21st of June, to demand an armistice; and to this proposal the victor of Friedland yielded immediate assent.

In truth, over and above the parsimony of the court of St. James's in regard to subsidies, the recent conduct of the war on the part of England had been so ill-judged, and on the whole so unfortunate, that the czar might be excused for desiring to escape from that alliance. Almost the only occasion on which the character of the British arms had been gloriously maintained, was the battle of Maida, in Calabria, fought July the 4th, 1806—when Sir John Stuart and 7,000 English soldiers encountered a superior French force under general Regnier, and drove them from the field with great loss. This was one of those rare occasions on which French and English troops have actually crossed bayonets—the steadiness of the latter inspired the former with panic, and they fled in confusion. But this occurrence, except for its moral influence on the English soldiery, was of small importance. General Stuart had been sent to support the Calabrian peasantry in an insurrection against Joseph Buonaparte; the insurgents were on the whole unable to stand their ground against the regular army of the intrusive king; and the English, soon after their fruitless victory, altogether withdrew. The British had, indeed, taken possession of Curaçao, and of the Cape of Good Hope (this last an acquisition of the highest moment to the Indian empire); but on the whole the ill success of our measures had been an-

swerable to the narrow and shallow system of policy in which they originated—the system of frittering away blood and gold upon detached objects, instead of rallying the whole resources of the empire around some one great leader for some one great purpose. The British expeditions of this period to the Turkish dominions and to Spanish America were especially distinguished for narrowness of design, imbecility of execution, and consequent misadventure.

On the assumption of the imperial dignity by Napoleon, the Ottoman porte, dazzled by the apparently irresistible splendour of his fate, sent an embassy to congratulate him; and in effect the ancient alliance between France and Turkey was re-established. Napoleon consequently had little difficulty in procuring from Constantinople a declaration of war against Russia, the great hereditary enemy of the Turk, at the time when he was about to encounter the armies of the czar in Poland. The Dardanelles were shut against Russian vessels; and the English government, considering this as sufficient evidence that the grand seignior was attaching himself to the Anti-Britannic confederacy, despatched a squadron of ships under admiral Duckworth, in February, 1807, with orders to force the passage of the Dardanelles, present themselves before Constantinople, and demand from the porte the custody *pro tempore* of all her ships of war. The Turks negotiated for a week upon this proposal, but in the mean time increased and manned their fortifications, under the direction of French engineers, with such skill, that the English admiral began to be seriously alarmed for his own safety; and at length, on the 1st of March, effected his retreat through the straits with considerable loss—this disgrace being the only result of his expedition. On the 20th of the same month (of March, 1807), another English expedition under general Fraser, having sailed from Sicily to Egypt, took possession of Alexandria. But after

this, every step they took proved unfortunate: after severe loss the English were compelled to enter into a convention with the Turks, and wholly evacuate Egypt on the 20th of September.

In January, 1807, an English expedition landed near Montevideo, and carried that city by assault. Sir Home Popham, the admiral, was recalled, and tried by a court-martial, on the ground that he had undertaken this warfare without due authority; but he escaped with a reprimand, and new reinforcements were sent out, first, under general Crawford, and secondly, under general Whitelocke. The last named officer invested Buenos Ayres, and commanded a general assault of that town on the 5th of July; on which occasion, notwithstanding the excellent behaviour of the soldiery, he was repulsed with a loss of 2,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners; and reduced to such extremity, that he was soon afterward glad to enter into a convention, and wholly withdraw the armament. The timid and incompetent Whitelocke was tried and cashiered. Some of these disasters were unknown at the time when Bennigsen demanded an armistice; but the general ill success of the British expeditions was notorious, and produced without doubt a very serious impression on the mind of Alexander.

The armistice was ratified on the 23d of June, and on the 25th the emperors of France and Russia met personally, each accompanied by a few attendants, on a raft moored on the river Niemen, near the town of Tilsit. The sovereigns embraced each other, and retiring under a canopy had a long conversation, to which no one was a witness. At its termination the appearances of mutual good-will and confidence were marked: immediately afterward the town of Tilsit was neutralized, and the two emperors established their courts there, and lived together, in the midst of the lately hostile armies, more like old friends who had met on a party of pleasure,

than enemies and rivals attempting by diplomatic means the arrangement of differences which had for years been deluging Europe with blood. Whatever flatteries could be suggested by the consummate genius and mature experience of Napoleon, were lavished, and produced their natural effects, on the mind of a young autocrat, of great ambition, and as great vanity. The intercourse of the emperors assumed by degrees the appearance of a brotherlike intimacy. They spent their mornings in reviewing each other's troops, or in unattended rides; their evenings seemed to be devoted to the pleasures of the table, the spectacle, music, dancing, and gallantry. Meantime, the terms of a future alliance were in effect discussed and settled, much more rapidly than could have been expected from any of the usual apparatus of diplomatic negotiation.

The unfortunate king of Prussia was invited to appear at Tilsit; but, complying with this invitation, was admitted to no share of the intimacy of Napoleon. The conqueror studiously, and on every occasion, marked the difference between his sentiments respecting this prince and the young and powerful sovereign, for whose sake alone any shadow of royalty was to be conceded to the fallen house of Brandenburg. The beautiful and fascinating queen also arrived at Tilsit; but she was treated even more coldly and harshly than her husband. Involuntarily tears rushed from her eyes as she submitted to the contemptuous civilities of Napoleon. His behaviour to this admirable person rekindled with new fervour the wrath and hatred of every Prussian bosom; and her death, following soon afterward, and universally attributed to the cruel laceration which all her feelings as a woman and a queen had undergone, was treasured as a last injury, demanding, at whatever hazard, a terrible expiation.

The treaty of Tilsit, to which, as the document

itself bore testimony, the king of Prussia was admitted as a party solely by reason of Napoleon's "esteem for the emperor of Russia," was ratified on the 7th July. Napoleon restored, by this act, to Frederick William, ancient Prussia and the French conquests in Upper Saxony—the king agreeing to adopt "the continental system," in other words, to be henceforth the vassal of the conqueror. The Polish provinces of Prussia were erected into a separate principality, styled "the grand dutchy of Warsaw," and bestowed on the elector of Saxony; with the exception, however, of some territories assigned to Russia, and of Dantzic, which was declared a free city, to be garrisoned by French troops until the ratification of a maritime peace. The Prussian dominions in Lower Saxony and on the Rhine, with Hanover, Hesse Cassel, and various other small states, formed a new kingdom of Westphalia, of which Jerome Buonaparte, Napoleon's youngest brother, was recognised as king; Jerome having at length made his peace with his brother by repudiating his wife, an American lady of the name of Patterson, and consenting to a new alliance, more consonant with the views of the emperor, with a daughter of the king of Wirtemberg. The elector of Saxony was recognised as another *king* of Napoleon's creation; Joseph Buonaparte as king of Naples; and Louis, of Holland. Finally, Russia accepted the mediation of France for a peace with Turkey, and France that of Russia for a peace with England.

Such were the public articles of the peace of Tilsit: but it contained secret articles besides; and of these the English government were, ere long, fortunate enough to ascertain the import.

The British cabinet had undergone a complete change in March, 1807—the management of affairs passing from the friends and heirs of Mr. Fox into the hands of Mr. Perceval and other statesmen of

the school of Pitt. The unhappy conduct of the war had rendered the preceding government eminently unpopular; and the measures of the new one assumed from the beginning a character of greater energy. But the orders which had been given must be fulfilled; and the councils of 1806 bequeathed a fatal legacy in the disastrous expeditions of 1807. Lord Granville Leveson Gower* (the minister at St. Petersburg) was ere this time prepared to offer to the czar such subsidies as he had in vain expected when preparing for the campaign of Poland; but it was too late to retrieve the error of the preceding cabinet; and the English ambassador, being unable to break off the negotiations at Tilsit, was compelled to bestow all his efforts on penetrating the secrets of the compact wherein they ended.

The result of his exertions was the complete assurance of the government of St. James's, that the emperor of Russia had adopted the alliance of Napoleon to an extent far beyond what appeared on the face of the treaty of the 7th July; that he had agreed not only to lay English commerce, in case his mediation for a peace should fail, under the same ban with that of the decrees of Berlin, but to place himself at the head of a general confederation of the northern maritime powers against the naval supremacy of England; in other words, resign his own fleets, with those of Denmark, to the service of Napoleon. In requital of this obligation the French emperor unquestionably agreed to permit the czar to conquer Finland from Sweden—thereby adding immeasurably to the security of St. Petersburg. On the other hand, it is almost as impossible to doubt that Alexander pledged himself not to interfere with those ambitious designs as to the Spanish peninsula, which Napoleon was ere long to develope, and which were destined ultimately to work his ruin.

* Now viscount Granville.

In a word, there seems to be little doubt that Napoleon broached at Tilsit the dazzling scheme of dividing the European world virtually between the two great monarchs of France and Russia; and that the czar, provided he were willing to look on, while his imperial brother of the west subjected Spain, Portugal, and England to his yoke, was induced to count on equal forbearance, whatever schemes he might venture on for his own aggrandizement, at the expense of the smaller states of the north of Europe, and, above all, of the Ottoman porte.

Napoleon, having left strong garrisons in the maritime cities of Poland and Northern Germany, returned to Paris in August, and was received by the senate and other public bodies with all the triumph and excess of adulation. The Swedish king abandoned Pomerania immediately on hearing of the treaty of Tilsit. In effect, the authority of the emperor appeared now to be consolidated over the whole continent of Europe. He had reached indeed the pinnacle of his power and pride:—henceforth he was to descend; urged downwards, step by step, by the reckless audacity of ambition and the gathering weight of guilt.

CHAPTER XXII.

British Expedition to Copenhagen—Coalition of France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, against English Commerce—Internal Affairs of France—The Administration of Napoleon—His Council of State—Court—Code—Public Works—Manufactures—Taxes—Military Organization—The Conscription.

The English government, being satisfied that the naval force of Denmark was about to be employed for the purposes of Napoleon, determined to anticipate him, while it was yet time, and to send into the Baltic such a fleet as should at once convince the court of Copenhagen that resistance must be vain, and so bring about the surrender of the vessels of war (to be retained by England, not in property, but in pledge, until the conclusion of a general peace), without any loss of life or compromise of honour. Twenty-seven sail of the line, carrying a considerable body of troops under the orders of Sir Arthur Wellesley (a name already illustrious in the annals of the Anglo-Indian empire), appeared before the capital of Denmark in the middle of August, and found the government wholly unprepared for defence. The high spirit of the crown prince, however, revolted against yielding to a demand which imperious necessity alone could have rendered justifiable on the part of England: nor, unfortunately, were these scruples overcome until the Danish troops had suffered severely in an action against the British general, and the capital itself had been bombarded during three days, in which many public buildings, churches, and libraries perished, and the private population sustained heavy loss both of life and property. The Danish fleet being at length surrendered, the English armament withdrew with

it in safety; and the rage of Napoleon—ill-disguised in lofty philippics about the violations of the rights and privileges of independent nations—betrayed how completely he had calculated on the use of this marine, and how little he had anticipated a movement of such vigour from the cabinet of St. James's.

The emperor of Russia is said to have signified, through a confidential channel, that though for the present he found himself compelled to temporize, he approved and admired the procedure of the English government. If this be true, however, his public and open conduct bore a very different appearance. The British ambassador was dismissed from St. Petersburg, and a general coalition of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Denmark, against the commerce of England being speedily afterward formed, the decrees of Berlin—still further strengthened by other decrees, issued by Napoleon on the 7th December, at Milan—were in fact announced as part and parcel of the universal law of the continent. Alexander of Russia marched a large army into Finland, and took possession of that great Swedish province—the promised booty of Tilsit. His fleet in the Mediterranean gained a signal victory over the Turks, and terms of amity between the courts of St. Petersburg and Constantinople were at length arranged under the mediation or dictation of Napoleon. Every thing seemed to point to a state of universal tranquillity or submission throughout the continent, and to a steady devotion of all the resources of the European monarchies to the service of the French emperor, and the destruction of his last and greatest enemy.

That enemy was, ere long, in consequence of a new and unforeseen explosion of guilty ambition, to possess the means of rekindling the continental war, of distracting the alliances of Napoleon, and ultimately of ruining the power which, for the present,

appeared irresistible. But a short interval of tranquillity ensued: and we may avail ourselves of the opportunity to recur for a moment to the internal administration of French affairs under the imperial government, as now finally organized.

Buonaparte, shortly after the peace of Tilsit, abolished *the tribunate;* and there remained, as the las shadows of assemblies having any political influ ence, the legislative senate and the council of state The former of these bodies was early reduced to a mere instrument for recording the imperial decrees: the latter consisted of such persons as Napoleon chose to invest fôr the time with the privilege of being summoned to the palace, when it pleased him to hear the opinions of others as to measures originating in his own mind, or suggested to him by his ministers. He appears to have, on many occasions, permitted these counsellors to speak their sentiments frankly and fully, although differing from himself; but there were looks and gestures which sufficiently indicated the limits of this toleration, and which persons, owing their lucrative appointment to his mere pleasure, and liable to lose it at his nod, were not likely to transgress. In effect, they spoke openly and honestly only on topics in which their master's feelings were not much concerned.

His favourite saying during the continuance of his power was, "I am the state;" and in the exile of St. Helena he constantly talked of himself as having been, from necessity, the dictator of France. In effect, no despotism within many degrees so complete and rigid was ever before established in a civilized and Christian country. The whole territory was divided into prefectures—each prefect being appointed by Napoleon—carefully selected for a province with which he had no domestic relations—largely paid—and intrusted with such a complete delegation of power that, in Napoleon's

own language, each was in his department an *empereur à petit pied*. Each of these officers had under his entire control inferior local magistrates, holding power from him as he did from the emperor: each of them had his instructions direct from Paris: each of them was bound by every motive of interest to serve, to the utmost of his ability, the government from which every thing was derived, to be hoped for, and to be dreaded. Wherever the emperor was, in the midst of his hottest campaigns, he examined the details of administration at home more closely than, perhaps, any other sovereign of half so great an empire did during the profoundest peace. It was said of him that his dearest amusement, when he had nothing else to do, was to solve problems in algebra or geometry. He carried this passion into every department of affairs; and having, with his own eye, detected some errors of importance in the public accounts, shortly after his administration begun, there prevailed thenceforth in all the financial records of the state such clearness and accuracy as are not often exemplified in those of a large private fortune. Nothing was below his attention, and he found time for every thing. The humblest functionary discharged his duty under a lively sense of the emperor's personal superintendence; and the omnipresence of his police came in lieu, wherever politics were not touched upon, of the guarding powers of a free press, a free senate, and public opinion. Except in political cases, the trial by jury was the right of every citizen. The *Code Napoleon*, that elaborate system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which the emperor laboured personally along with the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of the time, was a boon of inestimable value to France. "I shall go down to posterity," said he, with just pride, "with the code in my hand." It was the first uniform system of laws which the French monarchy had ever possessed; and being

drawn up with consummate skill and wisdom, it at this day forms the code not only of France, but of a great portion of Europe besides. Justice, as between man and man, was administered on sound and fixed principles, and by unimpeached tribunals. The arbitrary commission courts of Napoleon interfered with nothing but offences, real or alleged, against the authority of the emperor.

The clergy were, as we have seen, appointed universally under the direction of government; they were also its direct stipendiaries; hence nothing could be more complete than their subjection to its pleasure. Education became a part of the regular business of the state; all the schools and colleges being placed under the immediate care of one of Napoleon's ministers, all prizes and bursaries bestowed by the government, and the whole system so arranged, that it was hardly possible for any youth who exhibited remarkable talents to avoid the temptations to a military career, which on every side surrounded him. The chief distinctions and emoluments were every where reserved for those who excelled in accomplishments likely to be serviceable in war; and the *Lyceums*, or schools set expressly apart for military students, were invested with numberless attractions, scarcely to be resisted by a young imagination. The army, as it was the sole basis of Napoleon's power, was also at all times the primary object of his thoughts. Every institution of the state was subservient and ministered to it, and none more efficaciously than the imperial system of education.

The ranks of the army, however, were filled during the whole reign of Napoleon by *compulsion*. The conscription-law of 1798 acquired under him the character of a settled and regular part of the national system; and its oppressive influence was such as never before exhausted, through a long term of years, the best energies of a great and

civilized people. Every male in France, under the age of twenty-five, was liable to be called on to serve in the ranks; and the regulations as to the procuring of substitutes were so narrow, that young men of the best families were continually forced to comply, in their own persons, with the stern requisition. The first conscription-list for the year included all under the age of twenty; and the results of the ballot within this class amounted to nearly 80,000 names. These were first called on: but if the service of the emperor demanded further supply, the lists of those aged twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, and twenty-five, were successively resorted to. There was no exemption for any one who seemed able to bear arms. The only child of his parents, the young husband and father, were forced, like any others, to abandon fireside, profession, all the ties and all the hopes of life, on a moment's notice: and there is nothing in the history of modern Europe so remarkable, as that the French people should have submitted, during sixteen years, to the constant operation of a despotic law, which thus sapped all the foundations of social happiness, and condemned the rising hopes of the nation to bleed and die by millions in distant wars, undertaken solely for the gratification of one man's insatiable ambition. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that the great majority of the conscripts, with whatever reluctance they might enter the ranks, were soon reconciled to their fate. The avenues to promotion, distinction, wealth, honour, nobility, even royal dignity, were all open before the devoted and successful soldiers of Napoleon; and the presence of so many youths of good condition and education, among the ranks of the private soldiery, could not fail, first, to render that situation immeasurably less irksome than it otherwise could have been to each individual of that class, and secondly, to elevate the standard of manners and acquirements among the

soldiery generally. There never was an army in whose ranks intelligence so largely abounded; nor in which so many officers of the highest rank had originally carried a musket.

The taxation rendered necessary by the constant wars of Napoleon was great; and the utter destruction of the foreign commerce and marine of France, which the naval supremacy of England effected, made the burden the more intolerable for various important classes of the community. On the other hand, the taxes were levied fairly on the whole population, which presented a blessed contrast to the system of the old *regime;* and the vast extension and improvement of agriculture consequent on the division of the great estates at the revolution, enabled the nation at large to meet the calls of the government with much less difficulty than could have been anticipated at any former period of French history. Napoleon's great public works, too, though undertaken chiefly for the purpose of gratifying his own vanity and that of the nation, could not be executed without furnishing subsistence to vast bodies of the labouring poor, and were thus serviceable to more important ends. From his vain attempts to supply the want of English manufactured goods and colonial produce, by new establishments and inventions (such especially as that of manufacturing a substitute for sugar out of beet root), partial good, in like manner, resulted.

The evils of the conscription, of a heavy taxation, of an inquisitorial police, and of a totally enslaved press—these, and all other evils attendant on this elaborate system of military despotism, were endured for so many years chiefly in consequence of the skill with which Napoleon, according to his own favourite language, knew "to play on the imagination," and gratify the vanity of the French people. In the splendour of his victories, in the magnificence of his roads, bridges, aqueducts, and

other monuments, in the general pre-eminence to which the nation seemed to be raised through the genius of its chief, compensation was found for all financial burdens, consolation for domestic calamities, and an equivalent for that liberty in whose name the tyrant had achieved his first glories. But it must not be omitted that Napoleon in every department of his government, made it his first rule to employ the men best fitted, in his mind, to do honour to his service by their talents and diligence; and that he thus attached to himself, throughout the whole of his empire, as well as in his army, the hopes and the influence of those whose personal voices were most likely to control the opinions of society.

He gratified the French nation by adorning the capital, and by displaying in the Tuilleries a court as elaborately magnificent as that of Louis XIV. himself. The old nobility, returning from their exile, mingled in those proud halls with the heroes of the revolutionary campaigns; and over all the ceremonials of these stately festivities Josephine presided with the grace and elegance of one born to be a queen. In the midst of the pomp and splendour of a court, in whose antechambers kings jostled each other, Napoleon himself preserved the plain and unadorned simplicity of his original dress and manners. The great emperor continued throughout to labour more diligently than any subaltern in office. He devoted himself wholly to the ambition to which he compelled all others to contribute.

Napoleon, as emperor, had little time for social pleasures. His personal friends were few: his days were given to labour, and his nights to study. If he was not with his army in the field, he traversed the provinces, examining with his own eyes into the minutest details of local arrangement; and even from the centre of his camp he was continually issuing edicts which showed the accuracy of his obser-

vation during these journeys, and his anxiety to promote by any means, consistent with his great purpose, the welfare of some French district, town, or even village.

The manners of the court were at least decent. Napoleon occasionally indulged himself in amours, unworthy of his character and tormenting to his wife; but he never suffered any other female to possess influence over his mind; nor insulted public opinion by any approach to that system of unveiled debauchery which had, during whole ages, disgraced the Bourbon court, and undermined their throne.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Relations of Napoleon with Spain—Treaty of Fontainebleau—Junot marches to Portugal—Flight of the Braganzas to Brazil—French Troops proceed into Spain—Dissensions in the Court—Both Parties appeal to Napoleon—Murat occupies Madrid—Charles and Ferdinand abdicate at Bayonne—Joseph Buonaparte crowned King of Spain.

After the ratification of the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon, returning as we have seen to Paris, devoted all his energies to the perfect establishment of "the continental system." Something has already been said as to the difficulties which this attempt involved: in truth, it was a contest between the despotic will of Buonaparte, and the interests and habits, not only of every sovereign in his alliance, but of every private individual on the continent; and it was therefore actually impossible that the imperial policy should not be baffled. The Russian government was never, probably, friendly to a system which, from the nature of the national produce and resources, must, if persisted in for any considerable

time, have inflicted irreparable injury on the finances of the landholders, reduced the public establishments, and sunk the effective power of the state. In that quarter, therefore, Napoleon soon found that, notwithstanding all the professions of personal devotion which the young czar continued, perhaps sincerely, to make, his favourite scheme was systematically violated; but the distance and strength of Russia prevented him from, for the present, pushing his complaints to extremity. The Spanish peninsula lay nearer him, and the vast extent to which the prohibited manufactures and colonial produce of England found their way into every district of that country, and especially of Portugal, and thence, through the hands of whole legions of audacious smugglers, into France itself, ere long fixed his attention and resentment. In truth, a proclamation issued at Madrid shortly before the battle of Jena, and suddenly recalled on the intelligence of that great victory, had prepared the emperor to regard with keen suspicion the conduct of the Spanish court, and to trace every violation of his system to its deliberate and hostile connivance.

This court presented in itself the lively image of a divided and degraded nation. The king, old and almost incredibly imbecile, was ruled absolutely by his queen, a woman audaciously unprincipled, whose strong and wicked passions again were entirely under the influence of Manual Godoy, "Prince of the Peace," raised, by her guilty love, from the station of a private guardsman to precedence above all the grandees of Spain, a matrimonial connexion with the royal house, and the supreme conduct of affairs. She, her paramour, and the degraded king were held in contempt and hatred by a powerful party, at the head of whom were the canon Escoiquiz, the duke del Infantado, and Ferdinand, prince of Asturias, heir of the throne. The scenes of dissension which filled the palace and court were scan-

dalous beyond all contemporary example; and the strength of the two parties vibrating in the scale, according as corrupt calculators looked to the extent of Godoy's present power, or to the probability of Ferdinand's accession, the eyes of both were turned to the hazardous facility of striking a balance by calling in support from the Tuilleries. Napoleon, on his part, regarding the rival factions with equal scorn, flattered himself that, in their common fears and baseness, he should find the means of ultimately reducing the whole peninsula to complete submission under his own yoke.

The secret history of the intrigues of 1807, between the French court and the rival parties in Spain, has not yet been clearly exposed; nor is it likely to be so while most of the chief agents survive. According to Napoleon, the first proposal for conquering Portugal by the united arms of France and Spain, and dividing that monarchy into three separate prizes, of which one should fall to the disposition of France, a second to the Spanish king, and a third reward the personal exertions of Godoy, came not from him, but from the Spanish minister. It was unlikely that Napoleon should have given any other account of the matter. The suggestion has been attributed, by every Spanish authority, to the emperor; and it is difficult to doubt that such was the fact. The treaty, in which the unprincipled design took complete form, was ratified at Fontainebleau on the 29th October, 1807, and accompanied by a convention, which provided for the immediate invasion of Portugal by a force of 28,000 French soldiers, under the orders of Junot, and of 27,000 Spaniards; while a reserve of 40,000 French troops were to be assembled at Bayonne, ready to take the field by the end of November, in case England should land an army for the defence of Portugal, or the people of that devoted country presume to meet Junot by a national insurrection.

Junot forthwith commenced his march through Spain, where the French soldiery were received every where with coldness and suspicion, but nowhere by any hostile movement of the people. He would have halted at Salamanca to organize his army, which consisted mostly of young conscripts, but Napoleon's policy outmarched his general's schemes, and the troops were, in consequence of a peremptory order from Paris, poured into Portugal in the latter part of November. Godoy's contingent of Spaniards appeared there also, and placed themselves under Junot's command. Their numbers overawed the population, and they advanced, unopposed, towards the capital—Junot's most eager desire being to secure the persons of the prince-regent and the royal family. The feeble government, meantime, having made, one by one, every degrading submission which France dictated, having expelled the British factory and the British minister, confiscated all English property, and shut the ports against all English vessels, became convinced at length that no measures of subserviency could avert the doom which Napoleon had fulminated. A Moniteur, proclaiming that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign," reached Lisbon. The prince-regent re-opened his communication with the English admiral off the Tagus (Sir Sydney Smith), and the lately expelled ambassador (lord Strangford), and being assured of their protection, embarked on the 27th of November, and sailed for the Brazils on the 29th, only a few hours before Junot made his appearance at the gates of Lisbon. The disgust with which the Portuguese people regarded this flight, the cowardly termination, as they might not unnaturally regard it, of a long course of meanness, was eminently useful to the invader. With the exception of one trivial insurrection, when the insolent conqueror took down the Portuguese arms and set up those of Napoleon in their place, several months

passed in apparent tranquillity; and of these the general made skilful use, in perfecting the discipline of his conscripts, improving the fortifications of the coast, and making such a disposal of his force as might best guard the country from any military demonstration on the part of England.

Napoleon thus saw Portugal in his grasp: but that he had all along considered as a point of minor importance, and he had accordingly availed himself of the treaty of Fontainebleau, without waiting for any insurrection of the Portuguese, or English debarkation on their territory. His army of reserve, in number far exceeding the 40,000 men named in the treaty, had already passed the Pyrenees, in two bodies, under the orders of Dupont and Moncey, and were advancing slowly, but steadily, into the heart of Spain. Nay, without even the pretext of being mentioned in the treaty, another French army of 12,000, under Duhesme, had penetrated through the eastern Pyrenees, and being received as friends among the unsuspecting garrisons, obtained possession of Barcelona, Pampeluna, St. Sebastian, and the other fortified places in the north of Spain, by a succession of treacherous artifices, to which the history of civilized nations presents no parallel. The armies then pushed forward, and the chief roads leading from the French frontiers to Madrid were entirely in their possession.

It seems impossible that such daring movements should not have awakened the darkest suspicions at Madrid; yet the royal family, overlooking the common danger about to overwhelm them and their country, continued, during three eventful months, to waste what energies they possessed in petty conspiracies, domestic broils, and, incredible as the tale will hereafter appear, in the meanest diplomatic intrigues with the court of France. The prince of Asturias solicited the honour of a wife from the house of Napoleon. The old king, or rather

Godoy, invoked anew the assistance of the emperor against the treasonable, nay (for to such extremities went their mutual accusations), the parricidal plots of the heir apparent. Buonaparte listened to both parties, vouchsafed no direct answer to either, and continued to direct the onward movement of those stern arbiters, who were ere long to decide the question. A sudden panic at length seized the king or his minister, and the court, then at Aranjuez, prepared to retire to Seville, and, sailing from thence to America, seek safety, after the example of the house of Braganza, in the work of whose European ruin they had so lately been accomplices. The servants of the prince of Asturias, on perceiving the preparations for this flight, commenced a tumult, in which the populace of Aranjuez readily joined, and which was only pacified (for the moment) by a royal declaration that no flight was contemplated. On the 18th of March, the day following, a scene of like violence took place in the capital itself. The house of Godoy in Madrid was sacked. The favourite himself was assaulted at Aranjuez, on the 19th; with great difficulty saved his life by the intervention of the royal guards; and was placed under arrest. Terrified by what he saw at Aranjuez, and heard from Madrid, Charles IV. abdicated the throne, and on the 20th, Ferdinand, his son, was proclaimed king at Madrid, amid a tumult of popular applause. Murat, grand duke of Berg, had ere this assumed the chief command of all the French troops in Spain; and hearing of the extremities to which the court factions had gone, he now moved rapidly on Madrid, surrounded that capital with 30,000 troops, and took possession of it in person, at the head of 10,000 more, on the 23d of March. Charles IV., meantime, despatched messengers both to Napoleon and to Murat, asserting that his abdication had been involuntary, and invoking their assistance against his son. Ferdinand, entering Madrid

on the 24th, found the French general in possession of the capital, and in vain claimed his recognition as king. Murat accepted the sword of Francis I., which, amid other adulations, Ferdinand offered to him; but pertinaciously declined taking any part in the decision of the great question, which demanded, as he said, the fiat of Napoleon.

The emperor heard with much regret of the precipitancy with which his lieutenant had occupied Madrid, for his clear mind had foreseen ere now the imminent hazard of trampling too rudely on the jealous pride of the Spaniards; and the events of the 17th, 18th, and 19th March were well qualified to confirm his impression, that though all sense of dignity and decorum might be extinguished in the court, the ancient elements of national honour still remained, ready to be called into action, among the body of the people. He, therefore, sent Savary, in whose practised cunning and duplicity he hoped to find a remedy for the military rashness of Murat, to assume the chief direction of affairs at Madrid; and the rumour was actively spread, that the emperor was about to appear there in person without delay.

Madrid occupied and begirt by forty thousand armed strangers, his title unrecognised by Murat, his weak understanding and tumultuous passions worked upon incessantly by the malicious craft of Savary, Ferdinand was at length persuaded, that his best chance of securing the aid and protection of Napoleon lay in advancing to meet him on his way to the capital, and striving to gain his ear before the emissaries of Godoy should be able to fill it with their reclamations. Savary eagerly offered to accompany him on this fatal journey, which began on the 10th of April. The infatuated Ferdinand had been taught to believe that he should find Buonaparte at Burgos: not meeting him there, he was tempted to pursue his journey as far as Vittoria; and from thence, in spite of the populace, who, more

sagacious than their prince, cut the traces of his carriage, he was, by a repetition of the same treacherous arguments, induced to proceed stage by stage, and at length to pass the frontier and present himself at Bayonne, where the arbiter of his fate lay anxiously expecting this consummation of his almost incredible folly. He arrived there on the 20th of April, and was received by Napoleon with courtesy, entertained at dinner at the imperial table, and the same evening informed by Savary that his doom was sealed—that the Bourbon dynasty had ceased to reign in Spain, and that his personal safety must depend on the readiness with which he should resign all his pretensions into the hands of Buonaparte.

He, meanwhile, as soon as he was aware that Ferdinand had actually set out from Madrid, had ordered Murat to find the means of causing the old king, the queen, and Godoy to repair also to Bayonne; nor does it appear that his lieutenant had any difficulty in persuading these personages, that in doing so, they should adopt the course of conduct most in accordance with their interests. They reached Bayonne on the 4th of May, and Napoleon, confronting the parents and the son on the 5th, witnessed a scene in which the profligate rancour of their domestic feuds reached extremities hardly to have been contemplated by the wildest imagination. The flagitious queen did not, it is said and believed, hesitate to signify to her son that the king was not his father—and this in the presence of that king and of Napoleon. Could crime justify crime—could the fiendish lusts and hatreds of a degenerate race offer any excuse for the deliberate guilt of a masculine genius, the conduct of this abject court might have apologized for the policy, while it perhaps tempted the pampered ambition, of Napoleon to commence, and which it now encouraged him to consummate, by an act of suicidal violence.

Charles IV. resigned the crown of Spain for himself and his heirs, accepting in return from the hands of Napoleon a safe retreat in Italy, and a splendid pension. Godoy, who had entered into the fatal negotiation of Fontainebleau, with the hope and the promise of an independent sovereignty carved out of the Portuguese dominions, was pensioned off in like manner, and ordered to partake the Italian exile of his patrons. A few days afterward, Ferdinand VII., being desired to choose at length between compliance and death, followed the example of his father, and executed a similar act of resignation. Napoleon congratulated himself on having added Spain and the Indies to his empire, without any cost either of blood or of treasure; and the French people, dazzled by the apparent splendour of the acquisition, overlooked, if there be any faith in public addresses and festivals, the enormous guilt by which it had been achieved. But ere the ink with which the Spanish Bourbons signed away their birthright was dry, there came tidings to Bayonne which might well disturb the proud day-dreams of the spoliator, and the confidence of his worshippers.

Not that Napoleon had failed to measure from the beginning the mighty dangers which surrounded his audacious design. He had been warned of them in the strongest manner by Talleyrand, and even by Fouché: nay, he had himself written to rebuke the headlong haste of Murat in occupying the Spanish capital—to urge on him the necessity of conciliating the people, by preserving the show of respect for their national authorities and institutions—to represent the imminent hazard of permitting the duke del Infantado to strengthen and extend his party in Madrid—and concluding with those ominous words: *Remember, if war breaks out, all is lost.*

Ferdinand, before he left Madrid, invested a council of regency with the sovereign power, his uncle,

Don Antonio, being president, and Murat one of the members. Murat's assumption of the authority thus conferred, the departure of Ferdinand, the liberation and departure of the detested Godoy, the flight of the old king—these occurrences produced their natural effects on the popular mind. A dark suspicion that France meditated the destruction of the national independence, began to spread; and, on the 2d of May, when it transpired that preparations were making for the journey of Don Antonio also, the general rage at last burst out. A crowd collected round the carriage meant, as they concluded, to convey the last of the royal family out of Spain; the traces were cut; the imprecations against the French were furious. Colonel La Grange, Murat's aid-de-camp, happening to appear on the spot, was cruelly maltreated. In a moment, the whole capital was in an uproar: the French soldiery were assaulted every where—about 700 were slain. The mob attacked the hospital—the sick and their attendants rushed out and defended it. The French cavalry, hearing the tumult, entered the city by the gate of Alcala—a column of 3000 infantry from the other side by the street Ancha de Bernardo. Some Spanish officers headed the mob, and fired on the soldiery in the street of Maravalles: a bloody massacre ensued: many hundreds were made prisoners: the troops swept the streets from end to end, released their comrades, and, to all appearance, tranquillity was restored ere nightfall. During the night, however, the peasantry flocked in armed from the neighbouring country; and being met at the gates by the irritated soldiery, not a few more were killed, wounded, and made prisoners. Murat ordered all the prisoners to be tried by a military commission, which doomed them to instant death. It is disputed whether the more deliberate guilt of carrying the sentence into execution lies with the commander-in-chief himself, or with Grouchy—it is certain that

a considerable number of Spaniards—the English authority most friendly to the French cause admits *ninety-five**—were butchered in cold blood on the 3d of May.

This commotion had been preceded by a brief insurrection, easily suppressed and not unlikely to be soon forgotten, on the 23d of April, at Toledo. The events in the capital were of a more decisive character, and the amount of the bloodshed, in itself great, was much exaggerated in the reports which flew, like wildfire, throughout the peninsula—for the French were as eager to overawe the provincial Spaniards, by conveying an overcharged impression of the consequences of resistance, as their enemies in Madrid were to rouse the general indignation, by heightened details of the ferocity of the invaders and the sternness of their own devotion. In almost every town of Spain, and almost simultaneously, the flame of patriotic resentment broke out in the terrible form of assassination. The French residents were slaughtered without mercy: the supposed partisans of Napoleon and Godoy (not a few men of worth being causelessly confounded in their fate) were sacrificed in the first tumult of popular rage. At Cadiz, Seville, Carthagena, above all in Valencia, the streets ran red with blood. The dark and vindictive temper of the Spaniards covered the land with scenes, on the details of which it is shocking to dwell. The French soldiery, hemmed in, insulted, and, wherever they could be found separately, sacrificed—often with every circumstance of savage torture—retorted by equal barbarity whenever they had the means. Popular bodies (juntas) assumed the conduct of affairs in most of the cities and provinces, renounced the yoke of France, reproclaimed Ferdinand king, and at the maritime stations of chief importance entered into communication with

* Colonel Napier, p. 25.

the English fleets, from whom they failed not to receive pecuniary supplies, and every encouragement to proceed in their measures. Deputies were sent to England without delay; and welcomed there with the utmost enthusiasm of sympathy and admiration. England could both speak and act openly. Throughout the whole of the enslaved continent the news of the Spanish insurrection was brooded over with a sullen joy.

Napoleon received the intelligence with alarm; but he had already gone too far to retract without disturbing the magical influence of his reputation. He, moreover, was willing to flatter himself that the lower population of Spain alone took an active part in these transactions; that the nobility, whose degradation he could hardly over-estimate, would abide by his voice; in a word, that with 80,000 troops in Spain, besides Junot's army in Portugal, he possessed the means of suppressing the tumult after the first effervescence should have escaped. He proceeded, therefore, to act precisely as if no insurrection had occurred. Tranquillity being re-established in Madrid, the council of Castile was convoked, and commanded to elect a new sovereign: their choice had of course been settled beforehand: it fell on Joseph Buonaparte, king of Naples; and ere it was announced, that personage was already on his way to Bayonne. Ninety-five notables of Spain met him in that town; and swore fealty to him and a new constitution, the manufacture of course of Napoleon. Joseph, on entering Spain, was met by unequivocal symptoms of scorn and hatred; but the main road being strongly occupied throughout with his brother's troops, he reached Madrid in safety.

Lucien Buonaparte, it is understood, received the first offer of this crown; but he did not envy the condition of his brother's royal vassals, and declined the dangerous honour. Murat had expected it, and much resented his disappointment; but Napoleon

did not consider him as possessed of the requisite prudence, and he was forced to accept the succession to the vacant throne of Naples.

Joseph had become not unpopular in Naples, and being a peaceful man, would gladly have remained in that humbler kingdom; but Napoleon no more consulted the private wishes of his subaltern princes on such occasions, than he did those of his generals in the arrangements of a campaign.

On the 24th of July (says colonel Napier), "Joseph was proclaimed king of Spain and the Indies, with all the solemnities usual upon such occasions; not hesitating to declare himself the enemy of eleven millions of people, the object of a whole nation's hatred; calling, with a strange accent, from the midst of foreign bands, upon that fierce and haughty race to accept of a constitution which they did not understand, and which few of them had even heard of; his only hope of success resting on the strength of his brother's arms; his claims on the consent of an imbecile monarch and the weakness of a few pusillanimous nobles, in contempt of the rights of millions now arming to oppose him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Insurrection of the Spaniards and Portuguese—Their Alliance with England—Battle of Rioseco—Joseph enters Madrid—First Siege of Zaragossa—Dupont's March into Andalusia—The Battle of Baylen—Dupont surrenders—Joseph quits Madrid—Situation of Junot—Arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley—Battle of Rorica—Battle of Vmierio—Convention of Cintra.

On the 4th of July the king of England addressed his parliament on the subject which then fixed the universal enthusiasm of his people. "I view," said he, "with the liveliest interest the loyal and determined spirit manifested in resisting the violence and perfidy with which the dearest rights of the Spanish nation have been assailed. The kingdom thus nobly struggling against the usurpation and tyranny of France can no longer be considered as the enemy of Great Britain, but is recognised by me as a natural friend and ally." It has been already mentioned that the British commanders in the neighbourhood of Spain did not wait for orders from home to espouse openly the cause of the insurgent nation. The Spanish prisoners of war were forthwith released, clothed, and equipped, and sent back to their country. Supplies of arms and money were liberally transmitted thither; and, Portugal catching the flame, and bursting into general insurrection also, a general treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was soon concluded between England and the two kingdoms of the peninsula.

This insurrection furnished Great Britain with what she had not yet possessed during the war, a favourable theatre whereon to oppose the full strength of her empire to the arms of Napoleon; and the opportunity was embraced with zeal, though for some time but little skill appeared in the manner of using it. The emperor, on the other hand, ob-

served with surprise and rage the energy of the Spaniards, and not doubting that England would come ere long to their aid, bent every effort to consummate his flagitious purpose. "Thus," says a distinguished writer, "the two leading nations of the world were brought into contact at a moment when both were disturbed by angry passions, eager for great events, and possessed of surprising power."*

Napoleon, from the extent and population of his empire, under the operation of the conscription code, was enabled to maintain an army of 500,000 strong; but his relations with those powers on the continent whom he had not entirely subdued were of the most unstable character, and even the states which he had formally united to France were, without exception, pregnant with the elements of disaffection. It was therefore impossible for him to concentrate the whole of his gigantic strength on the soil of Spain. His troops, moreover, being drawn from a multitude of different countries and tongues, could not be united in heart or in discipline like the soldiers of a purely national army. On the other hand, the military genius at his command has never been surpassed in any age or country: his officers were accustomed to victory, and his own reputation exerted a magical influence over both friends and foes. The pecuniary resources of the vast empire were great, and they were managed so skilfully by Buonaparte, that the supplies were raised within the year, and in a metallic currency.

His ancient enemy was omnipotent at sea; and if the character of her armies stood at the moment much lower both at home and abroad than it ever deserved to do, this was a mistake which one well-organized campaign was likely to extinguish. England possessed at this time a population of twenty millions, united in the spirit of loyalty, and regarding

* Col. Napier, chap. i.

the Spanish cause as just, noble, and sacred: a standing army of 200,000 of the best troops in the world, an immense recruiting establishment, and a system of militia which enabled her to swell her muster to any limit. Her colonies occupied a large share of this army; but there remained at her immediate command a force at least equal to that with which Buonaparte had conquered Austria and Prussia. Her credit was unbounded; and her commerce not only supplied means of information altogether unrivalled, but secured for her the secret good-will of whole classes in every country. England possessed generals worthy to cope with the best of Buonaparte's marshals, and in the hour of need discovered that she possessed one capable of confronting, and of conquering, the great emperor himself. Finally, she possessed the incalculable advantage of warring on the side of justice and freedom, against a usurper, whose crimes were on the same gigantic scale with his genius. The remembrance of their leader's perfidy weighed heavily on the moral strength of the French army throughout the approaching contest; while a proud conviction that their cause was the right sustained the hearts of the English.

Upon them, ultimately, the chief burden and the chief glory of the war devolved: yet justice will ever be done to the virtuous exertions of their allies of the peninsula. At the moment when the insurrection occurred, 20,000 Spanish troops were in Portugal under the orders of Junot; 15,000 more, under the marqius de Romana, were serving Napoleon in Holstein. There remained 40,000 Spanish regulars, 11,000 Swiss, and 30,000 militia; but of the best of these, the discipline, when compared with French or English armies, was contemptible. The nobility, to whose order the chief officers belonged, were divided in their sentiments—perhaps the greater number inclined to the interests of Joseph.

Above all, the troops were scattered, in small sections, over the face of the whole country, and there was no probability that any one regular army should be able to muster so strong as to withstand the efforts of a mere fragment of the mighty French force already established within the kingdom. The fleets of Spain had been destroyed in the war with England: her commerce and revenues had been mortally wounded by the alliance with France and the maladministration of Godoy. Ferdinand was detained a prisoner in France. There was no natural leader or chief, around whom the whole energies of the nation might be expected to rally. It was amid such adverse circumstances that the Spanish people rose every where, smarting under intolerable wrongs, against a French army, already 80,000 strong, in possession of half the chief fortresses of the country, and in perfect communication with the mighty resources of Napoleon.

There are authors who still delight to undervalue the motives of this great national movement: according to whom, the commercial classes rose chiefly, if not solely, from their resentment of the pecuniary losses inflicted on them by Godoy's alliance with the author of the continental system; the priesthood, because Godoy had impoverished the church, and they feared that the Buonapartean government would pursue the same course to a much greater extent; the peasantry, because their priests commanded them. All these influences unquestionably operated, and all strongly; but who can believe in the absence of others infinitely above these, and common to all the Spaniards who, during six years, fought and bled, and saw their towns ruined and their soil a waste, that they might vindicate their birthright, the independence of their nation? Nor can similar praise be refused to the great majority of the Portuguese: and indeed the nobility of that kingdom, unlike the lords of Spain, were, with few

exceptions, as completely united in the patriotic cause as the people. Napoleon summoned a body of the Portuguese nobles also to meet him early in the year at Bayonne: they obeyed, and being addressed by the haughty usurper in person, resisted all his efforts to cajole them into an imitation of the Spanish notables, who, at the same time and place, accepted Joseph for their king. They were in consequence retained as prisoners in France during the war which followed; but their fate operated as a new stimulus upon the general feeling of their countrymen at home, already well prepared for insurrection by the brutal oppression of Junot.

The Spanish arms were at first exposed to many reverses; the rawness of their levies, and the insulated nature of their movements, being disadvantages of which it was not difficult for the experienced generals and overpowering numbers of the French to reap a full and bloody harvest. After various petty skirmishes, in which the insurgents of Arragon were worsted by Lefebre Desnouettes, and those of Navarre and Biscay by Bessieres, the latter officer came upon the united armies of Castile, Leon, and Galicia, commanded by the generals Cuesta and Blake, on the 14th of July, at Riosecco, and defeated them in a desperate action, in which not less than 20,000 Spaniards died. This calamitous battle it was which opened the gates of Madrid to the intrusive king—whose arrival in that capital on the 20th of the same month has already been mentioned.

But Joseph was not destined to remain long in Madrid: the fortune of war, after the great day of Riosecco, was every where on the side of the patriots. Duhesme, who had so treacherously possessed himself of Barcelona and Figueras, found himself surrounded by the Catalonian mountaineers, who, after various affairs, in which much blood was shed on both sides, compelled him to shut himself up in Barcelona. Marshal Moncey conducted an-

other large division of the French towards Valencia, and was to have been further reinforced by a detachment from Duhesme. The course of events in Catalonia prevented Duhesme from affording any such assistance; and the inhabitants of Valencia, male and female, rising *en masse*, and headed by their clergy, manned their walls with such determined resolution, that the French marshal was at length compelled to commence his retreat. He fell back upon the main body, under Bessieres, but did not effect a conjunction with them until his troops had suffered miserably in their march through an extensive district, in which every inhabitant was a watchful enemy.

A far more signal catastrophe had befallen another powerful *corps d'armée*, under general Dupont, which marched from Madrid towards the south, with the view of suppressing all symptoms of insurrection in that quarter, and, above all, of securing the great naval station of Cadiz, where a French squadron lay, watched, as usual, by the English. Dupont's force was increased as he advanced, till it amounted to 20,000 men; and with these he took possession of Baylen and La Carolina, in Andalusia, and stormed Jaen. But ere he could make these acquisitions, the citizens of Cadiz had universally taken the patriot side; the commander of the French vessels had been forced to surrender them; and the place, having opened a communication with the English fleet, assumed a posture of determined defence. General Castaños, the Spanish commander in that quarter, meanwhile, having held back from battle until his raw troops should have had time to be disciplined, began at length to threaten the position of the French. Jaen was attacked by him with such vigour, that Dupont was fain to evacuate it, and fall back to Baylen, where his troops soon began to suffer severe privations, the peasantry being in arms all around them, and the supply of food be-

coming from day to day more difficult. On the 16th of July, Dupont was attacked at Baylen by Castaños, who knew from an intercepted despatch the extent of his enemy's distress: the French were beaten, and driven as far as Menjibar. They returned on the 18th, and attempted to recover Baylen; but, after a long and desperate battle, in which 3000 of the French were killed, Dupont, perceiving that the Spaniards were gathering all around in numbers not to be resisted, proposed to capitulate. In effect, he and 20,000 soldiers laid down their arms at Baylen, on condition that they should be transported in safety into France. The Spaniards broke this convention, and detained them as prisoners—thus, foolishly as well as wickedly, imitating the perfidy of Napoleon's own conduct to Spain. This battle and capitulation of Baylen were termed by the emperor himself *the Caudine forks* of the French army. He attributed the disaster to treachery on the part of Dupont: it was the result of the rashness of the expedition, and the incompetency of the conductor. The richest part of Spain was freed wholly of the invaders: the light troops of Castaños pushed on, and swept the country before them; and within ten days, king Joseph perceived the necessity of quitting Madrid, and removed his head-quarters to Vittoria.

In the meantime, Lefebre Desnouettes, whose early success in Arragon has been alluded to, was occupied with the siege of Zaragossa—the inhabitants of which city had risen in the first out-break, and prepared to defend their walls to the last extremity. Don Jose Palafox, a young nobleman of no great talents, who had made his escape from Bayonne, was invested with the command; but the real leaders were the priests and some of the private citizens, who selected him for the prominent place as belonging to a family of eminent distinction in their kingdom, but in effect considered and used

him as their tool. Some Spanish and Walloon regiments, who had formed the garrisons of strong places treacherously seized by the enemy ere the war commenced, had united with Palafox, and various bloody skirmishes had occurred ere the French general was enabled to shut them up in Zaragossa and form the siege. The importance of success in this enterprise was momentous, especially after the failure of Moncey at Valencia. Napoleon himself early saw, that if the Valencians should be able to form an union with the Arragonese at Zaragossa, the situation of the Catalonian insurgents on the one side would be prodigiously strengthened; while, on the other hand, the armies of Leon and Gallicia (whose coasts offered the means of continual communication with England) would conduct their operations in the immediate vicinity of the only great road left open between Madrid and Bayonne—the route by Burgos. He therefore had instructed Savary to consider Zaragossa as an object of the very highest importance; but the corps of Lefebre was not strengthened as the emperor would have wished it to be, ere he sat down before Zaragossa. The siege was pressed with the utmost vigour; but the immortal heroism of the citizens baffled all the valour of the French. There were no regular works worthy of notice: but the old Moorish walls, not above eight or ten feet in height, and some extensive monastic buildings in the outskirts of the city, being manned by crowds of determined men, whose wives and daughters looked on, nay, mingled boldly in their defence—the besiegers were held at bay week after week, and saw their ranks thinned in continual assaults without being able to secure any adequate advantage. Famine came, and disease in its train, to aggravate the sufferings of the townspeople; but they would listen to no suggestions but those of the same proud spirit in which they had begun. The French at length gained possession

of the great convent of St. Engracia, and thus established themselves within the town itself: their general then sent to Palafox this brief summons: "Head-quarters, Santa Engracia—Capitulation;" but he received for answer, "Head-quarters, Zaragossa—War to the knife." The battle was maintained literally from street to street, from house to house, and from chamber to chamber. Men and women fought side by side, amid flames and carnage; until Lefebre received the news of Baylen, and having wasted two months in his enterprise, abandoned it abruptly, lest he should find himself insulated amid the general retreat of the French armies. Such was the first of the two famous sieges of Zaragossa.

The English government, meanwhile, had begun their preparations for interfering effectually in the affairs of the peninsula. They had despatched one body of troops to the support of Castaños in Andalusia: but these did not reach the south of Spain until their assistance was rendered unnecessary by the surrender of Dupont at Baylen. A more considerable force, amounting to 10,000, sailed early in June, from Cork, for Coruña, under the command of the honourable Sir Arthur Wellesley. This armament, originally designed to co-operate with another from India in a great attack on Mexico, had its destination altered the moment the Spanish insurrection was announced. Sir Arthur, being permitted to land at what point of the peninsula he should judge most advantageous for the general cause, was soon satisfied that Portugal ought to be the first scene of his operations, and accordingly lost no time in opening a communication witn the patriots, who had taken possession of Oporto. Here the troops wheih had been designed to aid Castaños joined him. Thus strengthened, and well informed of the state of the French armies in Spain, Sir Arthur resolved to effect a landing and attack Junot while circum-

stances seemed to indicate no chance of his being reinforced by Bessieres.

It is, perhaps, an evil unavoidable in the institutions of an old and settled government, that men rarely, very rarely, unless they possess the advantages of illustrious birth and connexion, can hope to be placed in situations of the highest importance until they have passed the prime vigour of their days. Sir Arthur Wellesley, fortunately for England and for Europe, commenced life under circumstances eminently favourable for the early developement and recognition of his great talents. To his brother, the marquis Wellesley's rank as governor-general of India, he owed the opportunity of conducting our armies in the east at a time of life when, if of inferior birth, he could hardly have commanded a battalion; and the magnificent campaign of Assaye so established his reputation, that on his return to Europe he was intrusted without hesitation, first, with the conduct of the troops in the expedition to Copenhagen, and then with that of the armament assembled at Cork.

It was on the 8th of August, 1808—a day ever memorable in the history of Britain—that Sir Arthur Wellesley effected his debarkation in the bay of Mondego. He immediately commenced his march towards Lisbon, and on the 17th came up with the enemy under general Laborde, strongly posted on an eminence near Roriça. The French contested their ground gallantly, but were driven from it at the point of the bayonet, and compelled to retreat. The British general, having hardly any cavalry, was unable to pursue them so closely as he otherwise would have done: and Laborde succeeded in joining his shattered division to the rest of the French forces in Portugal. Junot (recently created duke of Abrantes) now took the command in person; and finding himself at the head of full 24,000 troops, while the English army were greatly inferior in

numbers, and miserably supplied with cavalry and artillery, he did not hesitate to assume the offensive. On the 21st of August he attacked Sir Arthur at Vimiero. In the language of the English general's despatch, "a most desperate contest ensued;" and the result was "a signal defeat." Junot, having lost thirteen cannon and more than 2000 men, immediately fell back upon Lisbon, where his position was protected by the strong lines of Torres Vedras.

This retreat would not have been accomplished without much more fighting, had Sir Arthur Wellesley been permitted to follow up his victory, according to the dictates of his own understanding, and the enthusiastic wishes of his army. But just as the battle was about to begin, Sir Harry Burrard, an old officer of superior rank, unfortunately entitled to assume the chief command, arrived on the field. Finding that Sir Arthur had made all his dispositions, general Burrard handsomely declined interfering until the fortune of the day should be decided; but he took the command as soon as the victory was won, and, more cautiously than wisely, prevented the army from instantly advancing, as Sir Arthur Wellesley proposed, upon the coast road towards Mafra, and thus endeavouring to intercept the retreat of Junot upon Lisbon. Sir Harry, having made this unhappy use of his command, was, the very next day, superseded in his turn by Sir Hew Dalrymple, the governor of Gibraltar; another veteran more disposed to imitate the prudence of Burrard than the daring of Wellesley.

Shortly after the third general had taken the command, Junot sent Kellerman to demand a truce, and propose a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the troops under his orders. Dalrymple received Kellerman with more eagerness of civility than became the chief of a victorious army, and forthwith granted the desired armistice. Junot offered to surrender his magazines, stores, and

armed vessels, provided the British would disembark his soldiers, with their arms, at any French port between Rochefort and L'Orient, and permit them to take with them their private property; and Dalrymple did not hesitate to agree to these terms, although Sir John Moore arrived off the coast with a reinforcement of 10,000 men during the progress of the negotiation. The famous "*Convention of Cintra*" (most absurdly so named, as it was in fact concluded thirty miles from Cintra) was signed accordingly on the 30th of August; and the French army wholly evacuated Portugal in the manner provided for. The English people heard with indignation that the spoilers of Portugal had been suffered to escape on such terms; and the article concerning private property gave especial offence, as under that cover the French removed with them a large share of the plunder which they had amassed by merciless violence and rapacity during their occupation of the Portuguese territories. A parliamentary investigation was followed by a court-martial, which acquitted Sir Hew Dalrymple. In truth, it seems now to be admitted, by competent judges, that after Sir H. Burrard had interfered so as to prevent Sir A. Wellesley from instantly following up the success of Vimiero, and so enabled Junot to re-occupy Lisbon and secure the pass of the Torres Vedras, it would have been imprudent to decline the terms proffered by a repelled, but still powerful, enemy, who could hardly fail to prolong the war, if driven to extremities, until Napoleon should be able to send him additional forces from Spain. Meanwhile, Portugal was free from the presence of her enemies; England had acquired a permanent footing within the peninsula; what was of still higher moment, the character of the British army was raised not only abroad, but at home: and had the two insurgent nations availed themselves, as they ought to have done, of the resources which England placed at

their command, and conducted their own affairs with unity and strength of purpose, the deliverance of the whole peninsula might have been achieved years before that consummation actually took place.

The Portuguese, however, split into factions—under leaders whose primary objects were selfish, who rivalled each other in their absurd jealousy of England, afforded to her troops no such supplies and facilities as they had the best title to demand and expect, and wasted their time in petty political intrigues, instead of devoting every energy to the organization of an efficient army, and improving the defences of their naturally strong frontier. The Spaniards conducted themselves with even more signal imprudence. For months each provincial junta seemed to prefer the continuance of its own authority to the obvious necessity of merging all their powers in some central body capable of controlling and directing the whole force of the nation; and after a central junta was at last established in Madrid, its orders were continually disputed and disobeyed—so that in effect there was no national government. Equally disgraceful jealousies among the generals prevented the armies from being placed under one supreme chief, responsible for the combination of all their movements. In place of this it was with difficulty that the various independent generals could be prevailed on even to meet at Madrid, and agree to the outline of a joint campaign; and that outline seemed to have no recommendation except that its gross military defects held out to each member of the council the prospect of being able to act without communication, for good or for evil, with any of the others. The consequences of these shameful follies were calamitous: and but for events which could not have been foreseen, must have proved fatal: for the gigantic resources of the common enemy were about to be set in motion by Napoleon himself; who, on hearing of

the reverses of Dupont, Lefebre, and Junot, perceived too clearly that the affairs of the peninsula demanded a keener eye and a firmer hand than his brother's.

CHAPTER XXV.

Napoleon at Erfurt—At Paris—Arrives at Vittoria—Disposition of the Frenchand Spanish Armies—Successes of Soult—Passage of the Somosierra—Surrender of Madrid—Sir John Moore's Campaign—His Retreat—Battle of Coruna—Death of Moore—Napoleon leaves Spain.

Three Spanish armies, each unfortunately under an independent chief, were at length in motion: their nominal strength was 130,000 men; in reality they never exceeded 100,000. Had they been combined under an able general they might have assaulted the French army, now not exceeding 60,000, with every likelihood of success; for the position first taken up by king Joseph, after his retreat into the north, was very defective; but the Spaniards chose their basis of operations so absurdly, and were so dilatory afterward, that Napoleon had time both to rectify Joseph's blunders and to reinforce his legions effectually, before they were able to achieve any considerable advantage.

Blake, who commanded on the west, extended his line from Burgos to Bilboa; Palafox, on the east, lay between Zaragossa and Sanguessa; Castaños, general of the central army had his head-quarters at Soria. The three armies thus lay in a long and feeble crescent, of which the horns were pushed towards the French frontier; while the enemy, resting on three strong fortresses, remained on the defensive until the emperor should pour new forces through the passes of the Pyrenees It was ex-

pected that the English army in Portugal would forthwith advance, and put themselves in communication either with Blake or with Castaños; and had this junction occurred soon after the battle of Vimiero, the result might have been decisive: but Sir Arthur Wellesley was recalled to London to bear witness on the trial of Sir Hew Dalrymple; and Sir John Moore, who assumed the command, received neither such supplies as were necessary for any great movement, nor any clear and authentic intelligence from the authorities of Madrid, nor finally any distinct orders from his own government—until the favourable moment had gone by. In effect, Napoleon's gigantic reinforcements had begun to show themselves within the Spanish frontier a week before the English general was in a condition to commence his march.

The emperor, enraged at the first positive disgraces which had as yet befallen his arms, and foreseeing that unless the Spanish insurrection were crushed ere the patriots had time to form a regular government and to organize their armies, the succours of England, and the growing discontents of Germany, might invest the task with insurmountable difficulties, determined to cross the Pyrenees in person, at the head of a force capable of sweeping the whole peninsula clear before him "at one fell swoop." Hitherto no mention of the unfortunate occurrences in Spain had been made in any public act of his government, or suffered to transpire in any of the French journals. It was now necessary to break this haughty silence. The emperor announced accordingly that the peasants of Spain had rebelled against their *king;* that treachery had caused the ruin of one corps of his army; and that another had been forced, by the English, to evacuate Portugal; demanding two new conscriptions, each of 80,000 men—which were of course granted without hesitation. Recruiting his armies on the

German side, and in Italy, with these new levies, he now ordered his veteran troops, to the amount of 200,000, including a vast and brilliant cavalry, and a large body of the imperial guards, to be drafted from those frontiers, and marched through France towards Spain. As these warlike columns passed through Paris, Napoleon addressed to them one of those orations which never failed to swell the resolution and pride of his soldiery on the eve of some great enterprise. "Comrades," said he, "after triumphing on the banks of the Danube and the Vistula, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you traverse France. Soldiers, I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphant eagles to the pillars of Hercules: there also we have injuries to avenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies; but have you yet equalled the glory of those Romans who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious on the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and on the Tagus? A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labours. A real Frenchman could not, should not rest, until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers, what you have done, and what you are about to do, for the happiness of the French people and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart!"

Having thus dismissed his troops on their way Buonaparte himself travelled rapidly to Erfurt where he had invited the emperor Alexander to confer with him. It was most needful that ere he went to Spain himself, he should ascertain the safety of his empire on the other side; and there was much in the state of Germany that might well give rise to serious apprehensions. Austria was strengthening her military force to a vast extent, and had,

by a recent law, acquired the means of drawing on her population unlimitedly, after the method of Napoleon's own conscription-code. She professed pacific intentions towards France, and intimated that her preparations were designed for the protection of her Turkish frontier; but the emperor Francis positively declined to acknowledge Joseph Buonaparte as king of Spain; and this refusal was quite sufficient to satisfy Napoleon as to his real purposes. In Prussia, meantime, and indeed all over Germany, a spirit of deep and settled enmity was manifesting itself in the shape of patriotic clubs, (the chief being called the *Tugend-bund*, or alliance of virtue,) which included the young and the daring of every class, and threatened, at no distant period, to convulse the whole fabric of society with the one purpose of clearing the national soil of its foreign oppressors. Napoleon affected to deride, but secretly estimated at its true importance, the danger of such associations, if permitted to take firm root among a people so numerous, so enthusiastic, and so gallant. Lastly, there is every reason to believe that, cordial as the czar's friendship had seemed to be at Tilsit, Buonaparte appreciated the unpopularity of his "continental system" in Russia, and the power of the aristocracy there, far too accurately, not to entertain some suspicion that Alexander himself might be compelled to take the field against him, should England succeed in persuading Austria and Germany to rise in arms during his own absence in Spain. For these reasons he had requested the czar's presence at Erfurt; and this conference was apparently as satisfactory to either as that of Tilsit had been. They addressed a joint letter to the king of England, proposing once more a general peace; but as they both refused to acknowledge any authority in Spain, save that of king Joseph, the answer was of course in the negative. Buonaparte, however, had obtained his object when he thus exhibited

the czar and himself as firmly allied. He perceived clearly that Austria was determined on another campaign; gave orders for concentrating and increasing his own armies accordingly, both in Germany and Italy; and—trusting to the decision and rapidity of his own movements, and the comparative slowness of his ancient enemy—dared to judge that he might still bring matters to an issue in Spain, before his presence should be absolutely necessary beyond the Rhine.

On the 14th of October the conferences of Erfurt terminated; on the 24th Napoleon was present at the opening of the legislative session in Paris; two days after he left that capital, and reached Bayonne on the 3d of November, where he remained, directing the movements of the last columns of his advancing army, until the morning of the 8th. He arrived at Vittoria the same evening: the civil and military authorities met him at the gates of the town, and would have conducted him to a house prepared for his reception, but he leaped from his horse, entered the first inn that he observed, and calling for maps and a detailed report of the position of all the armies French and Spanish, proceeded instantly to draw up his plan for the prosecution of the war. Within two hours he had completed his task. Soult, who had accompanied him from Paris, and whom he ordered to take the command of Bessieres's corps, set off on the instant, reached Briviesca, where its head-quarters were, at daybreak on the 9th, and within a few hours the whole machinery was once more in motion.

Napoleon had, early in October, signified to Joseph that the French cause in Spain would always be favoured by acting on the offensive, and his disapproval of the extent to which the king had retreated had not been heard in vain. General Blake's army had already been brought to action, and defeated disastrously by Moncey, at Espinosa; from which

point Blake had most injudiciously retreated towards Reynosa, instead of Burgos, where another army, meant to support his right, had assembled under the orders of the count de Belvedere.

Soult now poured down his columns on the plains of Burgos. Belvedere was defeated by him at Gomenal even more easily than Blake had been at Espinosa. The latter, again defeated by the indefatigable Soult, at Reynosa, was at length obliged to take refuge, with what hardly could be called even the skeleton of an army, in the seaport of St. Ander. Thus the whole of the Spanish left was dissipated; and the French right remained at liberty to march onwards at their pleasure.

Palafox, meanwhile, had effected at length a junction with Cantaños; and the combined Spanish armies of the centre and the east awaited the French attack, on the 22d of November, at Tudela. The disaster here was still more complete. Cantaños and Palafox separated in the moment of overthrow; the former escaping to Calatayud with the wreck of his troops, while the latter made his way once more to Zaragossa.

Napoleon now saw the main way to Madrid open before him—except that some forces were said to be posted at the strong defile of the Somosierra, within ten miles of the capital; while Soult, continuing his march by Carrion and Valladolid, could at once keep in check the English, in case they were still so daring as to advance from Portugal, and outflank the Somosierra, in case the mountains should be so defended as to bar the emperor's approach in that direction to Madrid. Palafox was pursued, and soon shut up in Zaragossa by Lasnes. That heroic city on the east, the British army on the west, and Madrid in front, were the only far-separated points on which any show of opposition was still to be traced—from the frontiers of France to those of Portugal, from the sea-coast to the Tagus.

Napoleon, with his guards and the first division, marched towards Madrid. His vanguard reached the foot of the Somosierra chain on the 30th of November, and found that a corps of 12,000 men had been assembled for the defence of the pass, under general St. Juan. No stronger position could well be fancied than that of the Spaniards: the defile was narrow and excessively steep, and the road completely swept by sixteen pieces of artillery. At daybreak, on the 1st of December, the French began their attempt to turn the flanks of St. Juan: three battalions scattered themselves over the opposite sides of the defile, and a warm skirmishing fire had begun. At this moment Buonaparte came up. He rode into the mouth of the pass, surveyed the scene for an instant, perceived that his infantry were making no progress, and at once conceived the daring idea of causing his Polish lancers to charge right up the causeway in face of the battery. The smoke of the skirmishers on the hill-sides mingled with the thick fogs and vapours of the morning, and under this veil the brave Krazinski led his troopers fearlessly up the ascent. The Spanish infantry fired as they passed them, threw down their arms, abandoned their intrenchments, and fled. The Poles speared the gunners, and took possession of the cannon. The Spaniards continued their flight in such disorder that they were at last fain to quit the road to Madrid, and escape in the direction, some of Segovia, others of Talaveyra. On the morning of the 2d, three divisions of French cavalry made their appearance on the high ground to the northwest of the capital.

During eight days the inhabitants had been preparing the means of resistance. A local and military junta had been invested with authority to conduct the defence. Six thousand regular troops were in the town, and crowds of the citizens and of the peasantry of the adjoining country were in arms

along with them. The pavement had been taken up, the streets barricadoed, the houses on the outskirts loopholed, and the Retiro, a large but weak edifice, occupied by a strong garrison. Terrible violence prevailed—many persons suspected of adhering to the side of the French were assassinated; the bells of churches and convents rung incessantly; ferocious bands paraded the streets day and night; and at the moment when the enemy's cavalry appeared, the universal uproar seemed to announce that he was about to find a new and a greater Zaragossa in Madrid.

The town was summoned at noon; and the officer employed would have been massacred by the mob but for the interference of the Spanish regulars. Napoleon waited until his infantry and artillery came up in the evening, and then the place was invested on one side. "The night was clear and bright," says Napier; "the French camp was silent and watchful; but the noise of tumult was heard from every quarter of the city, as if some mighty beast was struggling and howling in the toils." At midnight the city was again summoned; and the answer being still defiance, the batteries began to open. In the course of the day the Retiro was stormed, and the immense palace of the dukes of Medina Celi, which commands one side of the town, seized also. Terror now began to prevail within; and shortly after the city was summoned, for the third time, Don Thomas Morla, the governor, came out to demand a suspension of arms. Napoleon received him with anger, and rebuked him for the violation of the capitulation at Baylen. "Injustice and bad faith," said he, "always recoil on those who are guilty of them." Many an honester Spaniard was obliged to listen in silence to such words from the negotiator of Fontainebleau and Bayonne.

Morla was a coward, and there is no doubt a traitor also. On returning to the town he urged the

necessity of instantly capitulating; and most of those in authority took a similar part, except Castellas, the commander of the regular troops. The peasantry and citizens kept firing on the French outposts during the night; but Castellas, perceiving that the civil rulers were all against further resistance, withdrew his troops and sixteen cannon in safety. At eight in the morning of the 4th, Madrid surrendered. The Spaniards were disarmed, and the town filled with the French army. Napoleon took up his residence at Chamartin, a country house four miles off. In a few days tranquillity seemed completely re-established. The French soldiery observed excellent discipline: the shops were reopened, and the theatres frequented as usual. Such is in most cases the enthusiasm of a great city!

Napoleon now exercised all the rights of a conqueror. He issued edicts abolishing the inquisition, all feudal rights, and all particular jurisdictions; regulating the number of monks; increasing, at the expense of the monastic establishments, the stipends of the parochial clergy; and proclaiming a general amnesty, with only *ten* exceptions. He received a deputation of the chief inhabitants, who came to signify their desire to see Joseph among them again. His answer was, that Spain was his own by right of conquest; that he could easily rule it by viceroys; but that if they chose to assemble in their churches, priests and people, and swear allegiance to Joseph, he was not indisposed to listen to their request.

This was a secondary matter; meantime, the emperor was making his dispositions for the completion of his conquest. His plan was to invade Andalusia, Valencia, and Galicia, by his lieutenants, and to march in person to Lisbon. Nor was this vast plan beyond his means; for he had at that moment 255,000 men, 50,000 horses, and 100 pieces of field artillery, actually ready for immediate ser-

vice in Spain; while 80,000 men and 100 cannon, besides, were in reserve, all on the south side of the Pyrenees. To oppose this gigantic force there were a few poor defeated corps of Spaniards, widely separated from each other, and flying already before mere detachments; Seville, whose local junta had once more assumed the nominal sovereignty, and guarded in front by a feeble corps in the Sierra Morena; Valencia, without a regular garrison; Zaragossa, closely invested, and resisting once more with heroic determination; and the British army under Sir John Moore. The moment Napoleon was informed that Moore had advanced into Spain, he abandoned every other consideration, and resolved in person to march and overwhelm him.

The English general had, as we have already seen, been prevented, by circumstances over which he could have no control, from commencing his campaign so early as he would have desired, and as the situation of the Spanish armies, whom he was meant to support, demanded. At length, however, he put his troops, 20,000 in number, into motion, and advanced in the direction of Salamanca; while a separate British corps of 13,000, under Sir David Baird, recently landed at Coruña, had orders to march through Galicia, and effect a junction with Moore either at Salamanca or Valladolid. The object of the British march was of course to support the Spanish armies of Blake and Belvedere in their defence; but, owing to the delays and blundering intelligence already alluded to, these armies were in a hopeless condition before Sir John Moore's march begun.

The news of the decisive defeat of Castaños, at Tudela, satisfied Moore that the original purpose of his march was now out of the question; but having at length effected a junction with Baird, he felt extreme unwillingness to retreat without attempting something. He continued to receive from

Madrid the most solemn assurances that the resistance of the capital would be desperate; and, with more generosity than prudence, resolved to attack Soult, then posted behind the Carrion. In doing so he fancied it possible that he should defeat an important brauch of the enemy's force, intercept the communications of the emperor's left flank, give Romana time to re-organize his army in Galicia create a formidable diversion in favour of the south of Spain, if not of Madrid—and, at worst, secure for himself a safe retreat upon Coruña; from which port his troops might be sent round without difficulty to Seville, to take part in the defence of that part of the peninsula which was yet unbroken, and the seat of the actual government.

But Buonaparte, hearing on the 20th of December of the advance of Moore, instantly put himself at the head of 50,000 men, and marched with incredible rapidity, with the view of intercepting his communications with Portugal, and in short hemming him in between himself and Soult. Moore no sooner heard that Napoleon was approaching, than he perceived the necessity of an immediate retreat; and he commenced accordingly a most calamitous one through the naked mountains of Galicia, in which his troops maintained their character for bravery, rallying with zeal whenever the French threatened their rear, but displayed a lamentable want of discipline in all other parts of their conduct. The weather was tempestuous; the roads miserable; the commissariat utterly defective; and the very notion of retreat broke the high spirits of the soldiery. They ill-treated the inhabitants, drank whatever strong liquors they could obtain, straggled from their ranks, and in short lost the appearance of an army except when the trumpet warned them that they might expect the French charge. Soult hung close on their rear until they reached Coruña; and Moore perceived that it would be impossible to embark

without either a convention or a battle. He chose the braver alternative. The French were repelled gallantly; and the British were permitted to embark without further molestation. In the moment of victory [January 16th, 1809] Sir John Moore fell, mortally wounded by a cannon-shot: his men buried him in his cloak; and the French, in testimony of their admiration of his gallantry, erected a monument over his remains.

Napoleon came up with the troops in pursuit of Moore at Benevente, on the 29th of December, and enjoyed for a moment the spectacle of the English army in full retreat. He saw that Moore was no longer worthy of his own attention, and intrusted the consummation of his ruin to Soult.

It excited universal surprise that the emperor did not immediately return from Benevente to Madrid, to complete and consolidate his Spanish conquest. He, however, proceeded, not towards Madrid, but Paris; and this with his utmost speed —riding on post-horses, on one occasion, not less than seventy-five English miles in five hours and a half. The cause of this sudden change of purpose, and extraordinary haste, was a sufficient one; and it ere long transpired.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Austria declares War—Napoleon heads his army in Germany—Battle of Landshut and Eckmühl—Ratisbon taken—Napoleon in Vienna—Hostilities in Italy, Hungary, Poland, the North of. Germany, and the Tyrol—Battle of Raab—Battle of Wagram—Armistice with Austria...... Progress of the War in the Peninsula—Battle of Talaveyra—Battle of Ocana—English Expedition to Walcheren...... Seizure of Rome and arrest of the Pope...... Treaty of Schoenbrunn.

Napoleon had foreseen that Austria, hardly dissembling her aversion to the "continental system," and openly refusing to acknowledge Joseph as king of Spain, would avail herself of the insurrection of that country, necessarily followed by the march of a great French army across the Pyrenees, as affording a favourable opportunity for once more taking arms, in the hope of recovering what she had lost in the campaign of Austerlitz. His minister, Talleyrand, had, during his absence, made every effort to conciliate the emperor Francis; but the warlike preparations throughout the Austrian dominions proceeded with increasing vigour—and Napoleon received such intelligence ere he witnessed the retreat of Moore, that he immediately countermanded the march of such of his troops as had not yet reached the Pyrenees,—wrote (from Valladolid) to the princes of the Rhenish league, ordering them to hold their contingents in readiness—and travelled to Paris with extraordinary haste. He reached his capital on the 22d of January; renewed the negotiations with Vienna; and, in the mean time, recruited and concentrated his armies on the German side—thus adjourning, and as it turned out for ever, the completion of his Spanish conquest.

On the 6th of April, Austria declared war; and on the 9th, the archduke Charles, generalissimo of

armies, which are said to have been recruited, at this period, to the amount of nearly 500,000 men, crossed the Inn at the head of six corps, each consisting of 30,000; while the archduke John marched with two other divisions towards Italy, by the way of Carinthia; and the archduke Ferdinand assumed the command of a ninth corps in Galicia, to make head against Russia, in case that power should be forced or tempted by Napoleon to take part in the struggle. Napoleon, having so great an army in Spain, could not hope to oppose numbers such as these to the Austrians; but he trusted to the rapid combinations which had so often enabled him to baffle the same enemy; and the instant he ascertained that Bavaria was invaded by the archduke Charles, he proceeded, without guards, without equipage, accompanied solely by the faithful Josephine, to Frankfort, and thence to Strasburg. He assumed the command on the 13th, and immediately formed the plan of his campaign.

He found the two wings of his army, the one under Massena, the other under Davoust, at such a distance from the centre that, if the Austrians had seized the opportunity, the consequences might have been fatal. On the 17th of April, he commanded Davoust and Massena to march simultaneously towards a position in front, and then pushed forward the centre, in person, to the same point. The archduke Lewis, who commanded two Austrian divisions in advance, was thus hemmed in unexpectedly by three armies, moving at once from three different points; defeated and driven back, at Abensberg, on the 20th; and utterly routed, at Landshut, on the 21st. Here the archduke lost 9000 men, thirty guns, and all his stores.

Next day Buonaparte executed a variety of movements, considered as among the most admirable displays of his science, by means of which he brought his whole force, by different routes, at one and the

same moment upon the position of the archduke Charles. That prince was strongly posted at Eckmühl, with full 100,000 men. Napoleon charged him at two in the afternoon; the battle was stern and lasted till nightfall, but it ended in a complete overthrow. The Austrians, besides their loss in the field, left in Napoleon's hands 20,000 prisoners, fifteen colours, and the greater part of their artillery; and retreated in utter disorder upon Ratisbon. The archduke made an attempt to rally his troops and defend that city, on the 23d; but the French stormed the walls and drove the Austrians through the streets; and their general immediately retreated into Bohemia: thus, in effect, abandoning Vienna to the mercy of his conqueror.

Napoleon was wounded in the foot during the storming of Ratisbon, and for a moment the troops crowded round him in great alarm; but he scarcely waited to have his wound dressed, threw himself again on horseback, and restored confidence by riding along the lines.

Thus, in five days, in spite of inferiority of numbers, and of the unfavourable manner in which his lieutenants had distributed an inferior force, by the sole energy of his genius did the emperor triumph over the main force of his opponent.

He reviewed his army on the 24th, distributing rewards of all sorts with a lavish hand, and, among others, bestowing the title of duke of Eckmühl on Davoust; and forthwith commenced his march upon Vienna. The corps defeated at Landshut had retreated in that direction, and being considerably recruited, made some show of obstructing his progress; but they were defeated again and totally broken at Ehrensberg, on the 3d of May, by Massena, and on the 9th Napoleon appeared before the walls of the capital. The emperor had already quitted it, with all his family, except his daughter, the archdutchess Maria Louisa, who was confined to her

chamber by illness. The archduke Maximilian, with the regular garrison of 10,000 men, evacuated it on Napoleon's approach; and, though the inhabitants had prepared for a vigorous resistance, the bombardment soon convinced them that it was hopeless. It perhaps deserves to be mentioned, that on learning the situation of the sick princess, Buonaparte instantly commanded that no fire should be directed towards that part of the town. On the 10th a capitulation was signed, the French troops took possession of the city, and Napoleon once more established his head-quarters in the imperial palace of Schoenbrunn.

In the mean time, the archduke Ferdinand had commenced the war in Poland, and, obtaining the advantage in several affairs, taken possession of Warsaw; but the news of Eckmühl recalled this division to the support of the main army, under the archduke Charles; and the Russian troops not only retook Warsaw, but occupied the whole of the Austro-Polish provinces. Alexander, however, showed no disposition to push the war with vigour, or to advance into Germany for the support of Napoleon. In Italy, in like manner, the archduke John had at first been successful. But after defeating Eugene Beauharnois, Napoleon's viceroy, and taking possession of Padua and Vicenza, this prince also was summoned to retrace his steps, in consequence of the catastrophe at Eckmühl. Eugene pursued him into Hungary, and defeated him in a great battle at Raab. Colonel Schill, the Prussian partisan already mentioned, had availed himself of the concentration of Napoleon's troops for the Austrian campaign, to take up arms, though without any authority from his sovereign, in the hope that the national resentment would burst out in a universal insurrection; and the duke of Brunswick, son to him who was mortally wounded at Jena, had also appeared in Lusatia, and invited all true Ger-

mans to imitate the heroic conduct of the Spaniards. These occurrences threatened a general burst of war wherever the *Tugenbund* and other patriotic associations had for some time been strongly influencing the popular mind. The battle of Eckmühl, however, diffused new awe all over the north of Germany. The troops of Saxony checked the duke of Brunswick's progress, and Schill's heroic band were at last shut up in Stralsund, where their leader perished in a sortie; thus, and only thus, escaping the vengeance of Napoleon.

Among the mountains of the Tyrol, the native zeal of a few hardy peasants achieved more than all the mighty population of Germany. This ancient province of the house of Austria had been, in sinful violation of all the rights of mankind, transferred to the hated yoke of Bavaria, by the treaty of Presburg. The mountaineers no sooner heard that their rightful sovereign was once more in arms against Napoleon, than they rose (early in April), under the guidance of Hofer, a gallant peasant, seized the strong passes of their country, and, in the course of four days, made every French and Bavarian soldier quartered among them a prisoner, —with the exception of the garrison of the fortress of Kufstein. Napoleon caused Lefevre to march into the country with his division; but Hofer posted his followers on the edge of precipices, from which they fired on the French columns with the skill of practised marksmen, and rolled down torrents of stones with such effect, that Lefevre was compelled to retreat. Austria, however, having enough of work at home, could not afford to sustain the efforts of these heroic peasants by any detachment of regular troops. On the retirement of Lefevre, they issued from their hills and wasted the neighbouring territory of Bavaria; but the general issue of the campaign left them at the mercy of Napoleon, who suppressed the insurrection, finally, by overwhelming numbers, and

avenged it by massacring Hofer and all who had taken a prominent part in the cause of freedom.

These popular movements, however, could not be regarded with indifference by him who had witnessed and appreciated the character of the Spanish insurrection. Napoleon well knew, that unless he concluded the main contest soon, the spirit of Schill and Hofer would kindle a general flame from the Rhine to the Elbe; and he therefore desired fervently that the Austrian generalissimo might be tempted to quit the fastnesses of Bohemia, and try once more the fortune of a battle.

The archduke, having re-established the order and recruited the numbers of his army, had anticipated these wishes of his enemy, and was already posted on the opposite bank of the Danube, which river, being greatly swollen, and all the bridges destroyed, seemed to divide the two camps, as by an impassable barrier.

Napoleon determined to pass it; and after an unsuccessful attempt at Nussdorff, met with better fortune at Ebersdorff, where the river is broad and intersected by a number of low and woody islands, the largest of which bears the name of Lobau. On these islands Napoleon established the greater part of his army, on the 19th of May, and on the following day made good his passage, by means of a bridge of boats, to the left bank of the Danube; where he took possession of the villages of Asperne and Essling, with so little show of opposition, that it became evident the archduke wished the inevitable battle to take place with the river between his enemy and Vienna.

On the 21st, at daybreak, the archduke appeared on a rising ground, separated from the French position by an extensive plain; his whole force divided into five heavy columns, and protected by not less than 200 pieces of artillery. The battle began at four, P. M. with a furious assault on the village of

Asperne; which was taken and retaken several times, and remained at nightfall in the occupation, partly of Massena, and partly of the assailants, who had established themselves in the church and churchyard. Essling sustained three attacks also; but there the French remained in complete possession. Night interrupted the action; the Austrians exulting in their partial success; Napoleon surprised that he should not have been wholly victorious. On either side the carnage had been terrible, and the pathways of the villages were literally choked with the dead.

Next morning the battle recommenced with equal fury: the French recovered the church of Asperne; but the Austrian right wing renewed their assaults on that point with more and more vigour, and in such numbers, that Napoleon guessed the centre and left had been weakened for the purpose of strengthening the right. Upon thus he instantly moved such masses, *en echellon*, on the Austrian centre, that the archduke's line was shaken; and for a moment it seemed as if victory was secure.

At this critical moment, by means of Austrian fireships suddenly sent down the swollen and rapid river, the bridge connecting the island of Lobau with the right bank was wholly swept away. Buonaparte perceived that if he wished to preserve his communications with the right of the Danube, where his reserve still lay, he must instantly fall back on Lobau; and no sooner did his troops commence their backward movement than the Austrians recovered their order and zeal, charged in turn, and finally made themselves master of Asperne. Essling, where Massena commanded, held firm, and under the protection of that village and numerous batteries erected near it, Napoleon succeeded in withdrawing his whole force during the night. On the morning of the 23d the French were cooped up in Lobau and the adjacent islands—Asperne, Ess-

ling, the whole left bank of the river, remaining in the possession of the Austrians. On either side a great victory was claimed; and with equal injustice. But the situation of the French emperor was imminently hazardous: he was separated from Davoust and his reserve; and had the enemy either attacked him in the islands, or passed the river higher up, and so overwhelmed Davoust and relieved Vienna, the results might have been fatal. But the archduke's loss in these two days had been great; and, in place of risking any offensive movement, he contented himself with strengthening the position of Asperne and Essling, and awaiting quietly the moment when his enemy should choose to attempt once more the passage to the left bank, and the re-occupation of these hardly-contested villages.

Napoleon availed himself of this pause with his usual skill. That he had been checked was true, and that the news would be heard with enthusiasm throughout Germany he well knew. It was necessary to revive the tarnished magic of his name by another decisive battle; and he made every exertion to prepare for it. Some weeks, however, elapsed ere he ventured to resume the offensive. On the 4th of July he had at last re-established thoroughly his communication with the right bank, and arranged the means of passing to the left at a point where the archduke had made hardly any preparation for receiving him. The Austrians having rashly calculated that Asperne and Essling must needs be the objects of the next contest as of the preceding, were taken almost unawares by his appearance in another quarter. They changed their line on the instant; and occupied a position, the centre and key of which was the little town of Wagram.

Here, on the 6th of July, the final and decisive battle was fought. The archduke had extended his line over too wide a space; and this old error enabled Napoleon to ruin him by his old device of

pouring the full shock of his strength on the centre. The action was long and bloody: at its close there remained 20,000 prisoners, besides all the artillery and baggage, in the hands of Napoleon. The archduke fled in great confusion as far as Znaim, in Moravia. The imperial council perceived that further resistance was vain: an armistice was agreed to at Znaim; and Napoleon, returning to Schoenbrunn, continued occupied with the negotiation until October.

In this fierce campaign none more distinguished himself than Lasnes, duke of Montebello. At Ratisbon he headed in person the storming party, exclaiming, "Soldiers, your general has not forgotten that he was once a grenadier." At the battle of Asperne his exertions were extraordinary. He was struck, towards the close of the day, by a cannon-shot, which carried off both his legs. The surgeons, on examining the wound, declared it mortal. He answered them with angry imprecations, and called with frantic vehemence for the emperor. Napoleon came up, and witnessed the agonies of the dying marshal, who blasphemed heaven and earth that he should be denied to see the end of the campaign. Thus fell Lasnes, whom, for his romantic valour, the French soldiery delighted to call the Roland of their camp.

The war, meanwhile, had been pursued with mixed fortune in the peninsula. Zaragossa, after sustaining another siege with fortitude not unworthy of the first, was at length compelled to surrender in the month of February. Sir Arthur Wellesley, being restored to the command of the British army in Portugal, landed at Lisbon on the 22d of April, and immediately marched upon Oporto, which Soult had occupied early in the year. Soult was defeated under the walls of the town, and forthwith began his retreat towards Galicia, which he effected under circumstances as miserable as had attended Sir John

Moore's march on Coruña in the preceding year. Sir Arthur was prevented from urging the pursuit of Soult by the intelligence that marshal Victor was laying Andalusia waste, being opposed only by Cuesta, a bigoted old general, and an army which had lost heart from repeated disasters. The English leader perceived that if he marched into Galicia, Victor must possess the means of instantly reoccupying Portugal; and resolved, in place of following Soult, to advance towards this more formidable enemy. He effected a junction with Cuesta at Oropesa, on the 20th of July, and marched along the Tagus towards the position of Victor. He, however, having a force at least double that of Wellesley, assumed the offensive, and attacked the allies, on the 28th, at Talaveyra de la Reyna. The battle ended in the total defeat and repulsion of Victor; but Wellesley found it impossible to advance further into Spain, because Ney, Soult, and Mortier were assembling their divisions, with the view of coming between him and Portugal. The English retired, therefore, to Badajos, and thence to the Portuguese frontier.

On the eastern side of the peninsula, Blake, advancing with the view of recovering Zaragossa, was met, on the 19th of June, by marshal Suchet, duke of Albufera, and totally routed. The central Spanish army, under Ariezaga, attempted, with equal ill-fortune, to relieve Madrid. King Joseph, accompanied by Soult, Victor, and Mortier, met them at Ocana on the 19th November, and broke them utterly. In December Girona surrendered to Augereau; and the intrusive king appeared to be in possession of far the greater part of Spain. But his command extended no further than the actual presence of his brother's legions. Wherever they were posted, all was submission; beyond their lines the country remained as hostile as ever. The soldiery of the defeated armies dispersed themselves

in small bands, watching every opportunity to surprise detachments and cut off supplies; and, in spite of all their victories, the situation of the invaders became every hour more embarrassing. In Portugal, meanwhile, the English general (created lord Wellington after the battle of Talaveyra) was gradually organizing a native force not unworthy of acting under his banners; and on that side it was obvious that, unless Napoleon made some extraordinary exertions, the French cause was wholly undone.

Portugal was safe; and the character of the British army had been raised by another splendid victory in Spain; but these were trivial advantages compared with what lord Wellington might have achieved, had his government placed him, as they could easily have done, at the head of an army of 80 or 100,000 men, while Napoleon was occupied with the campaign of Essling and Wagram. Instead of strengthening Wellington's hands in an efficient manner, the English cabinet sent 40,000 troops, under the command of the earl of Chatham, an indolent or incompetent general, to seize the isle of Walcheren, and destroy the shipping and works at the mouth of the Scheld; nor was this ill-judged expedition despatched from Britain until the 1st of August, three weeks after the decisive battle of Wagram had been fought and won. Lord Chatham took Flushing, and fixed his head-quarters at Middleburg; but Bernadotte (prince of Ponte Corvo) put Antwerp into such a state of defence that the plan of besieging that city was, ere long, abandoned. A pestilence, meantime, raged among the marshes of Walcheren; the English soldiers were dying by thousands. The news of the armistice of Znaim arrived; and lord Chatham abandoned his conquests. A mere skeleton of his army returned to their own country, from the most disastrous expedition which England had undertaken since that of Carthagena, seventy years before

The announcement of the armistice with Austria put an end, in effect, to all hostile demonstrations on the continent, the peninsula alone excepted. The brave Schill (as has already been said) was happy enough to fall in the field: his followers, being at last compelled to surrender at Stralsund, were treated as rebels, and died with the constancy of patriots. The duke of Brunswick, who had by this time obtained considerable successes in Franconia, found himself abandoned, in like manner, to the undivided strength of Napoleon. At the head of a few regiments, whose black uniform announced their devotion to the one purpose of avenging their former sovereign, the duke succeeded in cutting his way to the Baltic, where some English vessels received him. Germany, in apparent tranquillity, awaited the result of the negotiations of Vienna.

Napoleon, a few days after he returned from Moravia to Schoenbrunn, escaped narrowly the dagger of a young man, who rushed upon him in the midst of all his staff, at a grand review of the imperial guard. Berthier and Rapp threw themselves upon him, and disarmed him at the moment when his knife was about to enter the emperor's body. Napoleon demanded what motive had actuated the assassin. "What injury," said he, "have I done to you?" "To me, personally, none," answered the youth, "but you are the oppressor of my country, the tyrant of the world; and to have put you to death would have been the highest glory of a man of honour." This enthusiastic youth, by name Stabbs, son of a clergyman of Erfurt, was—justly, no doubt—condemned to death, and he suffered with the calmness of a martyr.

Buonaparte led at Schoenbrunn nearly the same course of life to which he was accustomed at the Tuilleries; seldom appearing in public; occupied incessantly with his ministers and generals. The length to which the negotiations with Austria were

protracted excited much wonder; but he had other business on hand besides his treaty with the emperor Francis, and that treaty had taken a very unexpected shape.

It was during his residence at Schoenbrunn that a quarrel, of no short standing, with the pope reached its crisis. The very language of the consular concordat sufficiently indicated the reluctance and pain with which the head of the Romish church acquiesced in the arrangements devised by Buonaparte, for the ecclesiastical settlement of France; and the subsequent course of events, but especially in Italy and in Spain, could hardly fail to aggravate those unpleasant feelings. In Spain and in Portugal, the resistance to French treachery and violence was mainly conducted by the priesthood; and the pope could not contemplate their exertions without sympathy and favour. In Italy, meantime, the French emperor had made himself master of Naples, and of all the territories lying to the north of the papal states; in a word, the whole of that peninsula was his, excepting only that narrow central stripe which still acknowledged the temporal sovereignty of the Roman pontiff. This state of things was necessarily followed by incessant efforts on the part of Napoleon to procure from the pope a hearty acquiescence in the system of the Berlin and Milan decrees; and thus far he at length prevailed. But when he went on to demand that his holiness should take an active part in the war against England, he was met by a steady refusal. Irritated by this opposition, and, perhaps, still more by his suspicion that the patriots of the Spanish peninsula received secret support from the Vatican, Buonaparte did not hesitate to issue a decree in the following words: "Whereas the temporal sovereign of Rome has refused to make war against England, and the interests of the two kingdoms of Italy and Naples ought not to be intercepted by a hostile power and

whereas the donation of Charlemagne, *our illustrious predecessor*, of the countries which form the Holy See, was for the good of *Christianity*, and not for that of *the enemies of our holy religion*, we, therefore, decree that the dutchies of Urbino, Ancona, Macerata, and Camarino be for ever united to the kingdom of Italy."

The seaports of the papal territory were forthwith occupied by French troops, but the pope remained for some time in undisturbed possession of Rome itself. On his return from Spain, however, Napoleon determined to complete his work in Italy ere he should begin the inevitable campaign with Austria. General Miollis, therefore, took military possession of Rome in February, 1809; the pope, however, still remaining in the Vatican, and attended there as usual by his own guards.

On the 17th of May, Napoleon issued, from Vienna, his final decree, declaring the temporal sovereignty of the pope to be wholly at an end, incorporating Rome with the French empire, and declaring it to be *his* second city; settling a pension on the holy father in his spiritual capacity—and appointing a committee of administration for the civil government of Rome. The pope, on receiving the Parisian senatus-consultum, ratifying this imperial rescript, instantly fulminated a bull of excommunication against Napoleon. Shortly after some unauthentic news from Germany inspired new hopes into the adherents of the holy father; and, disturbances breaking out, Miollis, on pretence that a life sacred in the eyes of all Christians might be endangered, arrested the pope in his palace, at midnight, and forthwith despatched him, under a strong escort, to Savona.

The intelligence of this decisive step reached Napoleon soon after the battle of Wagram, and he was inclined to disapprove of the conduct of Miollis as too precipitate. It was now, however, impossi-

ble to recede; the pope was ordered to be conveyed across the Alps to Grenoble. But his reception there was more reverential than Napoleon had anticipated, and he was soon re-conducted to Savona.

This business would, in any other period, have been sufficient to set all Catholic Europe in a flame; and even now Buonaparte well knew that his conduct could not fail to nourish and support the feelings arrayed against him openly in Spain and in southern Germany, and suppressed, not extinguished, in the breasts of a great party of the French clergy at home. He made, therefore, many efforts to procure from the pope some formal relinquishment of his temporal claims—but Pius VII. remained unshaken; and the negotiation at length terminated in the removal of his holiness to Fontainebleau, where he continued a prisoner, though treated personally with respect, and even magnificence, during more than three years:—until, in the general darkening of his own fortunes, the imperial jailer was compelled to adopt another line of conduct.

The treaty with Austria was at last signed at Schoenbrunn on the 14th of October. The emperor Francis purchased peace by the cession of Saltzburg, and a part of Upper Austria, to the confederation of the Rhine; of part of Bohemia to the king of Saxony, and of Cracow and western Galicia to the same prince, as grand duke of Warsaw; of part of eastern Galicia to the czar; and to France herself, of Trieste, Carniola, Friuli, Villach, and some part of Croatia and Dalmatia. By this act, Austria gave up in all territory to the amount of 45,000 square miles, and a population of nearly four millions; and Napoleon, besides gratifying his vassals and allies, had completed the connexion of the kingdom of Italy with his Illyrian possessions, obtained the whole coasts of Adriatic, and deprived Austria of her last seaport. Yet, when compared

with the signal triumphs of the campaign of Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation; and he claimed merit with the emperor of Russia on the score of having spared Austria in deference to his personal intercession.

Buonaparte quitted Vienna on the 16th of October; was congratulated by the public bodies of Paris, on the 14th of November, as "the greatest of heroes, who never achieved victories but for the happiness of the world;" and soon after, by one of the most extraordinary steps of his personal history, furnished abundant explanation of the motives which had guided his diplomacy at Schoenbrunn.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Napoleon divorces Josephine—Marries the Archduchess Maria Louisa—Deposes Louis Buonaparte—Annexes Holland and the whole Coast of Germany to France—Revolution in Sweden—Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden—Progress of the War in the Peninsula—Relations with Russia—License System of Napoleon—Fruitless Attempts to negotiate with England—Discontents in France—Dismissal of Fouché.

THE treacherous invasion of Spain, and the imprisonment of the pope, were but the first of a series of grand political errors, destined to sap the foundations of this apparently irresistible power. On his return to Paris, Napoleon proudly proclaimed to his senate, that no enemy opposed him throughout the continent of Europe—except only a few fugitive bands of Spanish rebels, and "the English leopard"* in Portugal, whom ere long he would

* The leopards had been changed into lions in the English shield five hundred years ere this! To such small matters could Buonaparte's rancour stoop.

cause to be chased into the sea. In the meantime, the peninsula was too insignificant an object to demand either his own presence, or much of their concern: the general welfare of the empire called on them to fix their attention on a subject of a very different nature: namely, the situation of the imperial family. "I and my house," said Napoleon, "will ever be found ready to sacrifice every thing, even our own dearest ties and feelings, to the welfare of the French people."

This was the first public intimation of a measure which had for a considerable period occupied much of Napoleon's thoughts, and which, regarded at the time (almost universally) as the very master-stroke of his policy, proved in the issue no mean element of his ruin.

Josephine had loved Napoleon, and been beloved passionately by him in his youth. She had shared his humbler fortune; by her connexions in Paris, and especially by her skilful conduct during his Egyptian expedition, she had most materially assisted him in the attainment of the sovereign dignity; she had subsequently adorned his court, and gratified his pride by the elegance of her manners, and won to herself the attachment of his people, by her sincere good nature and active benevolence. Her power over her husband was known to be great, and no one ever doubted but that it had uniformly been exerted on the side of mercy. She was considered as the good angel who, more frequently and effectually than any influence besides, interfered to sooth the fierce passions, and temper the violent acts of her lord. Her devotion to him was perfect: she partook his labours as far as he would permit her to do so, submitted to all his caprices, and, with a dark presentiment that his ambition would one day cast her aside, continued to centre the whole of her existence in the contemplation of his glory.

Long ere Napoleon assumed the imperial title, his

hopes of offspring from this union were at an end; and, at least from the hour in which his authority was declared to be hereditary, Josephine must have begun to suspect that, in his case also, the ties of domestic life might be sacrificed to those views of political advantage, which had so often dissolved the marriages of princes. For a moment she seems to have flattered herself that Napoleon would be contented to adopt her son: and Eugene, as we have seen, was indeed announced, at the period of his alliance with the royal family of Wirtemberg, as the successor to the throne of Italy, in case his father-in-law should leave no second son to inherit it. Louis Buonaparte afterward wedded Hortense de Beauharnois, and an infant son, the only pledge of their ill-assorted union, became so much the favourite of Napoleon, that Josephine, as well as others, regarded this boy as the heir of France. But the child died early; and the emperor began to familiarize himself with the idea of dissolving his own marriage.

There is now no doubt that, as early as the conferences of Tilsit, the scheme of such a connexion with the imperial family of Russia was broached; and as little that Alexander treated the proposal with coldness, in consequence of the insuperable aversion with which the empress-mother (a princess whose influence was always commanding) persisted in regarding the character of Napoleon. At Erfurt this matter was once more touched upon; and a second rejection of his personal alliance was probably the chief of not a few incidents at that meeting, which satisfied Napoleon as to the uncertain condition of his relations with the Russian court. Then, however, he had abundant reasons for dissembling his displeasure; and the pretext of difficulties arising from the difference of religion was permitted to pass.

Fouché was one of the first to penetrate the secret

thoughts of Buonaparte; and he, with audacity equal to his cunning, ventured to take on himself the dangerous office of sounding the empress as to this most delicate of all subjects. One evening, before Napoleon left Paris on his unhallowed expedition to Spain, the minister of police drew Josephine aside into a corner of her saloon, and, after a preface of abundant commonplaces, touching the necessities of the empire, and the painful position of the emperor, asked her in plain terms whether she were not capable of sacrificing all private feelings to these? Josephine heard him with at least the appearance of utter surprise, ordered him to quit her presence, and went immediately to demand of Napoleon whether the minister had any authority for this proceeding. The emperor answered in the negative, and with high demonstrations of displeasure: but when Josephine went on to ask the dismissal of Fouché, as the only fit punishment for so great an outrage, he refused to comply. He remained steadfast in spite of the urgencies and lamentations of an insulted woman; and from that hour Josephine must have felt that her fate was fixed.

The apartments of Napoleon and those of his wife, which were immediately over them, at the Tuilleries, had communication by means of a private staircase; and it was the custom of the emperor himself to signify, by a tap on the door of Josephine's sitting-room, his desire to converse with her in his cabinet below. In the days of their cordial union the signal was often made, most commonly in the evening, and it was not unusual for them to remain shut up together in conversation for hours. Soon after his return from Schoenbrunn, the ladies in attendance began to remark that the emperor's knock was heard more frequently than it had ever used to be, that their mistress seemed to listen for it at certain hours with a new and painful anxiety, and

that she did not obey the signal with her accustomed alacrity. One evening Napoleon surprised them by carrying Josephine in the midst of them, pale, apparently lifeless. She was awaking from a long swoon, into which she had fallen on hearing him at last pronounce the decree which terminated their connexion.

This was on the 5th of December. On the 15th the emperor summoned his council, and announced to them, that at the expense of all his personal feelings, he, devoted wholly to the welfare of the state, had resolved to separate himself from his most dear consort. Josephine then appeared among them, and, not without tears, expressed her acquiescence in the decree. The council, after haranguing the imperial spouses on the nobleness of their mutual sacrifice, accepted and ratified the dissolution of the marriage. The title of empress was to continue with Josephine for life, and a pension of two millions of francs (to which Napoleon afterward added a third million from his privy purse), was allotted to her. She retired from the Tuilleries, residing thenceforth mostly at the villa of Malmaison; and in the course of a few weeks it was signified that Napoleon had demanded the hand of the archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter to the emperor Francis, the same youthful princess who has been mentioned as remaining in Vienna, on account of illness, during the second occupation of that capital. This intelligence explained sufficiently the moderation of the French diplomatists in the treaty of Schoenbrunn.

Having given her hand, at Vienna, to Berthier, who had the honour to represent the person of his master, the young archduchess came into France in March, 1810. On the 28th, as her carriage was proceeding towards Soissons, Napoleon rode up to it, in a plain dress, altogether unattended: and, at once breaking through all the etiquettes of such oc casions, introduced himself to his bride. She had

never seen his person till then, and it is said that her first exclamation was, "Your majesty's pictures have not done you justice." Buonaparte was at this time forty years of age; his countenance had acquired a certain fulness, and that statue-like calmness of expression with which posterity will always be familiar; but his figure betrayed as yet nothing more than a tendency towards corpulence. He was considered as a handsomer man at this period than he had been in his earlier days. They spent the evening at the chateau of Compiegne, and were re-married, on the 2d of April, at Paris, amid every circumstance of imperial splendour. For some time Napoleon seemed to devote himself, like a mere lover, to the society of his new partner; and was really, according to his own account at St. Helena, enchanted with the contrast which her youthful simplicity of character and manners presented to the finished and elaborate graces of Josephine. Of the uniform attachment and affection of both his wives, he spoke afterward with equal praises. But he in vain endeavoured to prevail on Maria Louisa to make a personal acquaintance with her predecessor; and, at length found it necessary to give up his own visits to Malmaison, which for a time were not unfrequent.

Napoleon, in his exile, said that "the Spanish ulcer" and the Austrian match were the two main causes of his ruin; and they both contributed to it largely, though by no means equally. His alliance with the haughtiest of the old sovereign houses gave deep offence indeed to that great party in France who, though willing to submit to a dictator, still loathed the name of hereditary monarchy; nothing perhaps, could have shocked those men more grievously than to see the victorious heir and representative of their revolution seeking to mix his blood with that of its inveterate enemies, and making himself free, as it were, of what they had been ac-

customed to call the old established "corporation of tyrants." Another, and it is to be hoped, as large a class of his subjects, were disgusted with his abandonment of the wife of his youth, for the sake of gratifying his vanity and ambition. There were also, we may easily believe, not a few royalists of the old school who had hitherto acquiesced in his sway the more easily, because he seemed destined to die childless, and in a contest for the throne of France, they flattered themselves the legitimate heir of the monarchy might outweigh any of his remoter kindred. And, lastly, it is not improbable that some of Napoleon's marshals had accustomed themselves to dream of events such as occurred on the death of Alexander the Great. But making all allowance for these exceptions, it is hardly possible to doubt that a vast proportion of the upper classes of society in France must have been disposed to hail the emperor's alliance with the house of Austria, as a pledge of his desire to adopt, henceforth, a more moderate line of policy as to his foreign relations; or that his throne must have been strengthened in the eyes of the nation at large by the prospect—soon realized—of a son of his own blood to fill it after him. Napoleon's own opinion was, that the error lay, not in seeking a bride of imperial birth, but in choosing her at Vienna. Had he persisted in his demands, the czar, he doubted not, would have granted him his sister; the proud dreams of Tilsit would have been realized, and Paris and St. Petersburg become the only two capitals of Europe.

The emperor's new marriage was speedily followed by another event, which showed how little the ordinary ties and feelings of domestic life now weighed with him in the scale against ambition. His brother Louis, a weak but benevolent man, had in vain been cautioned by Napoleon, on his promotion to the Dutch throne· that in his administration

of this subaltern monarchy, "the first object of his care must ever be *the emperor*, the second *France*, and the third *Holland*." Louis, surrounded by native ministers, men of great talents and experience, and enlightened lovers of their country, had his sympathies ere long enlisted on the side of those whom he might be pardoned for wishing to consider as really his subjects. His queen, on the other hand, the daughter of Josephine, and the favourite of Napoleon, made her court, as far as she could, a French one, and was popularly regarded as heading the party who looked in all things to the Tuilleries. The meek-spirited Louis, thwarted by this intriguing woman, and grossly insulted by his brother, struggled for some time with the difficulties of his situation; but his patience availed nothing: his supposed connivance at the violations of the Berlin and Milan decrees, in the same proportion as it tended to raise him more and more in the affections of the Dutch, fixed and heightened the displeasure of Napoleon. He was at length summoned to Paris, and without a moment's hesitation obeyed. On arriving there he took up his residence in the house of his mother, and next morning found himself a prisoner. Having abdicated his throne, Louis retired to Gratz, in Styria, and to that private mode of life for which his character fitted him; his name continues to be affectionately remembered in Holland. His beautiful wife, despite the fall of her mother, chose to fix her residence in Paris, where she once more shone the brightest ornament of the court. On the 9th of July, 1810, the kingdom of Holland was formally annexed to the French empire; Amsterdam taking rank among the cities next after Rome.

In pursuance of the same stern resolution to allow no consideration to interfere with the complete and effectual establishment of the continental system, Buonaparte shortly afterward annexed the Hanse towns, Oldenburg, and the whole sea coast of

Germany, from the frontier of Holland to that of Denmark, to the French empire. The king of Prussia was as yet in no condition to remonstrate against this new act of rapacity: opposition from any other German state was wholly out of the question.

In truth, there had been, for several years, but one power in the north of Europe at once decidedly adverse in spirit, and in any degree independent; and now, to all appearance, this last exception also was removed. Gustavus IV., king of Sweden, had persisted in his original hatred of the French revolution, and of Buonaparte, in opposition to a powerful party in that country, who considered the conduct of their sovereign, in standing out against so gigantic an enemy, as mere obstinacy—in fact, as insane. In consequence of his pertinacious refusal to submit to the supreme will of Napoleon, the Pomeranian provinces and Finland had been lost to the kingdom. The monarch's personal behaviour unquestionably was so extravagant as to furnish fair grounds for suspecting him of mental aberration. He was arrested in his palace, and, an act of abdication for himself and his children being extorted, was deposed: his uncle, the duke of Sudermania, was called to the throne in his room, as Charles XIII.; and, amicable relations being soon established between the courts of Stockholm and the Tuilleries, Pomerania was restored, and the English flag and commerce banished from the ports of Sweden in December, 1809.

In May, 1810, the prince of Augustenburg, who had been recognised as heir to Charles XIII., died suddenly: and the choice of a successor was, according to the constitution of Sweden, to depend on the vote of the diet, which assembled accordingly at Orebro, in the month of August following.

The royal house (except the immediate line of the deposed king) being extinct, many candidates were proposed; and among others the king of Denmark

and Norway, upon whom, in true policy, the choice should have fallen, as in that case a state capable of balancing the power of Russia on the Baltic might have been consolidated. But the eyes of men were turned almost exclusively at this time to Napoleon; and in the hope of securing his friendship and protection, the succession was at last proposed to marshal Bernadotte, prince of Ponte Corvo, and brother-in-law to Joseph Buonaparte, as married to that Mademoiselle Clery, who in early days had received Napoleon's own addresses. The marshal had gained good-will by his moderation and justice, when intrusted with the government of Hanover and Swedish Pomerania, after these countries fell into the hands of the French in consequence of the campaign of 1806-7. His military reputation was high; there was no stain on his private character: and there was one circumstance especially in his favour, that he had been bred a protestant, and might therefore be expected to conform, without scruple, to the established church of Sweden. But the chief recommendation was, without doubt, the belief of the Swedish diet that Bernadotte stood in the first rank of Napoleon's favour.

Napoleon, however, had never forgiven Bernadotte for his refusal to act on his side on the 18th Brumaire. He thenceforth considered this great soldier of the republic as one who might serve the emperor well, because in doing so he served France, but who looked to himself with none of those feelings of personal devotion which could alone entitle a subject to his favour. Bernadotte had been distinguished in the army before Napoleon himself appeared on the great theatre of events; he could never be classed with those who had earned all their distinction and pre-eminence under the banners of the emperor; he had an existence separate and his own; he had stood aloof at the great and decisive crisis of Napoleon's fate; he might be trusted and em-

ployed afterward—he could never be loved. The proposal of the diet, therefore, was the reverse of agreeable to him whose favour it was expressly designed to conciliate. Bernadotte, however, was powerful in the esteem of a great party in the French army, as well as among the old republicans of the state: to have interfered against him would have been to kindle high wrath and hatred among all those officers who belonged to the anti-Buonapartean period; and, on the other hand, to oppose the free-will of the Swedes would have appeared extraordinary conduct, indeed, on the part of a sovereign who studiously represented himself as owing every thing to the free-will of the French. Sweden, finally was still an independent state; and the events of the peninsula were likely to impress the emperor with a lively sense of the dangers of exciting a spirit of national aversion at the other extremity of Europe. Napoleon consented to the acceptance of the proffered dignity by Bernadotte. The marshal was called on to sign a declaration, ere he left Paris, that he would never bear arms against France. He rejected this condition as incompatible with the connexion which Napoleon himself had just sanctioned him in forming with another state, and said he was sure the suggestion came not from the emperor, who knew what were the duties of a sovereign, but from some lawyer. Napoleon frowned darkly, and answered with an air of embarrassment, "Go; our destinies are about to be fulfilled." Bernadotte said he had not heard his words distinctly: Napoleon repeated them; and they parted. Bernadotte was received with an enthusiastic welcome at Stockholm: and, notwithstanding the unpleasant circumstances under which Napoleon had dismissed him, the French alliance continued to be maintained. The private history of the transaction was not likely to be divulged at the time; and the natural as well as universal notion was, that Sweden, governed in effect

by marshal Bernadotte as crown-prince, had become almost as mere a dependence of France, as Naples under king Joachim Murat, or Westphalia under king Jerome Buonaparte.

The war, meanwhile, continued without interruption in the peninsula; whither, but for his marriage, Napoleon would certainly have repaired in person after the peace of Schoenbrunn left him at ease on his German frontier. Although the new alliance had charms enough to detain him in France, it by no means withdrew his attention from the state of that fair kingdom which still mocked Joseph with the shadow of a crown. In the open field, indeed, the French appeared every where triumphant, except only where the British force from Portugal interfered, and in almost every district of Spain the fortresses were in their hands; yet the spirit of the people remained wholly unsubdued. The invaders could not count an inch of soil their own beyond their outposts. Their troops continued to be harassed and thinned by the indomitable *guerillas* or partisan companies; and, even in the immediate neighbourhood of their strongest garrisons, the people assembled to vote for representatives in the cortes, which had at last been summoned to meet in Cadiz, there to settle the national government, during the king's absence, on a regular footing.

The battle of Ocaña left the central part of Spain wholly undefended; and Soult, Victor, and Mortier, forcing the passes of the Sierra Morena, made themselves masters, early in the year, of Jaen, Cordova, Grenada, Malaga, and Seville itself. Cadiz, to which the central junta had ere this retired, was now garrisoned by a large Spanish force, including the army of Estremadura, under the duke d'Albuquerque, and a considerable detachment of English troops from Gibraltar; and Soult sat down before the place in form. Could he have taken Cadiz, no fortress of importance would have remained with the pa-

triots in the south of Spain: but the strength of the situation, and the ready access to the sea and Gibraltar, rendered all his efforts vain.

On the eastern side of Spain Suchet defeated the Spanish general O'Donnell under the walls of Ostalric, and took afterward that town, Lerida, Mequineza, and Tortosa. But Valencia once more repelled the invaders. After a bloody sally of the inhabitants, Suchet withdrew from before the walls.

It was on the Portuguese side, however, that the events of most importance occurred. It was there that the disgraces of Vimiero and Talaveyra must be avenged: and there accordingly Napoleon had directed his chief force to be set in motion. Massena (prince of Essling), second only to himself in reputation, took the command, early in the season, of "the army of Portugal," at least 100,000 strong, and whose commission it was to drive the English *leopards*, and the *Seapoy General* (as, ignorant of the future, Buonaparte at this time called Wellington) into the sea. To this gigantic army that leader could oppose at most 20,000 British troops; but 30,000 Portuguese had by this time been so well trained by general Beresford, that they were held not unworthy of fighting by the side of Englishmen. Still lord Wellington's whole force was barely half that of Massena; and his operations were necessarily confined to the defensive. He had no means to prevent the French marshal from taking Oviedo and Ciudad Rodrigo—almost in his sight; but commenced his retreat, and conducted it with a coolness and precision which not a little disconcerted the pursuers. They at length ventured to attack the English on their march. On the 27th September they charged in five columns, on the heights of Busaco, and were driven back with such terrible carnage that no further assault was threatened. Massena kept advancing, step by step, as Wellington withdrew, not doubting that his enemy would em-

bark as soon as he reached Lisbon, and leave him in quiet possession of that capital and the rich country around. His surprise was great when lord Wellington at last halted on the lines of the Torres Vedras, which had by this time been so strengthened, that even in inferior hands they might have been considered impregnable. This formidable position, extending about twelve leagues between the sea and the Tagus, placed the port of Lisbon and the adjacent territory in the secure possession of the English general. Massena might flatter his master with the announcement that he was besieging Lisbon; but in reality his own army very soon suffered all the inconveniences and privations of a besieged garrison. The country around him had been laid waste: every Portuguese peasant was a deadly enemy. To advance was impossible, and there was infinite difficulty in keeping his communications open behind. Thus, during many months, the two armies lay face to face in inaction.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Events of the Year 1811—Birth of the King of Rome—Disgrace of Fouché—Discontents in France—Relations with Russia—License System—Napoleon prepares for War with Russia—The Campaign in the Peninsula—Massena's Retreat—Battle of Fuentes D'Onor—Lord Wellington blockades Ciudad Rodrigo—Retreats—Joseph wishes to abdicate.

On the 20th of April, 1811, Napoleon's wishes were crowned by the birth of a son. The birth was a difficult one, and the nerves of the medical attendant were shaken. "She is but a woman," said the emperor, who was present, "treat her as you would a *bourgeoise* of the *Rue St. Denis.*" The accoucheur at a subsequent moment withdrew Napoleon from the couch, and demanded whether, in case one life must be sacrificed, he should prefer the mother's or the child's. "The mother's," he answered; "it is her right!" At length the child appeared, but without any sign of life. After the lapse of some minutes a feeble cry was heard, and Napoleon, entering the antechamber in which the high functionaries of the state were assembled, announced the event in these words; "It is a king of Rome."

The birth of the heir of Napoleon was received with as many demonstrations of loyal enthusiasm as had ever attended that of a dauphin; yet, from what has been said as to the light in which various parties of men in France from the beginning viewed the Austrian alliance, it may be sufficiently inferred that the joy on this occasion was far from universal. The royalists considered the event as fatal to the last hopes of the Bourbons: the ambitious generals despaired of any future dismemberment of the empire: the old republicans, who had endured Buonaparte's despotic power as the progeny of the revo-

lution, looked forward with deep disgust to the rule of a dynasty proud of sharing the blood of the haughtiest of all the royal houses of Europe, and consequently more likely to make common cause with the little band of hereditary sovereigns than with the people. Finally, the title, "King of Rome," put an end to the fond hopes of the Italians, who had been taught by Napoleon to expect that, after his death, their country should possess a government separate from France; nor could the same title fail to excite some bitter feelings in the Austrian court, whose heir-apparent under the old empire had been styled commonly "the King of the Romans." For the present, however, both at home and abroad, the event was naturally looked on as adding much strength to the throne of Napoleon.

He, thus called on to review with new seriousness the whole condition and prospects of his empire, appears to have felt very distinctly that neither could be secure, unless an end were, by some means, put to the war with England. However he might permit himself to sneer at his great enemy in his public addresses from the throne, and in his bulletins, Napoleon had too much strength of mind not to despise those who, in any of their private communications, had the meanness to affect acquiescence in such views. When Denon brought him, after the battle of Wagram, the design of a medal, representing an eagle strangling a leopard, Buonaparte rebuked and dismissed the flatterer. "What," said he, "strangling the leopard! There is not a spot of the sea on which the eagle dares show himself. This is base adulation. It would have been nearer the truth to represent the eagle as choked by the leopard."

He sent a private messenger to London to ascertain from personal communication with the marquis Wellesley, then minister for foreign affairs, on what terms the English government would consent to open a formal negotiation; but this attempt

was baffled by a singular circumstance. Fouché, having derived new audacity from the results of his extraordinary conversation with Josephine, on the subject of the divorce, had ventured to send a dependent of his own to London, for the purpose of sounding lord Wellesley on the question of preliminaries; not doubting that could he give distinct information on this head to his master, without having in any degree compromised the imperial dignity, the service would be considered as most valuable. But lord Wellesley beset, at the same time, and on the same very delicate topic, by two different persons, neither of whom produced any proper credentials, and who denied all knowledge of each other, conceived, very naturally, that they were mere adventurers, if not spies, and at once broke off his communications with both. Napoleon, on discovering this intrigue, summoned Fouché to his presence. "So, sir," said he, "I find you make peace and war without consulting me." He was dismissed from the ministry of police, and sent into an honourable banishment, as governor of Rome. Fouché's presumption had been great: but long ere now Napoleon was weary, not of him only, but of Talleyrand, and indeed of all those ministers who, having reached eminent stations before he himself acquired the supreme power, preserved in their manner of transacting business, and especially of offering advice, any traces of that period in which Frenchmen flattered themselves they were free. The warnings which he had received, when about to commence his atrocious proceedings against Spain, were remembered with the higher resentment, as the course of events in that country, month after month, and year after year, confirmed the accuracy of the foresight which he had contemned. This haughty spirit could not endure the presence of the man who could be supposed to fancy that, even on one point, he had had the better of his master.

This disgrace of Fouché was certainly a very unpopular measure. The immediate cause of it could not be divulged, and the minister was considered as having fallen a sacrifice to the honesty of his remonstrances on the Spanish invasion, and the increased rigour of the emperor's domestic administration. It was about this time that, in addition to the castle of Vincennes, nine new state-prisons were established in France; and the number of persons confined in these receptacles, on warrants signed by the emperor and his slavish privy council, far exceeded those condemned to similar usage in any recent period of the Bourbon monarchy, under the *lettres du cachet* of the sovereign. These were proofs, not to be mistaken, of the growth of political disaffection. In truth, the continental system, the terrible waste of life occasioned by the late campaigns in Poland and Austria, and the constant demands, both on the treasure and the blood of Frence, rendered necessary by the apparently interminable war in the peninsula—these were evils which could not exist without alienating the hearts of the people. The police filled the ears of the emperor with reports of men's private conversation. Citizens were daily removed from their families, and buried in remote and inaccessible dungeons, for no reason but that they had dared to speak what the immense majority of their neighbours thought. Lucien Buonaparte, heart-sickened at the contemplation of his brother's tyranny, fled from France into Italy, and thence to England, where he continued to reside for several years. The total slavery of the press, its audacious lies, and more audacious silence, insulted the common sense of all men. Disaffection was secretly, but rapidly, eating into the heart of his power; and yet, as if blinded to all consequences by some angry infliction of Heaven, the insatiable ambition of Napoleon was already tempting another great foreign enemy into the field.

When the emperor of Russia was informed of Buonaparte's approaching nuptials with the Austrian princess, his first exclamation was, "Then the next thing will be to drive us back into our forests." In truth, the conferences of Erfurt had but skinned over a wound, which nothing could have cured but a total alteration of Napoleon's policy. The Russian nation suffered so much from the *continental system*, that the sovereign soon found himself compelled to relax the decrees drawn up at Tilsit in the spirit of those of Berlin and Milan. Certain harbours were opened partially for the admission of colonial produce, and the export of native productions; and there ensued a series of indignant reclamations on the part of Napoleon, and haughty evasions on that of the czar, which, ere long, satisfied all near observers that Russia would not be slow to avail herself of any favourable opportunity of once more appealing to arms. The Spanish insurrection, backed by the victories of lord Wellington, must have roused alike the hope and the pride of a young and ambitious prince, placed at the head of so great a nation; the inference naturally drawn from Napoleon's marriage into the house of Austria was, that the whole power of that monarchy would, henceforth, act in unison with his views,—in other words, that were the peninsula once thoroughly subdued, the whole of western Europe would be at his command, for any service he might please to dictate. It would have been astonishing if, under such circumstances, the ministers of Alexander had not desired to bring their disputes with Paris to a close, ere Napoleon should have leisure to consummate the conquest of Spain.

During the summer of 1811, then, the relations of these two governments were becoming every day more dubious; and when towards the close of it, the emperor of Austria published a rescript, granting a free passage through his territories to the troops of his son-in-law, England, ever watchful of the move-

ments of her great enemy, perceived clearly that she was about to have an ally.

From the moment in which the Russian government began to reclaim seriously against certain parts of his conduct, Buonaparte increased by degrees his military force in the north of Germany and the grand dutchy of Warsaw, and advanced considerable bodies of troops nearer and nearer to the czar's Polish frontier. These preparations were met by some similar movements on the other side; yet, during many months, the hope of terminating the differences by negotiation was not abandoned. The Russian complaints, at length, assumed a regular shape, and embraced three distinct heads, viz.:—

First, the extension of the territories of the dutchy of Warsaw, under the treaty of Schoenbrunn. This alarmed the court of St. Petersburg, by reviving the notion of Polish independence, and Buonaparte was in vain urged to give his public guarantee that no national government should be re-established in the dismembered kingdom:

Second, the annexation of the dutchy of Oldenburg to the French empire, by that edict of Napoleon which proclaimed his seizure of the whole sea-coast of Germany, between Holland and the Baltic. Oldenburg, the hereditary territory of the emperor Alexander's brother-in-law, had been expressly guaranteed to that prince by the treaty of Tilsit. Napoleon was asked to indemnify the ejected duke by the cession of Dantzic, or some other territory in the neighbourhood of the grand dutchy of Warsaw; but this he declined, though he professed his willingness to give some compensation elsewhere:

Thirdly, the czar alleged, and most truly, that the state of his country made it altogether necessary that the regulations of the continental system should be dispensed with in this instance, and declared that he could no longer submit to see the commerce of an independent empire trammelled for the purpose

of serving the policy of a foreign power. Buonaparte admitted that it might be necessary to modify the system complained of, and expressed his belief that it would be found possible to devise some middle course by which the commercial interests of France and Russia might be reconciled. His meaning probably was, that, if their other differences could be arranged, this part of the dispute might be settled by admitting the czar to adopt, to a certain extent, in the north of Europe, a device which he himself had already had recourse to on a large scale, for counteracting the baneful effects of his own favourite system, in his own immediate territories. Napoleon had soon discovered that, to exclude English goods and colonial produce entirely, was actually impossible; and seeing that, either with or without his assent, the decrees of Berlin and Milan would, in one way or other, continue to be violated, it occurred to him that he might at least engross the greater part of the profits of the forbidden traffic himself. This he accomplished by the establishment of a system of custom-house regulations, under which persons desirous to import English produce into France might purchase the imperial license for so doing. A very considerable relaxation in the pernicious influence of the Berlin code was the result of this device; and a proportional increase of the emperor's revenue attended it. In after days, however, he always spoke of this license-system as one of the few great mistakes of his administration. Some petty riots among the manufacturing population of the county of Derby were magnified in his eyes into symptoms of an approaching revolution in England; the consequence, as he flattered himself, of the misery inflicted on his great enemy by the "continental system;" and to the end he continued to think that, had he resisted the temptation to enrich his own exchequer by the produce of licenses, such must have been the ultimate issue of his original

scheme. It was, however, by admitting Alexander to a share in the pecuniary advantages of the license-system, that he seems to have thought the commercial part of his dispute with Russia might be accommodated.

And, indeed, had there been no cause of quarrel between these powers, except what appeared on the face of their negotiations, it is hardly to be doubted that an accommodation might have been effected. The simple truth was, that the czar, from the hour of Maria Louisa's marriage, felt a perfect conviction that the diminution of the Russian power in the north of Europe would form the next great object of Napoleon's ambition. His subsequent proceedings, in regard to Holland, Oldenburg, and other territories, and the distribution of his troops in Pomerania and Poland, could not fail to strengthen Alexander in this view of the case; and, if war must come, there could be no question as to the policy of bringing it on ere Austria had entirely recovered from the effects of the campaign of Wagram, and, above all, while the peninsula continued to occupy 200,000 of Buonaparte's troops.

Before we return to the war in Portugal (the details of which belong to the history of Wellington, rather than of Napoleon), we may here notice very briefly one or two circumstances connected with the exiled family of Spain. It affords a melancholy picture of the degradation of the old king and queen, that these personages voluntarily travelled to Paris for the purpose of mingling in the crowd of courtiers congratulating their deceiver and spoiler on the birth of the king of Rome. Their daughter, the queen of Etruria, appears to have been the least degenerate of the race; and she accordingly met with the cruellest treatment from the hand which her parents were thus mean enough to kiss. She had been deprived of her kingdom at the period of the shameful scenes of Bayonne in 1807, on pretext

that that kingdom would afford the most suitable indemnification for her brother Ferdinand on his cession to Buonaparte of his rights in Spain, and with the promise of being provided for elsewhere. This promise to the sister was no more thought of afterward than the original scheme for the indemnification of the brother. Tuscany became a French department. Ferdinand was sent a prisoner to the castle of Valençay—a seat of Talleyrand—and she, after remaining for some time with her parents, took up her residence, as a private person, under *surveillance*, at Nice. Alarmed by the severity with which the police watched her, the queen at length made an attempt to escape to England. Her agents were discovered; tried by a military commission, and shot; and the unfortunate lady herself confined in a Roman monastery. A plan for the liberation of Ferdinand was about the same time detected by the emissaries of the French police: the real agent being arrested, a pretender, assuming his name and credentials, made his way into Valençay, but Ferdinand was either too cunning, or too timid, to incur this danger; revealing to his jailers the proposals of the stranger, he escaped the snare laid for him, and thus cheated Napoleon of a pretext for removing him also to some Italian cell.

During four months after lord Wellington's famous retreat terminated in his occupation of the lines of Torres Vedras, Massena lay encamped before that position, in vain practising every artifice which consummate skill could suggest for the purpose of drawing the British army back into the field. He attempted to turn first the one flank of the position, and then the other; but at either point he found his antagonist's preparations perfect. Meantime, his communication with Spain was becoming every day more and more difficult, and the enmity of the peasantry was so inveterate that his troops began to suffer much from want of provisions. Massena at

length found himself compelled to retreat; and if he executed the military movement with masterly ability, he for ever disgraced his name by the horrible license which he permitted to his soldiery. Every crime of which man is capable—every brutality which can dishonour rational beings—must be recorded in the narrative of that fearful march. Age, rank, sex, character, were alike contemned; it seemed as if, maddened with a devilish rage, these ferocious bands were resolved to ruin the country which they could not possess, and to exterminate, as far as was in their power, the population which they could neither conciliate nor subdue.

Lord Wellington followed hard on their footsteps until they were beyond the Portuguese frontier; within it they had left only one garrison—at Almeida, and of this town the siege was immediately formed; while Wellington himself invested the strong Spanish city and fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. But Massena, on regaining communication with the French armies in Castile, swelled his numbers so much that he ventured to resume the offensive. Lord Wellington could not maintain the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo in the face of such an army as Massena had now assembled; but when the marshal indicated his wishes to bring on battle, he disdained to decline the invitation. The armies met at Fuentes d'Onor, on the 5th May, 1811, and the French were once more defeated. The garrison of Almeida contrived to escape across the frontier, ere the siege, which had been interrupted, could be renewed. Portugal remained in a miserable state of exhaustion indeed, but altogether delivered of her invaders; and Napoleon, as if resolved that each of his marshals in succession should have the opportunity of measuring himself against lord Wellington, now sent Marmont to displace Massena.

Soult, meanwhile, had advanced on the southern frontier of Portugal from Estremadura, and obtained

possession of Badajos, under circumstances which lord Wellington considered as highly disgraceful to the Spanish garrison of that important place, and the armies which ought to have been ready to cover it. On the other hand, an English corps, under general Graham, sallied out of Cadiz, and were victorious in a brilliant affair on the heights of Barossa, in front of that besieged city.

As concerned the Spanish armies, the superiority of the French had been abundantly maintained during this campaign; and it might still be said that king Joseph was in military possession of all but some fragments of his kingdom. But the influence of the English victories was by no means limited to the Portuguese, whose territory they had delivered. They breathed new ardour into the Spanish people; the guerilla warfare, trampled down in one spot only to start up in fifty others, raged more and more widely, as well as fiercely, over the surface of the country: the French troops lost more lives in this incessant struggle, wherein no glory could be achieved, than in any similar period spent in a regular campaign: and Joseph Buonaparte, while the question of peace or war with Russia was yet undecided, became so weary of his situation, that he earnestly entreated Napoleon to place the crown of Spain on some other head.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo—and of Badajos—Battle of Salamanca—State of Napoleon's Foreign Relations—His Military Resources—Napoleon at Dresden—Rupture with Russia—Napoleon's conduct to the Poles—Distribution of the Armies—Passage of the Niemen—Napoleon at Wilna.

Lord Wellington had now complete possession of Portugal; and lay on the frontiers of that kingdom, ready to act on the offensive within Spain, whenever the distribution of the French armies should seem to offer a fit opportunity. Learning that Marmont had sent considerable reinforcements to Suchet, in Valencia, he instantly resolved to advance and once more besiege Ciudad Rodrigo. He re-appeared before that strong fortress on the 8th of January, 1812, and carried it by storm on the 19th, four days before Marmont could collect a force adequate for its relief. He instantly repaired the fortifications, intrusted the place to a Spanish garrison, and repaired in person to the southern part of the Portuguese frontier, which required his attention in consequence of that miserable misconduct of the Spaniards which had enabled the French to make themselves masters of Badajos in the preceding year. He appeared before that city on the 16th March, and in twenty days took it also. The loss of life on both sides, in these rapid sieges, was very great; but they were gained by a general at the head of at most 50,000 men, in despite of an enemy mustering at least 80,000; and the results were of the first importance to the English cause. Marmont, on hearing of the fall of the second fortress, immediately retreated from the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, which he had made a vain attempt to

regain; and Soult, who had arrived from before Cadiz just in time to see the British flag mounted on the towers of Badajos, retired in like manner. The English general hastened to make the best use of his advantage, by breaking up the only bridge by which Marmont and Soult could now communicate; and, having effected this object early in May, marched in June to Salamanca, took the forts there, and 800 prisoners, and—Marmont retiring as he advanced—hung on his rear until he reached the Douro.

Marmont was now joined by Bonnet's army from Asturias, and thus once more recovered a decided superiority in numbers. Wellington accordingly retired in his turn; and for some days the two hostile armies moved in parallel lines, often within half cannon shot, each waiting for some mistake of which advantage might be taken. The weather was all the while intensely hot; numbers fainted on the march; and when any rivulet was in view, it was difficult to keep the men in their ranks. On the evening of the 21st July, Wellington and Marmont lay in full view of each other, on two opposite rising grounds near Salamanca; a great storm of thunder and rain came on, and during the whole night the sky was bright with lightning. Wellington was at table when he received intelligence that his adversary was extending his left,—with the purpose of coming between him and Ciudad Rodrigo. He rose in haste, exclaiming, "Marmont's good genius has forsaken him," and was instantly on horseback. The great battle of Salamanca was fought on the 22d of July. The French were attacked on the point which Marmont's movement leftwards had weakened, and sustained a signal defeat. The commander-in-chief himself lost an arm: 7000 prisoners, eleven guns, and two eagles were taken; and it was only the coming on of night that saved the army from utter destruction. Wellington pursued the flying enemy

as far as Valladolid, and then re-crossing the Douro, marched upon Madrid. King Joseph fled once more at his approach, and the English were received with enthusiasm in the capital of Spain.

Lord Wellington had thus ventured to place himself in the heart of Spain, with at most 60,000 men, well knowing that the French armies in the peninsula still mustered at the least 150,000, in the expectation that so spirited a movement, coming after the glorious successes of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and Salamanca, would effectually stimulate the Spanish generals. Ballasteros in particular, he doubted not, would at least take care to occupy all the attention of Soult, and prevent that able general from advancing out of the south. But the Spaniard's egregious pride took fire at the notion of being directed by an Englishman, and he suffered Soult to break up the siege of Cadiz, and retire with all his army undisturbed towards the Sierra Morena. Lord Wellington, incensed at this folly, was constrained to divide his army. Leaving half at Madrid, under Sir R. Hill, to check Soult, he himself marched with the others for Burgos, by taking which great city he judged he should have it in his power to overawe effectually the remains of the army of Marmont. He invested Burgos accordingly on the 19th of September, and continued the siege during five weeks, until Soult, with a superior force, began to threaten Hill, and (Marmont's successor) Clausel, having also received great reinforcements, appeared ready to resume the offensive. Lord Wellington then abandoned the siege of Burgos, and commenced his retreat. He was joined in the course of it by Hill, and Soult and Clausel then effected their junction also, in his rear—their troops being nearly double his numbers. He retired leisurely and deliberately as far as Ciudad Rodrigo—and thus closed the peninsular campaign of 1812. But in sketching its progress we have lost sight for a moment of the still

mightier movements in which Napoleon was personally engaged upon another scene of action.

It has already been mentioned that before the year 1811 reached its close, the approach of a rupture with Russia was sufficiently indicated in an edict of the emperor of Austria, granting a free passage through his territories to the armies of his son-in-law. However, during several months following, the negotiations between the czar and Napoleon continued; and more than once there appeared considerable likelihood of their finding an amicable termination. The tidings of lord Wellington's successes at Ciudad Rodriga and Badajos were calculated to temper the ardour of Buonaparte's presumption; and for a moment he seems to have felt the necessity of bringing the affairs of the peninsula to a point, ere he should venture to involve himself in another warfare. He, in effect, opened a communication with the English government, when the fall of Badajos was announced to him; but ere the negotiation had proceeded many steps, his pride returned on him in its original obstinacy, and the renewed demand that Joseph should be recognised as king of Spain abruptly closed the intercourse of the diplomatists.

Such being the state of the peninsula, and all hope of an accommodation with England at an end, it might have been expected that Napoleon should have spared no effort to accommodate his differences with Russia, or, if a struggle must come, to prepare for it by placing his relations with the other powers, capable of interfering on one side or the other, on a footing favourable to himself. But here also the haughty temper which adversity itself could never bend, formed an insurmountable and fatal obstacle. To gain the cordial friendship of Sweden, was obviously, from the geographical position of that country, and the high military talents of Bernadotte, an object of the most urgent im-

portance: yet the crown prince, instead of being treated with as the head of an independent state, was personally insulted by the French resident at Stockholm, who, in Bernadotte's own language, "demeaned himself on every occasion as if he had been a Roman proconsul, dictating absolutely in a province." In his anxiety to avoid a rupture, Bernadotte at length agreed to enforce the "continental system," and to proclaim war against England. But these concessions, instead of producing hearty good-will, had a directly contrary effect. England, considering Sweden as an involuntary enemy, disdained to make any attempt against her; and the adoption of the anticommercial edicts of Napoleon was followed by a multiplicity of collisions between the Swedish coasters and the imperial *douaniers*, out of which arose legal questions without number. These, in most cases were terminated at Paris with summary injustice, and the provocations and reclamations of Bernadotte multiplied daily. Amazed that one who had served under his banners should dare to dispute his will, Napoleon suffered himself to speak openly of causing Bernadotte to finish his Swedish studies at Vincennes. Nay, he condescended to organize a conspiracy for the purpose of putting this threat into execution. The crown prince escaped, through the zeal of a private friend at Paris, the imminent danger of being carried off after the fashion of the d'Enghiens and the Rumbolds: and thenceforth his part was fixed.

On the other flank of the czar's dominion—his hereditary enemy, the grand seignor, was at this time actually at war with him. Napoleon had neglected his relations with Constantinople for some years past; but he now perceived the importance of keeping this quarrel alive, and employed his agents to stimulate the grand seignor to take the field in person at the head of 100,000 men, for the purpose of co-operating with himself in a general invasion

of the Russian empire. But here he encountered a new and an unforeseen difficulty. Lord Castlereagh, the English minister for foreign affairs, succeeded in convincing the Porte that, if Russia were once subdued, there would remain no power in Europe capable of shielding her against the universal ambition of Napoleon. And wisely considering this prospective danger as immeasurably more important than any immediate advantages which she could possibly reap from the humiliation of her old rival, the Porte commenced negotiations, which, exactly at the most critical moment (as we shall see hereafter), ended in a peace with Russia.

The whole forces of Italy—Switzerland, Bavaria, and the princes of the Rhenish league,—including the elector of Saxony,—were at Napoleon's disposal. Denmark hated England too much to have leisure for fear of France. Prussia, surrounded and studded with French garrisons, was more than ever hostile to France; and the king was willing, in spite of all that he had suffered, to throw himself at once into the arms of Russia. But this must have inferred his immediate and total ruin, unless the czar chose to advance his own armies at once to his support in Germany. Such a movement was wholly inconsistent with the plan of operations contemplated, in case of a war with France, by the military advisers of Alexander, and Frederick William saw himself compelled to place 20,000 troops, the poor relics of his army, at the disposal of Napoleon.

Austria was bound by treaty to assist Buonaparte with 30,000 men, whenever he chose to demand them: but this same treaty included Buonaparte's guarantee of Austria's Polish provinces. Could he have got rid of this pledge, he distinctly perceived the advantages which he might derive from the enthusiasm of the Poles: to proclaim their independence would have been, he well knew, to array a whole gallant nation under his banners; and of such objections to their independence as might be started

by his own creature, the grand duke of Warsaw, he made little account. But Austria would not consent to give up his guarantee of Galicia, unless he consented to yield back the Illyrian territory which she had lost at Schoenbrunn; and this was a condition to which Napoleon would not for a moment listen. He would take whatever he could gain by force or by art; but he would sacrifice nothing. The evil consequences of this piece of obstinacy were twofold. Austria remained an ally indeed, but at best a cold one; and the opportunity of placing the whole of Poland in insurrection between him and the czar was for ever lost.

But if Napoleon, in the fulness of his presumption, thus neglected or scorned the timely conciliation of foreign powers—some of whom he might have arrayed heartily on his side, and others at least retained neutral—he certainly omitted nothing as to the preparation of the military forces of his own empire. Ere yet all hopes of an accommodation with St. Petersburg were at an end, he demanded and obtained two new conscriptions in France; and moreover established a law by which he was enabled to call out 100,000 men at a time, of those whom the conscriptions had spared, for service *at home*. This limitation of their service he soon disregarded; and in effect the new system—that of *the Ban*, as he affected to call it—became a mere extension of the old scheme. The amount of the *French* army at the period in question (exclusive of *the Ban*) is calculated at 850,000 men; the army of the kingdom of Italy mustered 50,000; that of Naples, 30,000; that of the grand dutchy of Warsaw, 60,000; the Bavarian, 40,000; the Westphalian, 30,000; the Saxon, 30,000; Wirtemberg, 15,000; Baden, 9000; Saxony, 30,000; and the minor powers of the Rhenish league, 23,000. Of these armies Napoleon had the entire control. In addition, Austria was bound to furnish him with 30,000, and Prussia with 20,000 auxiliaries. The sum total is 1,187,000 men. Deducting 387,000—a

large allowance for hospitals, furloughs, and incomplete regiments—there remained 800,000 effective men at his immediate command. The Spanish peninsula might perhaps occupy, even now, 150,000; but still Napoleon could bring into the field against Russia, in case all negotiation failed, an army of 650,000 men; numbers such as Alexander could have no chance of equalling; numbers such as had never before followed an European banner.

Notwithstanding all this display of military strength, the French statesmen, who had in former days possessed the highest place in the emperor's confidence, and who had been shaken in his favour by their bold prophecies of the result of his attempts on Spain and Portugal, did not hesitate to come forward on this new occasion, and offer warnings, for which the course of events in the peninsula might have been expected to procure a patient hearing. Talleyrand, still in office, exhausted all his efforts in vain. Fouché, who on pretence of ill health had thrown up his Roman government, and was now resident at his country seat, near Paris, drew up a memorial, in which the probable consequences of a march into Russia were detailed with masterly skill and eloquence; and demanded an audience of the emperor, that he might present it in person. Napoleon, whose police now watched no one so closely as their former chief, was prepared for this. He received Fouché with an air of cool indifference. "I am no stranger to your errand," said he. "The war with Russia pleases you as little as that of Spain." Fouché answered that he hoped to be pardoned for having drawn up some reflections on so important a crisis. "It is no crisis at all," resumed Buonaparte, "but a mere war of politics. Spain falls whenever I have destroyed the English influence at St. Petersburg. I have 800,000 soldiers in readiness; with such an army I consider Europe as an old prostitute, who must obey my pleasure. Did not you yourself once tell me that the word *impos-*

sible is not French? You grandees are now too rich, and though you pretend to be anxious about my interests, you are only thinking of what might happen to yourselves in case of my death and the dismemberment of my empire. I regulate my conduct much more by the sentiments of my army than by yours. Is it my fault that the height of power which I have attained compels me to ascend to the dictatorship of the world? My destiny is not yet accomplished—the picture exists as yet only in outline. There must be one code, one court of appeal, and one coinage for all Europe. The states of Europe must be melted into one nation, and Paris be its capital." It deserves to be mentioned that neither the statesman thus contemptuously dismissed, nor any of his brethren, ever even alluded to the injustice of making war on Russia for the mere gratification of ambition. Their arguments were all drawn from the extent of Alexander's resources—his 400,000 regulars, and 50,000 Cossacks, already known to be in arms, and the enormous population on which he had the means of drawing for recruits; the enthusiastic national feelings of the Muscovites; the distance of their country; the severity of their climate; the opportunity which such a war would afford to England of urging her successes in Spain; and the chance of Germany rising in insurrection in case of any reverses!

There was, however, one person who appealed to the emperor on other grounds. His uncle, the cardinal Fesch, had been greatly afflicted by the treatment of the pope, and he contemplated this new war with dread, as likely to bring down the vengeance of heaven on the head of one who had dared to trample on its vicegerent. He besought Napoleon not to provoke at once the wrath of man, and the fury of the elements; and expressed his belief that he must one day sink under the weight of that universal hatred with which his actions were sur-

rounding his throne. Buonaparte led the churchman to the window, opened it, and, pointing upwards, said, "Do you see yonder star?" "No, sire," replied the cardinal. "But I see it," answered Napoleon; and abruptly dismissed him.

Trusting to this star, on which one spot of fatal dimness had already gathered, Napoleon, without waiting for any formal rupture with the Russian diplomatists at Paris, now directed the march of very great bodies of troops into Prussia and the grand dutchy of Warsaw. Alexander's minister was ordered, in the beginning of April, to demand the withdrawal of these troops, together with the evacuation of the fortresses in Pomerania, in case the French government still entertained a wish to negotiate. Buonaparte instantly replied that he was not accustomed to regulate the distribution of his forces by the suggestions of a foreign power. The ambassador demanded his passports, and quitted Paris.

On the 9th of May, Napoleon left Paris with his empress, and arrived on the 16th at Dresden, where the emperor of Austria, the kings of Prussia, Naples, Wirtemberg, and Westphalia, and almost every German sovereign of inferior rank, had been invited, or commanded, to meet him. He had sent to request the czar also to appear in this brilliant assemblage, as affording a last chance of an amicable arrangement; but the messenger could not obtain admission to Alexander's presence.

Buonaparte continued for some days to play the part of undisputed master amid this congregation of royalties. He at once assumed for himself and his wife precedence over the emperor and empress of Austria; and in the blaze of successive festivals the king of Saxony appeared but as some chamberlain, or master of the ceremonies, to his imperious guest.

Having sufficiently indicated to his allies and vassals the conduct which they were respectively to

adopt, in case the war should break out, Napoleon, already weary of his splendid idleness, sent on the abbé de Pradt to Warsaw, to prepare for his reception among the Poles, dismissed Maria Louisa on her return to Paris, and broke up the court in which he had, for the last time, figured as "the king of kings." Marshal Ney, with one great division of the army, had already passed the Vistula; Junot, with another, occupied both sides of the Oder. The czar was known to be at Wilna, his Lithuanian capital, there collecting the forces of his immense empire, and intrusting the general arrangements of the approaching campaign to marshal Barclay de Tolly.* The season was advancing; and it was time that the question of peace or war should be forced to a decision.

Napoleon arrived at Dantzic on the 7th of June; and during the fortnight which ensued, it was known that the final communications between him and Alexander were taking place. The attention of mankind was never more entirely fixed on one spot than it was, during these fourteen days, upon Dantzic. On the 22d, Buonaparte broke silence in a bulletin. "Soldiers," said he, "Russia is dragged on by her fate: her destiny must be accomplished. Let us march: let us cross the Niemen: let us carry war into her territories. Our second campaign of Poland will be as glorious as our first: but our second peace shall carry with it its own guarantee: it shall put an end for ever to that haughty influence which Russia has exercised for fifty years on the affairs of Europe." The address, in which the czar announced the termination of his negotiations, was in a far different tone. After stating the innumerable efforts he had made to preserve peace, without losing for Russia the character of an independent

* This officer had been born and educated in Germany. He was descended from an ancient Scottish family, exiled for adherence to the Stuarts, in 1715.

state, he invoked the aid of Almighty Providence as "the witness and the defender of the true cause;" and concluded in these words—"Soldiers, you fight for your religion, your liberty, and your native land. Your emperor is among you; and God is the enemy of the aggressor."

Buonaparte reviewed the greater part of his troops on the field of Friedland; and having assured them of still more splendid victories over the same enemy, issued his final orders to the chief officers of his vast army. Hitherto the Poles had had no certain intelligence of the object which Napoleon proposed to himself. As soon as no doubt remained on that score, the diet at Warsaw sent both to him and to the king of Saxony to announce their resolution to seize this opportunity of re-establishing the ancient national independence of their dismembered country. We have already mentioned the circumstance which compelled the emperor to receive this message with coldness. He was forced to acknowledge that he had guaranteed to Austria the whole of her Polish provinces. It was therefore impossible for him to take part in the re-establishment of old Poland. "Nevertheless," added he, with audacious craft, "I admire your efforts; I even authorize them. Persist; and it is to be hoped your wishes will be crowned with success."

This answer effectually damped the ardour of the Poles; and thenceforth, with a few exceptions, the eminent and influential men of the nation were mere observers of the war. If any doubt as to Napoleon's treachery could have remained after his answer to the diet, it must have been wholly removed when the plan of his campaign transpired, and the Austrian auxiliaries were known to be stationed on the right of his whole line. On them, as it seemed, the march through Volhynia was thus devolved, and no clearer proof could have been afforded that it was Napoleon's desire to repress every symptom of a national

insurrection in Lithuania. The inhabitants, had French soldiers come among them, might have been expected to rise in enthusiasm; the white uniform of Austria was known to be hateful in their eyes, in the same degree, and for precisely the same reason, as the Russian green.

The disposition of the French army when the campaign commenced was as follows:—The left wing, commanded by Macdonald, and amounting to 30,000 men, had orders to march through Courland, with the view of, if possible, outflanking the Russian right, and gaining possession of the seacoast in the direction of Riga. The right wing, composed almost wholly of the Austrians, 30,000 in number, and commanded by Schwartzenberg, were stationed, as has been already mentioned, on the Volhynian frontier. Between these moved the various corps forming the grand central army under the general superintendence of Napoleon himself, viz. those of Davoust, Ney, the king of Westphalia, the viceroy of Italy, Poniatowski, Junot, and Victor; and in numbers not falling below 250,000. The communication of the centre and left was maintained by the corps of Oudinot, and that of the centre and the extreme right by the corps of Regnier, who had with him the Saxon auxiliaries and the Polish legion of Dombrowski. The chief command of the whole cavalry of the host was assigned to Murat, king of Naples; but he was in person at the head-quarters of the emperor, having immediately under his order three divisions of horse, those of Grouchy, Montbrun, and Nansouty. Augereau with his division was to remain in the north of Germany, to overawe Berlin and protect the communications with France.

A glance at the map will show that Napoleon's base of operations extended over full one hundred leagues; and that the heads of his various columns were so distributed, that the Russians could not guess whether St. Petersburg or Moscow formed the main object of his march.

The Russian main army, under Barclay de Tolly himself, had its head-quarters at Wilna; and consisted, at the opening of the campaign, of 120,000. Considerably to the left lay "the second army," as it was called, of 80,000, under Bagrathion; with whom were Platoff and 12,000 of his Cossacks; while, at the extreme of that wing "the army of Volhynia," 20,000 strong, commanded by Tormazoff, watched Schwartzenberg. On the right of Barclay de Tolly was Witgenstein with 30,000, and between these again and the sea, the corps of Essen, not more than 10,000 strong. Behind the whole line two armies of reserve were rapidly forming at Novogorod and Smolensko; each, probably, of about 20,000 men. The Russians actually on the field at the opening of the campaign were then, as nearly as can be computed, in number 260,000; while Napoleon was prepared to cross the Niemen at the head of at least 470.000 men.

On the Russian side the plan of the campaign had been settled ere now: it was entirely defensive. Taught by the events of the former war in Poland, and of that which had already fixed the reputation of Wellington in the peninsula, the czar was resolved, from the beginning, to draw Buonaparte if possible into the heart of his own country ere he gave him battle. The various divisions of the Russian force had orders to fall back leisurely as the enemy advanced, destroying whatever they could not remove along with them, and halting only at certain points, where intrenched camps had already been formed for their reception. The difficulty of feeding half a million of men in a country deliberately wasted beforehand, and separated by so great a space from Germany, to say nothing of France, was sure to increase with every hour and every step; and Alexander's great object was to husband his own strength until the polar winter should set in around the strangers, and bring the miseries

which he thus foresaw to a crisis. Napoleon, on the other hand, had calculated on being met by the Russians at, or even in advance of, their own frontier (as he had been by the Austrians in the campaigns of Austerlitz and Wagram, and by the Prussians in that of Jena); of gaining a great battle; marching immediately either to St. Petersburg, or to Moscow, and dictating a peace, after the fashion of Presburg or Schoenbrunn, within the walls of one of the czar's own palaces.

On the 24th of June, the grand imperial army, consolidated into three masses, began their passage of the Niemen: the king of Westphalia at Grodno; the viceroy Eugene at Pilony, and Napoleon himself near Kowno. The emperor rode on in front of his army to reconnoitre the banks; his horse stumbled, and he fell to the ground. "A bad omen—a Roman would return," exclaimed some one; it is not certain whether Buonaparte himself or one of his attendants. The first party that crossed were challenged by a single Cossack. "For what purpose," said he, "do you enter the Russian country?" "To beat you and take Wilna," answered the advanced guard. The sentinel struck spurs into his horse, and disappeared in the forest. There came on at the same moment a tremendous thunder storm. Thus began the fatal invasion.

No opposition awaited these enormous hosts as they traversed the plains of Lithuania. Alexander withdrew his armies deliberately as they advanced. The capital itself, Wilna, was evacuated two days before they came in sight of it; and Napoleon took up his quarters there on the 28th of June. But it was found that all the magazines which Buonaparte had counted on seizing, had been burnt before the Russians withdrew, and the imperial bulletins began already to denounce the "barbarous method" in which the enemy seemed resolved to conduct his defence.

It was noticed in an early part of this narrative

that Napoleon's plan of warfare could hardly have been carried into execution on a great scale, unless by permitting the troops to subsist on plunder; and we have seen through how many campaigns the marauding system was adopted without producing any serious inconvenience to the French. Buonaparte, however, had learned from Spain and Portugal how difficult it is for soldiers to find food in these ways, provided the population around them be really united in hostility against them. He had further considered the vast distance at which a war with Russia must needs be carried on, and the natural poverty of most of the czar's provinces, and came to the resolution of departing on this occasion from his old system. In a word, months before he left Paris, he had given orders for preparing immense quantities of provisions of all kinds, to be conveyed along with his gigantic host, and render him independent of the countries which might form the theatre of his operations. The destruction of the magazines at Wilna was a sufficient indication that the emperor had judged well in ordering his commissariat to be placed on an efficient footing; and his attention was naturally directed to ascertaining, ere he advanced further, in how much his directions as to this matter had been fulfilled. He remained twenty days at Wilna—a pause altogether extraordinary in a Buonapartean campaign, and which can only be accounted for by his anxiety on this head. The result of his inquiries was most unsatisfactory. The prodigious extent of the contracts into which his war-minister had entered was adequate to the occasion; but the movement of such enormous trains of cattle and wagons as these contracts provided for must, under any circumstances, have been tedious, and in some degree uncertain. In this case they were entered into either by French traders, who, in consequence of Buonaparte's own practice in preceding campaigns, could have slender expe-

rience of the method of supplying a great army in the field; by Germans, who regarded the French emperor as the enemy of the world, and served him accordingly with reluctance; or, finally, by Polish Jews—a race of inveterate smugglers, and consequently of inveterate swindlers. The result was, that after spending three weeks at Wilna, the emperor found himself under the necessity, either of laying aside his invasion for another year, or of urging it in the face of all the difficulties which he had foreseen, and, moreover, of that presented by a commissariat less effective by two-thirds than he had calculated on.

CHAPTER XXX.

Russia makes Peace with England, with Sweden, and with Turkey—Internal Preparations—Napoleon leaves Wilna—The Dwina—Bagrathion's Movements—Battle of Smolensko—Battle of Borodino—Napoleon enters Moscow—Constancy and Enthusiasm of the Russians—Conduct of Rostophchin—The Burning of Moscow—Koutousoff refuses to treat.

While Napoleon was detained in the capital of Lithuania by the confusion and slowness which marked almost every department of his commissariat at this great crisis, the enemy employed the unexpected pause to the best advantage. The czar signed treaties of strict alliance with England, Sweden, and the Spanish Cortes, in the middle of July; and the negotiation with Turkey was urged, under the mediation of England, so effectually, that a peace with that power also was proclaimed early in August. By these means Alexander was enabled to withdraw whatever troops he had been maintaining on the two flanks of his European dominions, and bring them all to the assistance of his main

army. Admiral Tchichagoff, at the head of 50,000 soldiers, hitherto opposed to the Turks on the side of Moldavia, marched towards the left wing of Barclay de Tolly's force; and the right, which had gradually retired until it reached a strong camp formed on the river Dwina, was reinforced from Finland, though not so largely. The enthusiasm of the Russian nation appeared in the extraordinary rapidity with which supplies of every kind were poured at the feet of the czar. From every quarter he received voluntary offers of men, of money, of whatever might assist in the prosecution of the war. The grand dutchess, whose hand Napoleon had solicited, set the example by raising a regiment on her estate. Moscow offered to equip and arm 80,000 men. Platoff, the veteran hetman of the Cossacks, promised his only daughter and 200,000 rubles to the man by whose hand Buonaparte should fall. Noblemen every where raised troops, and displayed their patriotism by serving in the ranks themselves, and intrusting the command to experienced officers, chosen by the government. The peasantry participated in the general enthusiasm, and flocked in from every province, demanding arms and training. Two hundred thousand militia-men were called out, and in separate divisions began their march upon the camp.

Napoleon having done whatever lay in his power to remedy the disorders of his commissariat—and this, after all, does not appear to have been much—at length re-appeared in the field. He had now determined to make St. Petersburg his mark: he counted much on the effects which a triumphal entry into the capital would produce throughout the country; and the fleet at Cronstadt was in itself a prize of the utmost importance. He directed, therefore, all his efforts upon the Dwina, where the Russian commander-in-chief had now halted on extensive intrenchments, and on Riga. This town, however, was now defended, not only by Essen, but by

the English sailors of admiral Martin's fleet, and resisted effectually; and, to the confusion of Napoleon, he was repelled in three successive attempts to force Barclay's camp at Dunaburg.

He upon this changed his plan of operations, and resolving to march, not for Petersburg, but for Moscow, threw forward the centre of his army, under Davoust, with the view of turning Barclay's position, and cutting off his communication with Bagrathion. That general was compelled by this movement to pass the Dnieper (or Borysthenes); and Barclay, on perceiving the object of Davoust's march, broke up from the camp on the Dwina, and retired upon Vitepsk, where he hoped to be joined by Bagrathion. Davoust, however, brought Bagrathion to action near Mohilow, on the 23d of July; and as the French remained in possession of that town at the end of the day, the Russians found themselves under the necessity of altering the line of their retreat. Bagrathion informed Barclay that he was now marching, not on Vitepsk, but on Smolensko, and the commander-in-chief felt the necessity of abandoning Vitepsk also. During three days (the 25th, 26th, and 27th of July), his troops were engaged with the French at Vitepsk; and, though Napoleon's bulletins announced three splendid victories, the result was that the Russians left their position in admirable order, and retired altogether unmolested on the proposed point of junction. Meantime, Regnier, on the right wing, and Oudinot, on the left, were defeated; the former by Tormazoff, the latter by Witgenstein, both with severe loss. The emperor halted at Vitepsk for several days; "his troops," as the bulletins admitted, "requiring refreshment." The Russian plan of defence was already ascertained—and alarming. The country was laid utterly desolate wherever they retired; every village was burned ere they quitted it: the enthusiastic peasantry withdrew with the army, and swelled its ranks

Napoleon quitted Vitepsk on the 8th of August, and after a partial engagement at Krasnoi, on the 14th, came in sight of Smolensko on the 16th. The first and second armies of the czar (Bagrathian having at length effected his junction with Barclay) lay behind the river which flows at the back of this town; but it was occupied in great force. Three times did Buonaparte attack it, and three times he was repulsed. During the night the garrison withdrew, and joined the army across the river—but ere they went they committed the city to the flames, and, the buildings being chiefly of wood, the conflagration, according to the French bulletin, "resembled in its fury an eruption of Vesuvius." "Never," continues the same bulletin, "was war conducted with such inhumanity: the Russians treat their own country as if it were that of an enemy." Such was indeed their resolution. They had no desire that the invader should establish himself in winter quarters at Smolensko. With the exception of some trivial skirmishes, they retreated unmolested from Smolensko to Dorogobuz, and thence on Viasma; halting at each of these towns, and deliberately burning them in the face of the enemy.

It now, however, began to be difficult in the extreme to prevail on the Russian soldiery to continue their retreat. They had consented to retire in the beginning solely because they were assured that such was the will of their *Father*—as they affectionately call their sovereign; but reinforcements were now joining them daily from the interior, and the skirmishes which had occurred had so inflamed their spirits, that it seemed impossible to restrain them much longer. At this period, also, Barclay was appointed to the war-ministry at St. Petersburg, and Kutusoff, who assumed the command in his stead, was supposed to doubt whether the system of retreat had not been far enough persisted in. The

new general at length resolved to comply with the clamorous entreaties of his troops, and fixed on a strong position between Borodino and Moskwa, on the high-road to Moscow, where he determined to await the attack of Napoleon. It was at Gjatz that the emperor was informed of Kutusoff's arrival, and of the universal belief that the czar had at length consented to run the hazard of a great battle. A little further on a Russian officer, on some pretext, appeared with a flag of truce; his real errand being, no doubt, to witness the state of the invader's camp. Being brought into Napoleon's presence, this man was asked, "What he should find between Viasma and Moscow?" He answered, "Pultowa."

On the 5th of September, Napoleon came in sight of the position of Kutusoff, and succeeded in carrying a redoubt in front of it. All the 6th the two armies lay in presence of each other, preparing for the contest. The Russians were posted on an elevated plain; having a wood on their right flank, their left on one of the villages, and a deep ravine, the bed of a small stream, in their front. Extensive field-works covered every more accessible point of this naturally very strong ground; and in the centre of the whole line, a gentle eminence was crowned by an enormous battery, serving as a species of citadel. The Russian army were 120,000 in numbers; nor had Napoleon a greater force in readiness for his attack. In artillery also the armies were equal. It is supposed that each had 500 guns in the field. Buonaparte addressed his troops in his usual style of language: "Soldiers! here is the battle you have longed for; it is necessary, for it brings us plenty, good winter-quarters, and a safe return to France. Behave yourselves so that posterity may say of each of you, *He was in that great battle beneath the walls of Moscow.*" In the Russian camp, meanwhile, the clergy appeared in their richest vestments, and displaying their holiest images, called

on the men to merit Paradise by devoting themselves in the cause of their country. The soldiers answered with shouts which were audible throughout all the enemy's lines.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 7th, the French advanced under cover of a thick fog, and assaulted at once the centre, the right, and the left of the position. Such was the impetuosity of the charge that they drove the Russians from their redoubts; but this was but for a moment. They rallied under the very line of their enemy's fire, and instantly re-advanced. Peasants who, till that hour, had never seen war, and who still wore their usual rustic dress, distinguished only by a cross sewed on it in front, threw themselves into the thickest of the combat. As they fell, others rushed on and filled their places. Some idea may be formed of the obstinacy of the contest from the fact, that of one division of the Russians which mustered 30,000 in the morning, only 8000 survived. These men had fought in close order, and unshaken, under the fire of eighty pieces of artillery. The result of this terrible day was, that Buonaparte withdrew his troops and abandoned all hope of forcing his way through the Russians. In no contest by many degrees so desperate had he hitherto been engaged. Night found either army on the ground they had occupied at daybreak. The number of guns and prisoners taken by the French and the Russians was about equal; and of either host there had fallen not less than 40,000 men. Some accounts raise the gross number of the slain to 100,000. Such was the victory in honour of which Napoleon created marshal Ney *prince of Moskwa.*

Buonaparte, when advised by his generals, towards the conclusion of the day, to bring forward his own guard and hazard one final attack at their head, answered, "And if my guard fail, what means should I have for renewing the battle to-morrow?"

The Russian commander, on the other hand, appears to have spared nothing to prolong the contest. During the night after, his cavalry made several attempts to break into the enemy's lines; and it was only on receiving the reports of his regimental officers in the morning, that Kutusoff perceived the necessity of retiring until he should be farther recruited. His army was the mainstay of his country; on its utter dissolution his master might have found it very difficult to form another, but while it remained perfect in its organization, the patriotic population of the empire were sure to fill up readily every vacancy in its ranks. Having ascertained then the extent of his loss, and buried his dead (among whom was the gallant Bagrathion) with great solemnity,—the Russian slowly and calmly withdrew from his intrenchments, and marched on Mojaisk. Napoleon was so fortunate as to be joined exactly at this time by two fresh divisions from Smolensko, which nearly restored his muster to what it had been ere the battle began; and, thus reinforced, commanded the pursuit to be vigorously urged. On the 9th, the French van came in sight of the Russian rear again, and Buonaparte prepared for battle. But next morning Kutusoff had masked his march so effectually, by scattering clouds of Cossacks in every direction around the French, that down to the 12th the invader remained uncertain whether he had retreated on Kalouga, or directly to the capital. The latter he, at length, found to be the case; and on the 14th of September Napoleon reached the Hill of Salvation; so named because from that eminence the Russian traveller obtains his first view of the ancient metropolis, affectionately called "Mother Moscow," and hardly less sacred in his eyes than Jerusalem. The soldiery beheld with joy and exultation the magnificent extent of the place; its mixture of Gothic steeples and oriental domes; the vast and splendid mansions of the

haughty boyards, embosomed in trees; and, high over all the rest, the huge towers of the Kremlin, at once the palace and the citadel of the old czars. The cry of "Moscow! Moscow!" ran through the lines. Napoleon himself reined in his horse and exclaimed, "Behold at last that celebrated city!" He added, after a brief pause, "it was time."

Buonaparte had not gazed long on this great capital ere it struck him as something remarkable that no smoke issued from the chimneys. Neither appeared there any military on the battlements of the old walls and towers. There reached him neither message of defiance, nor any deputation of citizens to present the keys of their town, and recommend it and themselves to his protection. He was yet marvelling what these strange circumstances could mean, when Murat, who commanded in the van, and had pushed on to the gates, came back and informed him that he had held a parley with Milarodowitch, the general of the Russian rear-guard, and that, unless two hours were granted for the safe withdrawing of his troops, he would at once set fire to Moscow. Napoleon immediately granted the armistice. The two hours elapsed, and still no procession of nobles or magistrates made its appearance.

On entering the city the French found it deserted by all but the very lowest and most wretched of its vast population. They soon spread themselves over its innumerable streets, and commenced the work of pillage. The magnificent palaces of the Russian boyards, the bazaars of the merchants, churches, and convents, and public buildings of every description, swarmed with their numbers. The meanest soldier clothed himself in silk and furs, and drank at his pleasure the costliest wines. Napoleon, perplexed at the abandonment of so great a city, had some difficulty in keeping together 30,000 men under Murat, who followed Milarodowitch, and watched the walls on that side

The emperor, who had retired to rest in a suburban palace, was awakened at midnight by the cry of *fire*. The chief market-place was in flames; and some hours elapsed ere they could be extinguished by the exertions of the soldiery. While the fire still blazed, Napoleon established his quarters in the Kremlin, and wrote, by that fatal light, a letter to the czar, containing proposals for peace. The letter was committed to a prisoner of rank; no answer ever reached Buonaparte.

Next morning found the fire extinguished, and the French officers were busied throughout the day in selecting houses for their residence. The flames, however, burst out again as night set in, and under circumstances which might well fill the mind of the invaders with astonishment and with alarm. Various detached parts of the city appeared to be at once on fire: combustibles and matches were discovered in different places as laid deliberately; the water-pipes were cut: the wind changed three times in the course of the night, and the flames always broke out again with new vigour in the quarter from which the prevailing breeze blew right on the Kremlin. It was sufficiently plain that Rostophchin, governor of Moscow, had adopted the same plan of resistance in which Smolensko had already been sacrificed; and his agents, whenever they fell into the hands of the French, were massacred without mercy.

A French adventurer, who had been resident for some time in Moscow, gave an account of Rostophchin's conduct in quitting the city, which might have prepared Napoleon for some such catastrophe. This person, on hearing of the approach of his country men, had used some expressions which entitled him to a place in the prisons of Moscow. The day before Buonaparte entered it, Rostophchin held a last court of justice. This Frenchman, and a disaffected Russian, were brought before him. The latter's

guilt having been clearly proved, the governor, understanding his father was in court, said he granted some minutes to the old man to converse with and bless his son. "Shall I give my blessing to a rebel?" cried the aged parent. "I hereby give him my curse." Rostophchin ordered the culprit to be executed, and then turning to the Frenchman, said, "Your preference of your own people was natural. Take your liberty. There was but one Russian traitor, and you have witnessed his death." The governor then set all the malefactors in the numerous jails of Moscow at liberty, and, abandoning the city to them, withdrew at the head of the inhabitants, who had for some time been preparing the means of retreat at his suggestion.

Such was the story of the Frenchman; and every hour brought some new confirmation of the relentless determination of Rostophchin's countrymen. Some peasants, brought in from the neighbouring country, were branded on the arm with the letter N. One of them understanding that this marked him as the property and adherent of Napoleon, instantly seized an axe and chopped off his limb. Twelve slaves of count Woronzow were taken together and commanded to enlist in the French service, or suffer death; four of the men folded their arms in silence, and so died. The French officer in command spared the rest. Such were the anecdotes which reached Napoleon as he surveyed, from the battlements of the Kremlin, the raging sea of fire which now swept the capital, east, west, north, and south. During four days the conflagration endured, and four-fifths of the city were wholly consumed. "Palaces and temples," says the Russian author, Karamsin, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since past, and the creations of yesterday, the tombs of ancestors, and the cradles of children, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the memory of her people, and their deep resolution to avenge her fall."

During two days Napoleon witnessed from the Kremlin the spread of this fearful devastation, and, in spite of continual showers of sparks and brands, refused to listen to those who counselled retreat. On the third night, the equinoctial gale rose, the Kremlin itself took fire, and it became doubtful whether it would be possible for him to withdraw in safety; and then he at length rode out of Moscow, through streets in many parts arched over with flames, and buried, where this was not the case, in one dense mantle of smoke. "These are, indeed, Scythians," said Napoleon. He halted, and fixed his head-quarters at Petrowsky, a country palace of the czar, about a league distant. But he could not withdraw his eyes from the rueful spectacle which the burning city presented, and from time to time repeated the same words; "This bodes great misfortune."

On the 20th, the flames being at length subdued or exhausted, Napoleon returned to the Kremlin, well aware how mighty a calamity had befallen him, but still flattering himself that the resolution of the enemy would give way on learning the destruction of their ancient and sacred metropolis. The poor remains of the enormous city still furnished tolerable lodgings for his army: of provisions there was as yet abundance; and the invaders, like true Frenchmen, fitted up a theatre, and witnessed plays acted by performers sent from France; while the emperor himself exhibited his equanimity by dating a decree, regulating the affairs of the Theatre Français at Paris, from "the imperial head-quarters in the Kremlin." His anxiety to show the French that even during his hottest campaigns his mind continued to be occupied with them and their domestic administration has already been alluded to. There was audacious quackery in a stage-rescript from Moscow.

Day passed after day and still there came no an-

swer from Alexander: Buonaparte's situation was becoming hourly more difficult. The news of the great battle of Salamanca had some days ere now reached him: the rumour of some distant disaster could not be prevented from spreading among the soldiery. Nearer him, the two flanks of his mighty host had been alike unsuccessful. The united army of Tormagoff and Tchichagoff, on the south, and that of Witgenstein, on the north, had obtained decided advantages over the French generals respectively opposed to them, and now threatened to close in between Napoleon's central columns and the magazines in Poland. Witzengerode was at the head of a formidable force on the road to St. Petersburg; and to the south-west of Moscow lay Kutusoff, on a very strong position, with an army to which every hour brought whole bands of enthusiastic recruits. On every side there was danger; the whole forces of Russia appeared to be gathering round him. Meantime, the season was far advanced; the stern winter of the north was at hand; and the determined hostility of the peasantry prevented the smallest supplies of provision from being introduced into the capital. Had the citizens remained there, the means of subsistence would of course have continued to be forwarded in the usual methods from the provinces; but neither boat nor sledge was put in motion after it was known that Moscow contained no population but the French. The stores, at first sight so ample, within the city itself, had already begun to fail: the common soldiers had rich wines and liquors in abundance, but no meat except horse-flesh, and no bread. Daru gave the emperor what the latter called "a lion's counsel;" to draw in all his detachments, convert Moscow into an intrenched camp, kill and salt every horse, and trust to foraging parties for the rest—in a word, to lay aside all thoughts of keeping up communication with France, or Germany, or

even Poland; and issue forth from Moscow, with his army entire and refreshed, in the commencement of the spring. But Napoleon had excellent reasons for suspecting that were he and his army cut off from all communication, during six months, with what they had left behind them, the Prussians, the Austrians, his Rhenish vassals themselves, might throw off the yoke: while, on the other hand, the Russians could hardly fail, in the course of so many months, to accumulate, in their own country, a force before which his isolated army, on re-issuing from their winter quarters, would appear a mere speck.

Napoleon at length sent count Lauriston to the head-quarters of Kutusoff, with another letter to Alexander, which the count was to deliver in person. Kutusoff received the Frenchman in the midst of all his generals, and answered with such civility that the envoy doubted not of success. The end, however, was, that the Russian professed himself altogether unable to entertain any negotiation, or even to sanction the journey of any French messenger—such being, he said, the last and most express orders of his prince. He offered to send on Napoleon's letter to St. Petersburg by one of his own aides-de-camp; and to this Lauriston was obliged to agree. This interview occurred on the 6th of October: no answer from St. Petersburg could be expected sooner than the 26th. There had already been one fall of snow. To retreat, after having a second time written to the czar, would appear like the confession of inability to remain. The difficulties and dangers attendant on a longer sojourn in the ruined capital have already been mentioned; and they were increasing with fearful rapidity every hour. It was under such circumstances that Napoleon lingered on in the Kremlin until the 19th of October; and it seems probable that he would have lingered even more days there, had he not received the

tidings of a new reverse, near at hand, and which effectually stirred him. His attendants have not hesitated to say, that from the time when he entered Russia, his mind had seemed to be in a state of indecision and lethargy, when compared with what they had been accustomed to witness in previous campaigns. From this hour his decision and activity (if indeed they had ever been obscured) appear to have been displayed abundantly.

Murat had, without Napoleon's command, and indeed in opposition to his wishes, established a strange species of armistice with Kutusoff, under articles which provided that three hours' notice must precede any regular affair between the two armies confronted to each other, but allowed the petty warfare of the Cossacks and other light troops to proceed without interruption on either flank. This suited Kutusoff's purpose; for it in effect left him in full possession of the means to avoid a general action until he chose to hazard one, and yet offered no interruption to the measures by which he and his nation were deliberately and systematically straightening the supplies of the invader. Napoleon alleged that Murat had entered on the compact from the desire of gratifying his own vanity, by galloping about on a neutral ground, and attracting the admiration of both armies, but especially of the Cossacks, by his horsemanship, and the brilliant, if not fantastic, dresses in which it was at all times his delight to exhibit his fine person. But king Joachim never displayed his foppery so willingly as on the field of battle: he committed only, on a smaller scale, the same error which detained his master in the Kremlin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Napoleon quits Moscow—Battles of Vincovo and Malo-Yaraslovetz—Retreat on Verreia—and Smolensko—Repeated Defeats and Sufferings of the French—Smolensko—Krasnoi—Passage of the Beresina—Smorgonie—Napoleon quits the Army—His Arrival at Warsaw—At Dresden—In Paris.

THE armistice, such as it was, between Joachim and Kutusoff, was broken through as soon as the latter had sufficiently disciplined the new recruits who had crowded to his standard from every region of the empire. Murat then received considerable reinforcements from Moscow, together with Napoleon's commands to gain possession, if possible, of one of the roads leading to Kalouga. There, and at Toula, the chief magazines of the Russian army were known to be established; and, moreover, by retiring in that direction towards Poland (should a retreat finally be found necessary), Napoleon counted on the additional and far greater advantage of traversing a country hitherto unwasted.

Murat, accordingly, pushed his light troops over a new district; and had the mortification to find the Russian system of defence persevered in wherever he advanced. The splendid country house of Rostophchin was burned to the ground, ere the French reached it; and the following letter, affixed to its gates, breathed the same spirit which had dared to sacrifice Moscow;—"I have for eight years embellished this residence, and lived happily in it with my family. The inhabitants of the estate, in number 1720, quit it at your approach; and I set fire to my house, that it may not be polluted with your presence."

Kutusoff was no longer disposed to witness in

inaction the progress of Murat. He divined that Napoleon must at last be convinced of the necessity of abandoning Moscow, and determined that at all events he should not make his retreat in the direction of Kalouga. General Bennigsen was ordered to attack Murat, on the 18th October, at Vincovo: the result was decidedly in favour of the Russians, in whose hands there remained nearly 3000 prisoners, and forty pieces of artillery. The cannonade was heard at the Kremlin; and no sooner did the issue of the day reach Napoleon, than he made up his mind to march his whole army to the support of the king of Naples. That same evening, several divisions were put in motion; he himself, at the head of others, left Moscow on the 19th; and the metropolis was wholly evacuated on the morning of the 22d. Russian troops entered it immediately afterward, in time to preserve the Kremlin, which had been undermined and attempted to be blown up in a last access of rage; and within a few hours, so completely had the patriotic peasants baffled Napoleon, the town swarmed with people, and all the market-places were crowded with every species of provision. The emperor's bulletins announced that "Moscow had been found not to be a good military position,"—that it was "necessary for the army to breathe on a wider space." The precipitancy, however, with which the French retired, was such, that they left their sick and wounded to the mercy of the Russians; and yet thousands of wagons, laden with the spoil of Moscow, attended and encumbered their march.

Kutusoff now perceived that he had to expect the attack of a greater than Murat. The Russian general occupied a position at Taroutino, on the old road to Kalouga (the central one of three nearly parallel routes), so strong by nature, and so improved by art, that Napoleon judged it hopeless to attack him there. He therefore made a lateral movement, and

pushed on by the western road, meaning, after he had passed Taroutino, to strike back again into the central one, and so interpose himself between Kutusoff and Kalouga. The old Russian, however, penetrated this plan; and instantly, by a manœuvre of precisely the same kind—marching to the eastward, and thence back to the centre again,—baffled it. The French van, having executed the first part of their orders, and regained the middle road in the rear of Taroutino, advanced without opposition as far Malo-Yaraslovetz, and occupied that town. But at midnight they were assaulted furiously within it, and driven back across the river Louja, where the leading divisions of the army bivouacked. Early in the morning the French retook Malo-Yaraslovetz at the point of the bayonet, and the greater part of the day was spent in a succession of obstinate contests, in the course of which the town five times changed masters. In the evening, Napoleon came up with his main body. He found his troops, indeed, in possession of the place; but beyond it, his generals informed him, Kutusoff and his whole army were now posted, and this on a position at least as strong as that of Taroutino, which he himself had considered unassailable.

The emperor's head-quarters were in the wretched and filthy hut of a poor weaver, and here an angry debate ensued between Murat and Davoust; the former of whom urged the necessity of instantly attacking the Russian, while the latter pronounced such an attempt to be worthy of a madman. The emperor heard them in gloomy silence, and declared that he would judge for himself in the morning. He dismissed them all, and, if Segur may be believed, spent the night in great agitation; now rising, now lying down again, incessantly calling out—yet refusing to admit any one within a temporary screen of cloth which concealed his person from the eyes of his attendants. This was the first occasion on

which Buonaparte betrayed in his demeanour that dark presentiment which had settled on his mind ever since he beheld the flames of Moscow.

At daybreak he passed the Louja, with a few attendants, for the purpose of reconnoitring Kutusoff's position. He had scarcely crossed the bridge, when a party of Platoff's Cossacks, galloping furiously, and sweeping some scattered companies of the French before them, came full upon the emperor and his suite. Napoleon was urged to seek safety in flight; but he drew his sword and took post on the bank by the way-side. The wild spearmen, intent on booty, plunged on immediately below him, and after stripping some soldiers, retired again at full speed to their pulk, without having observed the inestimable prize. The emperor watched their retreat, and continued his reconnoissance. It satisfied him that Davoust had judged rightly.

He made another effort to force a passage southwards at Medyn; but here also he was repelled, and forced to abandon the attempt. Meantime, the army which had occupied Moscow began to send forth its Cossacks on his rear. In a word, it became apparent that if the retreat were to be urged, it must now be in the direction of Verreia and Smolensko; that is, through the same provinces which had been entirely wasted in the earlier part of the campaign.

Kutusoff, whether merely overpowered for the moment with that vague sentiment which Buonaparte's name had hitherto been accustomed to inspire, or that he knew of a still better position nearer Kalouga, was, in fact, retiring from his strong ground behind Malo-Yaraslovetz, at the moment when the French began to break up from the Louja. No sooner, however, was that movement known, than the Russian penetrated the extent of his adversary's embarrassments; and Platoff, with the Cossacks, received orders to hang close on the

French rear, while Milarodowitch, with 18,000 men, pushed directly on Viasma; and the main army, taking a parallel, and a shorter, though less practicable route, marched also with the view of watching the retreat on Smolensko.

As Buonaparte was about to leave Verreia, general Witzingerode was brought a prisoner into his presence. This officer had advanced to the Kremlin, ere it was abandoned, with a flag of truce, for the purpose of entering into some arrangements concerning the French wounded; and, it is to be supposed, of dissuading the departing garrison from destroying the citadel. He was, however, placed instantly under arrest, and hurried away with the enemy's march. Napoleon, whose temper was by this time imbittered into ungovernable rage, charged the general with being the leader of the Cossacks, and threatened to have him shot, on the instant, as a brigand. Witzingerode replied, that "he commanded not the Cossacks, but a part of the regular army; and that, in the character of a Russian soldier, he was at all times prepared for a French bullet." Napoleon, now ascertaining the name, country, and rank of his prisoner, pursued in these angry ejaculations, "Who are you? A man without a country—You have ever been my enemy—You were in the Austrian's ranks at Austerlitz—I now find you in the Russian! Nevertheless, you are a native of the confederation of the Rhine—therefore my subject—and a rebel.—Seize him, gens d'armes! Let the traitor be brought to trial." The emperor's attendants were wise enough to foresee the effects of such violence, if persisted in: they interposed, and Witzingerode was sent on as a prisoner of war towards Smolensko.*

On the 28th of October, Napoleon himself, with 6000 chosen horse, began his journey towards Smo-

* He was rescued in Poland by a party of Cossacks.

lensko; the care of bringing up the main body being given to Beauharnois, while Ney commanded the rear. From the commencement of this march, hardly a day elapsed in which some new calamity did not befall those hitherto invincible legions. The Cossacks of Platoff came on one division at Kolotsk, near Borodino, on the 1st of November, and gave them a total defeat. A second division was attacked on the day after, and with nearly equal success, by the irregular troops of count Orloff Denizoff. On the 3d, Milarodowitch reached the main road near Viasma, and after routing Ney, Davoust, and Beauharnois, drove them through the town, which he entered with drums beating and colours flying, and making a passage for the rest of the army over the dead bodies of the enemy. Beauharnois, after this, separated his division from the rest, and endeavoured to push for Vitepsk, by the way of Douchowtchina, and Platoff followed him, while Milarodowitch continued the pursuit on the main road. The separation of troops so pressed is a sufficient proof that they were already suffering severely for want of food; but their miseries were about to be heightened by the arrival of a new enemy. On the 6th of November, the Russian winter fairly set in; and thenceforth, between the heavy columns of regular troops which on every side watched and threatened them, the continual assaults of the Cossacks, who hung around them in clouds by day and by night, rushing on every detached party, disturbing every bivouac, breaking up bridges before; and destroying every straggler behind them, and the terrible severity of the climate, the frost, the snow, the wind—the sufferings of this once magnificent army were such as to baffle all description.

The accounts of the Russian authorities, of the French eye-witnesses who have since told this story, and, it must be added, of Napoleon's own celebrated "twenty-ninth bulletin." are in harmony

with each other. The enormous train of artillery which Napoleon had insisted on bringing away from Moscow was soon diminished; and the roads were blocked up with the spoils of the city, abandoned of necessity as the means of transport failed. The horses having been ill fed for months, were altogether unable to resist the united effects of cold and fatigue. They sank and stiffened by hundreds and by thousands. The starving soldiery slew others of these animals, that they might drink their warm blood, and wrap themselves in their yet reeking skins. The discipline of these miserable bands vanished. Ney was indeed able to keep together some battalions of the rear guard, and present a bold aspect to the pursuers—the marshal himself not disdaining to bear a firelock, and share the meanest fatigues of his followers; but elsewhere there remained hardly the shadow of military order. Small and detached bodies of men moved, like soldiers, on the highway—the immense majority dispersed themselves over the ice and snow which equalized the surface of the fields on either side, and there sustained from time to time the rapid and merciless charge of the Cossacks.

Beauharnois, meantime, discovered, ere he had advanced far on his separate route, that Witgenstein, having defeated successively St. Cyr and Victor on the Dwina, was already in possession of Vitepsk. The viceroy therefore was compelled to turn back towards the Smolensko road. Platoff turned with him, and brought him once more to action, "killing many," said the hetman's despatch, "but making few prisoners." The army of Italy, if it could still be called an army, mingled with the few troops who still preserved some show of order under Ney, ere they came in sight of Smolensko, and communicated to them their own terror and confusion.

Meanwhile, the Russian "army of Volhynia," after it was strengthened by the arrival of Tchicha-

goff from the Danube, had been able (as we have already hinted) to bear down all the opposition of Schwartzenberg and Regnier; had driven their forces before them, and taken possession of Napoleon's great depôt, Minsk, from which they might hope ere long to communicate with Witgenstein. The armies of Witgenstein and Tchichagoff then were about to be in communication with each other, and in possession of those points at which Napoleon was most likely to attempt his escape from Smolensko into Poland; while the main army itself, having advanced side by side with the French, was now stationed to the south-west of Smolensko, in readiness to break the enemy's march whenever Kutusoff should choose: Milarodowitch, finally, and Platoff, were hanging close behind, and thinning every hour the miserable bands who had no longer heart, nor, for the most part, arms of any kind wherewith to resist them. But the whole extent of these misfortunes was not known to any of the French generals, nor even to Napoleon himself, at the time when Beauharnois and Ney at length entered Smolensko.

The name of that town had hitherto been the only spell that preserved any hope within the soldiers of the retreat. There, they had been told, they should find food, clothing, and supplies of all sorts; and there, being once more assembled under the eye of the emperor, they would speedily reassume an aspect, such as none of the northern barbarians would dare to brave.

But these expectations were cruelly belied. Smolensko had been, as we have seen, almost entirely destroyed by the Russians in the early part of the campaign. Its ruined walls afforded only a scanty shelter to the famished and shivering fugitives; and the provisions assembled there were so inadequate to the demands of the case, that after the lapse of a few days, Buonaparte found himself under the ne-

cessity of once more renewing his disastrous march. He had, as yet, received no intelligence of the capture of Minsk by Tchichagoff. It was in that direction, accordingly, that he resolved to force his passage into Poland.

Although the grand army had mustered 120,000 when it left Moscow, and the fragments of various divisions besides had met the emperor at Smolensko, it was with great difficulty that 40,000 men could now be brought together, in any thing like fighting condition. These Napoleon divided into four columns, nearly equal in numbers; of the first, which included 6000 of the imperial guard, he himself took the command, and marched with it towards Krasnoi, the first town on the way to Minsk: the second corps was that of Eugene Beauharnois; the third, Davoust's; and the fourth, destined for the perilous service of the rear, and accordingly strengthened with 3000 of the guard, was intrusted to the heroic guidance of Ney. The emperor left Smolensko on the 13th of November, having ordered that the other corps should follow him on the 14th, 15th, and 16th, respectively; thus interposing a day's march between every two divisions.

It is not to be questioned that Napoleon, in thus arranging his march, was influenced by the great and pressing difficulty of finding provisions, and also by the enfeebled condition of the greater part of his remaining troops. The division of his force, however, was so complete, that had he been opposed by a general adequate to the occasion, his total and immediate ruin could hardly have been avoided. But Kutusoff appears to have exhausted the better part of his daring at Borodino, and thenceforth to have adhered to the plan of avoiding battle—originally wise and necessary—with a pertinacity savouring of superstition. It must be admitted, that hitherto, in suffering the climate to waste his enemy's numbers, and merely heightening the mi-

sery of the elemental war by his clouds of Cossacks, and occasional assaults of other light troops, he had reaped almost every advantage which could have resulted from another course. But the army of Napoleon had been already reduced to a very small fragment of its original strength; and even that fragment was now split into four divisions, against any one of which it would have been easy to concentrate a force overwhelmingly superior. It seems to be generally accepted, that the name of Napoleon saved whatever part of his host finally escaped from the territory of Russia; in a word, that had Kutusoff been able to shake off that awe which had been the growth of a hundred victories, the emperor himself must have either died on some bloody field between Smolensko and the Beresina, or revisited, as a prisoner, the interior of the country which, three months before, he had invaded at the head of half a million of warriors.

He himself, with his column, reached Krasnoi unmolested, although the whole of the Russian army, moving on a parallel road, were in full observation of his march. Eugene, who followed him, was, however, intercepted on his way by Milarodowitch, and after sustaining the contest gallantly against very disproportionate numbers, and a terrible cannonade, was at length saved only by the fall of night. During the darkness, the viceroy executed a long and hazardous *detour*, and joined the emperor in Krasnoi, on the 17th. On this night-march they fell in with the videttes of another of Kutusoff's columns, and owed their preservation to the quickness of a Polish soldier, who answered the challenge in Russian. The loss, however, had been severe; the two leading divisions, now united in Krasnoi, mustered scarcely 15,000.

Napoleon was most anxious to secure the passage of the Dnieper at Liady, and immediately gave Eugene the command of the van, with orders to

march on this point; but he was warned by the losses which his son-in-law had undergone, of the absolute necessity of waiting at Krasnoi until Davoust and Ney should be able to come up with him. He determined, therefore to abide at Krasnoi, with 6000 of the guard, and another corps of 5000, whatever numbers Kutusoff might please to bring against him. He drew his sword, and said, "I have long enough played the emperor—I must be the general once more."

In vain was Kutusoff urged to seize this opportunity of pouring an irresistible force on the French position. The veteran commanded a cannonade—and, as he had one hundred pieces of artillery well placed, the ranks of the enemy were thinned considerably. But, excepting one or two isolated charges of cavalry, he adventured on no closer collision; and Napoleon held his ground, in face of all that host, until nightfall, when Davoust's division, surrounded and pursued by innumerable Cossacks, at length were enabled to rally once more around his head-quarters.

He had the mortification to learn, however, that Ney was probably still in Smolensko, and that a Russian force had marched on towards Liady, with the design of again intercepting Eugene. The emperor, therefore, once more divided his numbers—pushed on in person to support Beauharnois and secure Liady—and left Davoust and Mortier to hold out as long as possible at Krasnoi, in the hope of being there joined by Ney. Long, however, ere that gallant chief could reach this point, the Russians, as if the absence of Napoleon had at once restored all their energy, rushed down and forced on Davoust and Mortier the battle which the emperor had in vain solicited. On that fatal field the French left forty-five cannon and 6000 prisoners, besides the slain and the wounded. The remainder with difficulty effected their escape to Liady, where Na-

poleon once more received them, and crossed the Dnieper.

Ney, meanwhile, having in execution of his master's parting injunctions blown up whatever remained of the walls and towers of Smolensko, at length set his rear-guard in motion, and advanced to Krasnoi, without being harassed by any enemy except Platoff, whose Cossacks entered Smolensko ere he could wholly abandon it. The field, strewn with many thousand corpses, informed him sufficiently that a new disaster had befallen the fated army. Yet he continued to advance on the footsteps of those who had thus shattered Davoust and Mortier, and met with no considerable interruption until he reached the ravine in which the rivulet Losmina has its channel. A thick mist lay on the ground, and Ney was almost on the brink of the ravine ere he perceived that it was manned throughout by Russians, while the opposite banks displayed a long line of batteries, deliberately arranged, and all the hills behind were covered with troops.

A Russian officer appeared, and summoned Ney to capitulate. "A mareschal of France never surrenders," was his intrepid answer; and immediately the batteries, distant only 250 yards, opened a tremendous storm of grape shot. Ney, nevertheless, had the hardihood to plunge into the ravine, clear a passage over the stream, and charge the Russians at their guns. His small band were repelled with fearful slaughter; but he renewed his efforts from time to time during the day, and at night, though with numbers much diminished, still occupied his original position in the face of a whole army interposed between him and Napoleon.

The emperor had by this time given up all hope of ever again seeing any thing of his rear column. But during the ensuing night, Ney effected his escape; nor does the history of war present many such examples of apparently insuperable difficulties over-

come by the union of skill and valour. The marshal broke up his bivouac at midnight, and marched back from the Losmina, until he came on another stream, which he concluded must flow also into the Dnieper. He followed this guide, and at length reached the great river at a place where it was frozen over, though so thinly that the ice bent and crackled beneath the feet of the men, who crossed it in single files. The wagons laden with the wounded, and what great guns were still with Ney, were too heavy for this frail bridge. They attempted the passage at different points, and one after another went down, amid the shrieks of the dying and the groans of the on-lookers. The Cossacks had by this time gathered hard behind, and swept up many stragglers, besides the sick. But Ney had achieved his great object; and on the 20th, he, with his small and devoted band, joined the emperor once more at Orcsa. Napoleon received him in his arms, hailed him as "the bravest of the brave," and declared that he would have given all his treasures to be assured of his safety.

The emperor was once more at the head of his united "grand army;" but the name was ere now become a jest. Between Smolensko and the Dnieper the Russians had taken 228 guns, and 26,000 prisoners; and, in a word, having mustered 40,000 effective men at leaving Smolensko, Napoleon could count only 12,000, after Ney had joined him at Orcsa. Of these there were but 150 cavalry: and, to remedy this defect, officers still in possession of horses, to the number of 500, were now formed into a "sacred band," as it was called, for immediate attendance on the emperor's person. The small fragment of the once gigantic force, had no sooner recovered something like the order of discipline, than once more it was set in motion.

But scarcely had the emperor passed the Dnieper, when he received the tidings of the fall of Minsk.

and the subsequent retreat of Schwartzenburg towards Warsaw. It was therefore necessary to alter his plan, and force a passage into Poland to the northward of that great depôt. It was necessary, moreover, to do this without loss of time, for the emperor well knew that Witgenstein had been as successful on his right flank, as Tchichagoff on his left; and that these generals might soon be, if they already were not, in communication with each other, and ready to unite all their forces for the defence of the next great river on his route—the Beresina.

Napoleon had hardly resolved to attempt the passage of this river at Borizoff, ere, to renew all his perplexities, he received intelligence that Witgenstein had defeated Dombrowski there, and retained possession of the town and bridge. Victor and Oudinot, indeed, advanced immediately to succour Dombrowski, and retook Borizoff; but Witgenstein burnt the bridge ere he recrossed the Beresina. Imperfect as Victor's success was, Napoleon did not hear of it immediately. He determined to pass the Beresina higher up, at Studzianska, and forthwith threw himself into the huge forests which border that river; adopting every stratagem by which his enemies could be puzzled as to the immediate object of his march.

His 12,000 men, brave and determined, but no longer preserving in their dress, nor, unless when the trumpet blew, in their demeanour, a soldier-like appearance, were winding their way amid these dark woods, when suddenly the air around them was filled with sounds which could only proceed from the march of some far greater host. They were preparing for the worst, when they found themselves in presence of the advanced guard of the united army of Victor and Oudinot, who had, indeed been defeated by Witgenstein, but still mustered 50,000 men, completely equipped, and hardly shaken in discipline. With what feelings must these troops

have surveyed the miserable, half-starved, and half-clad remains of that "grand army," their own detachment from whose banners had, some few short months before, filled every bosom among them with regret!

Having melted the poor relics of his Moscow army into these battalions, Napoleon now continued his march on Studzianska; employing, however, all his wit to confirm Tchichagoff in the notion that he meant to pass the Beresina at a different place, and this with so much success, that Tchaplitz, with the Russian rear-guard, abandoned a strong position, commanding the river, during the very night which preceded his appearance there. Two bridges were erected, and Oudinot had passed over, ere Tchaplitz perceived his mistake, and returned again towards Studzianska.

Discovering that the passage had already begun, and that in consequence of the narrowness of the only two bridges, it must needs proceed slowly, Tchichagoff and Witgenstein now arranged a joint plan of attack. The latter once more passed to the eastern bank of the river, and, having wholly cut off one division of 7000, under Partonneaux, not far from Borizoff, proceeded towards Studzianska. Platoff and his indefatigable Cossacks joined Witgenstein on this march, and they arrived long ere the rear-guard of Napoleon could pass the river. But the operations on the other side of the Beresina were far less zealously or skilfully conducted. Tchichagoff was in vain urged to support effectually Tchaplitz; who attacked the French that had passed, and being repelled by Victor, left them in unmolested possession, not only of the bridges on the Beresina, but of a long train of wooden causeways, extending for miles beyond the river, over deep and dangerous morasses, and which, being composed of old dry timber, would have required, says Segur, "to destroy

them utterly, but a few sparks from the Cossacks' tobacco-pipes."

In spite of this neglect, and of the altogether extraordinary conduct of Kutusoff, who still persisted in marching in a line parallel with Napoleon, and refusing to hazard any more assaults, the passage of the Beresina was one of the most fearful scenes recorded in the annals of war. Victor, with the rear division, consisting of 8000 men, was still on the eastern side when Witgenstein and Platoff appeared on the heights above them. The still numerous retainers of the camp, crowds of sick, wounded, and women, and the greater part of the artillery were in the same situation. When the Russian cannon began to open upon this multitude, crammed together near the bank, and each anxiously expecting the turn to pass, a shriek of utter terror ran through them, and men, women, horses, and wagons rushed at once, pell-mell, upon the bridges. The larger of these, intended solely for wagons and cannon, ere long broke down, precipitating all that were upon it into the dark half-frozen stream. The scream that rose at this moment, says one that heard it, "did not leave my ears for weeks; it was heard clear and loud over the hurrahs of the Cossacks, and all the roar of artillery." The remaining bridge was now the only resource, and all indiscriminately endeavoured to gain a footing on it. Squeezed, trampled, forced over the ledges, cut down by each other, and torn by the incessant shower of Russian cannonade, they fell and died in thousands. Victor stood his ground bravely until late in the evening, and then conducted his division over the bridge. There still remained behind a great number of the irregular attendants, besides those soldiers who had been wounded during the battle, and guns and baggage-carts enough to cover a whole meadow. The French now fired the bridge, and all these were abandoned to their fate. The Russian account

states, that when the Beresina thawed after that winter's frost, 36,000 bodies were found in its bed.

Tchaplitz was soon joined in his pursuit of the survivors by Witgenstein and Platoff, and nothing could have saved Napoleon but the unexpected arrival of a fresh division under Maison, sent forwards from Poland by Maret, duke of Bassano.

But the severity of the winter began now to be intense, and the sufferings of the army thus recruited were such, that discipline ere long disappeared, except among a few thousands of hardy veterans, over whose spirits the emperor and Ney preserved some influence. The assaults of the Cossacks continued as before: the troops often performed their march by night, by the light of torches, in the hope of escaping their merciless pursuers. When they halted, they fell asleep in hundreds to wake no more. Their enemies found them frozen to death around the ashes of their watch-fires. It is said, among other horrors, that more than once they found poor famished wretches endeavouring to broil the flesh of their dead comrades. On scenes so fearful the veil must not be entirely dropped. Such is the price at which ambition does not hesitate to purchase even the chance of what the world has not yet ceased to call glory!

The haughty and imperious spirit of Napoleon sank not under all these miseries. He affected, in so far as was possible, not to see them. He still issued his orders as if his army, in all its divisions, were entire, and sent bulletins to Paris announcing a succession of victories. When his officers came to inform him of some new calamity, he dismissed them abruptly, saying, "Why will you disturb my tranquillity? I desire to know no particulars. Why will you deprive me of my tranquillity?"

On the 3d of December he reached Malodeczno, and announced to his marshals that the news he had received from Paris, and the uncertain nature of his

relations with some of his allies, rendered it indispensable for him to quit his army without farther delay. They were now, he said, almost within sight of Poland; they would find plenty of every thing at Wilna. It was his business to prepare at home the means of opening the next campaign in a manner worthy of the great nation. At Smorgoni, on the 5th, the garrison of Wilna met him; and then, having intrusted to these fresh troops the protection of the rear, and given the chief command to Murat, he finally bade adieu to the relics of his host. He set off at midnight in a *traineau*, accompanied by Caulaincourt, whose name he assumed: two other vehicles of the same kind followed, containing two officers of rank, Rustan the emperor's favourite Mameluke, and one domestic besides.

Having narrowly escaped being taken by a party of irregular Russians at Youpranoui, Napoleon reached Warsaw at nightfall, on the 10th of December. His ambassador there, the Abbé De Pradt, who had as yet heard no distinct accounts of the progress of events, was unexpectedly visited by Caulaincourt who abruptly informed him that the grand army was no more. The Abbé accompanied Caulaincourt to an obscure inn, where the emperor, wrapped in a fur cloak, was walking up and down rapidly, beside a newly-lit fire. He was received with an air of gayety, which for a moment disconcerted him; and proceeded to mention that the inhabitants of the grand-dutchy were beginning to show symptoms of disaffection, and even of a desire to reconcile themselves with the Prussians, under whose yoke they feared they were destined to return. The Abbé expressed his own satisfaction that the emperor had escaped from so many dangers. "Dangers," cried Napoleon, "there were none—I have beat the Russians in every battle—I live but in dangers—it is for kings of Cockaigne to sit at home at ease. My army is in a superb condition still—it

will be recruited at leisure at Wilna, and I go to bring up 300,000 men more from France. I quit my army with regret, but I must watch Austria and Prussia, and I have more weight on my throne than at head-quarters. The Russians will be rendered foolhardy by their successes—I shall beat them in a battle or two on the Oder, and be on the Niemen again within a month." This harangue, utterly contradictory throughout, he began and ended with a favourite phrase; "Monsieur L'Ambassadeur, from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step."

Resuming his incognito and his journey, Napoleon reached Dresden on the evening of the 14th of December, where the king of Saxony visited him secretly at his inn, and renewed his assurances of fidelity. He arrived at the Tuilleries on the 18th, late at night, after the empress had retired to rest. He entered the antechamber, to the confusion of her attendants, who at length recognised him with a cry that roused Maria Louisa from her slumbers; and Napoleon was welcomed with all the warmth of undiminished affection.

The army, whom its chief had thus abandoned, pursued meanwhile their miserable march, of which every day augmented the disorder. The garrison of Wilna and Maison's corps, united to those who escaped across the Beresina, might number in all 80,000. Ere Murat reached Wilna, 40,000 of these had either died, or fallen alive into the hands of their unrelenting pursuers. In that city there were abundant magazines of every kind, and the few who had as yet preserved some appearance of order, together with the multitudes of broken stragglers, rushed in confusion into the place, in the hope of at length resting from their toils, and eating and drinking, for at least one day, in peace. Strong men were observed weeping with joy at the sight of a loaf of bread. But scarcely had they received their rations,

ere the well-known *hurrah* of Platoff rung once more in their ears. They fled once more, with such of their baggage as could be most easily got into motion; but many fell beneath the spears of the Cossacks, and not a few, it is said, were butchered deliberately in the moment of their perplexity, by their Lithuanian hosts, the same Polish Jews who had already inflicted such irreparable injury on the whole army, by the non-observance of their contracts. Shortly after, a wagon laden with coin was overturned on the road, and the soldiers, laying aside all attention to their officers, began to plunder the rich spoil. The Cossacks came up—but there was enough for all, and friend and foe pillaged the imperial treasure in company, for once without strife. It deserves to be recorded, that some soldiers of the imperial guard restored the money which fell to their share on this occasion, when the weary march at length reached its end.

They passed the Niemen at Kowno; and the Russians did not pursue them into the Prussian territory. At the time when they escaped finally from Poland, there were about 1000 in arms, and perhaps 20,000 more, utterly broken, dispersed, and demoralized.

Schwartzenberg, the general of the Austrian auxiliaries, on learning the departure of Napoleon, formed an armistice with the Russians, and retired by degrees into his own prince's territory. These allies had shown little zeal in any part of the campaign; and their conduct seems to have been appreciated by the Russians accordingly.

In Courland, on the left flank of the French retreat, there remained the separate corps of Macdonald, who had with him 20,000 Prussians, and 10,000 Bavarians and other Germans. These Prussians had been sent on this detached service in just apprehension of their coldness to the invader's cause. Macdonald, on learning the utter ruin of the main

army, commenced his march upon Tilsit. On reaching that place, D'York, the commander of the Prussians, refused any longer to obey the marshal's orders, and separated his men entirely—thus taking on himself the responsibility of disobeying the letter of his sovereign's commands, and anticipating that general burst of national hatred which, as all men perceived, could not much longer be deferred.

To the great honour, however, of the Prussian people, the wearied relics of Napoleon's grand army were received in the country which, in the days of their prosperity, they had so wantonly insulted, if not with friendship, at least with compassion. They took up their quarters, and remained for a time unmolested, in and near Konigsberg.

Thus ended the invasion of Russia. There had been slain in battle, on the side of Napoleon, 125,000 men. Fatigue, hunger, and cold had caused the death of 132,000; and the Russians had taken of prisoners 193,000—including forty-eight generals, and 3000 regimental officers. The total loss was, therefore, 450,000 men. The eagles and standards left in the enemies' hands were seventy-five in number, and the pieces of cannon nearly one thousand.

Exclusive of the Austrian and Prussian auxiliaries, there remained of all the enormous host which Napoleon set in motion in August, about 40,000 men: and of these not 10,000 were of the French nation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Conspiracy of Mallet—Napoleon's Reception in Paris—His military Preparations—Prussia declares War—Austria negotiates with Napoleon—Bernadotte lands in Germany—The Russians advance into Silesia—Napoleon heads his Army in Saxony—Battle of Lutzen—Battle of Bautzen—Affairs of the Peninsula—Battle of Vittoria—Congress of Prague.

Some allusion has already been made to the news of a political disturbance in Paris, which reached Napoleon during his retreat from Moscow, and quickened his final abandonment of the army. The occurrence in question was the daring conspiracy headed by general Mallet. This officer, one of the ancient noblesse, had been placed in confinement, in 1808, in consequence of his connexion with a society called the *Philadelphes*, which seems to have sprung up within the French army, at the time when Napoleon seized the supreme power, and which had for its immediate object his deposition—while some of the members contemplated the restoration of a republican government, and others, of whom Mallet was one, the recall of the royal family of Bourbon. The people of Paris had for some weeks received no official intelligence from the grand army, and rumours of some awful catastrophe were rife among all classes, when Mallet conceived the daring project of forging a Senatus Consultum, announcing the fall of Napoleon in a great battle in Russia, and appointing a provisional government. Having executed this forgery, the general escaped from his prison, and appeared in full uniform, attended by a corporal dressed as an aid-de-camp, at midnight, on the 22d of October, 1812, at the gates of the Minims-barracks, then tenanted by some

new and raw levies. The audacity with which he claimed the obedience of these men to the senatorial decree, overawed them. He assumed the command, and on the instant arrested by their means Savary, minister of police, and some others of the principal functionaries in the capital. General Hullin, the military governor, was summoned, and hesitated; at that moment the officer of police, from whose keeping Mallet had escaped, recognised him, and he was immediately resisted, disarmed, and confined. The whole affair was over in the course of a few hours, but the fact that so wild a scheme should have been so nearly successful was sufficiently alarming. The ease and indifference with which a considerable body of armed men, in the very heart of Paris, had transferred their services to a new authority, proclaimed by a stranger, made Napoleon consider with suspicion the basis of his power. And ignorant to what extent the conspiracy had actually gone, he heard with additional alarm that no fewer than twenty-four persons, including the leader, had been condemned to death. Of so many he was willing to believe that some at least had been mere dupes, and apprehended that so much bloodshed might create a violent revulsion of public feeling. The Parisians beheld the execution of these men with as much indifference as their bold attempt; but of this Napoleon was ignorant, until he reached the Tuilleries.

His arrival, preceded as it had been by the twenty ninth bulletin, in which the veil was at last lifted from the fatal events of the campaign, restored for the moment the appearances of composure, amid a population of which almost every family had lost a son or a brother. Such was the influence that still clung to his name. The emperor was safe. However great the present calamity, hope remained. The elements, as they were taught to believe, had not merely quickened and increased, but wholly occasioned the reverses of the army. The Russian

winter was the only enemy that had been able to triumph over his genius and the valour of Frenchmen. The senate, the magistrates, all those public bodies and functionaries who had the means of approaching the throne, now crowded to its footsteps with addresses full of adulation, yet more audacious than they had ever before ventured on. The voice of applause, congratulation, and confidence, re-echoed from every quarter, drowned the whispers of suspicion, resentment, and natural sorrow. Every department of the public service appeared to be animated with a spirit of tenfold activity. New conscriptions were called for and yielded. Regiments arrived from Spain and from Italy. Every arsenal resounded with the preparation of new artillery—thousands of horses were impressed in every province. Ere many weeks had elapsed, Napoleon found himself once more in condition to take the field with not less than 350,000 soldiers. Such was the effect of his new appeal to the national feelings of this great and gallant people.

Meanwhile, the French garrisons dispersed over the Prussian territory were wholly incompetent to overawe that oppressed and insulted nation, now burning with the settled thirst and the long-deferred hope of vengeance. The king interposed, indeed, his authority to protect the soldiers of Napoleon from popular violence; but it soon became manifest that their safety must depend on their concentrating themselves in a small number of fortified places; and that even if Frederick William had been cordially anxious to preserve his alliance with France, it would ere long be impossible for him to resist the unanimous wishes of his people. Murat was soon weary of his command. He found himself thwarted and controlled by the other generals, none of whom respected his authority; and one of whom, when he happened to speak of himself in the same breath with the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, answered,

without ceremony, "You must remember that these are kings by the grace of God, by descent, and by custom; whereas you are only a king by the grace of Napoleon, and through the expenditure of French blood." Murat was moreover jealous of the extent to which his queen was understood to be playing the sovereign in Naples, and he threw up his command; being succeeded by Eugene Beauharnois, and insulted anew by Napoleon himself, in a general order which announced this change, and alleged as its causes, the superior military skill of the viceroy, and his possession of "the full confidence of the emperor." Eugene succeeded to the command at the moment when it was obvious that Frederick William could no longer, even if he would, repress the universal enthusiasm of his people. On the 31st of January, the king made his escape to Breslau, in which neighbourhood no French were garrisoned, erected his standard, and called on the nation to rise in arms. Whereon Eugene retired to Magdeburg, and shut himself up in that great fortress, with as many troops as he could assemble to the west of the Elbe.

Six years had elapsed since the fatal day of Jena; and, in spite of all the watchfulness of Napoleon's tyranny, the Prussian nation had recovered in a great measure its energies. The people now answered the call of their beloved prince, as with the heart and voice of one man. Young men of all ranks, the highest and the lowest, flocked indiscriminately to the standard: the students of the universities formed themselves into battalions, at the head of which, in many instances, their teachers marched. The women flung their trinkets into the king's treasure—the gentlemen melted their plate—England poured in her gold with a lavish hand. The rapidity with which discipline was established among the great levies thus assembled, excited universal astonishment It spoke the intense and per-

fect zeal with which a people, naturally warlike, had devoted themselves to the sacred cause of independence. The emperor of Russia was no sooner aware of this great movement, than he resolved to advance into Silesia. Having masked several French garrisons in Prussian Poland, and taken others, he pushed on with his main army to support Frederick William. There was some risk in leaving a considerable number of hostile fortresses between him and his own frontier; but this he encountered cheerfully, rather than permit the Prussians to stand alone the first onset of Napoleon, of whose extensive preparations all Europe was well aware. The two sovereigns, long attached to each other by the warmest feelings of personal friendship, though of late compelled by the iron force of circumstances to put on the disguise of hostility, met at Breslau, on the 15th of March. Tears rushed down the cheeks of Frederick William, as he fell into the arms of Alexander: "Wipe them," said the czar; "they are the last that Napoleon shall ever cause you to shed."

The aged Kutusoff having died, the command of the Russian army was now given to Witgenstein; while that of the Prussians was intrusted to a leader, whose name was hailed as the sure pledge of unremitting activity and indomitable perseverance. This was Blucher, an officer originally trained under the great Frederick, whose exemplary conduct after the battle of Jena has already been mentioned. The brave old man had, since that catastrophe, lived in utter retirement. The soldiery had long ere now bestowed on him the *nom-de-guerre* of *Marshal Forwards*, and they heard of his appointment with universal delight. Addicted to drinking, smoking, and gambling, and little conversant with the higher branches of war as an art, Blucher was at first despised by Napoleon. But his technical deficiencies were abundantly supplied by the skill of Scharn-

forst, and afterward of Gneisenau; and he himself possessed such influence over the minds of his men in the day of action, and was sure to rally them so rapidly after defeat, and to urge them on so keenly when fortune was more favourable, that ere long the emperor was forced to confess that no one gave him so much trouble as that "deoauched old dragoon." Blucher hated the very names of France and Buonaparte with a perfect hatred; and, once more permitted to draw his sword, he swore never to sheath it until the revenge of Prussia was complete.

The crown prince of Sweden landed with 35,000 at Stralsund, and advanced through Mecklenburg, while the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia were concentrating their armies in Silesia. It was announced and expected that German troops would join Bernadotte, so as to enable him to open the campaign on the lower Elbe with a separate army of 100,000. Lord Wellington was about to advance once more into Spain with his victorious veterans. Three great armies, two of which might easily communicate with each other, were thus taking the field against him at once; and yet, such was Napoleon's pride or obstinacy, that he would make no sacrifice whatever to secure the assistance of Austria. He still adhered to his resolution of entering into no general peace which should not recognise Joseph as king of Spain; and refused absolutely to listen to any proposals which included the cession either of Illyria or the Tyrol. Ere he once more left Paris, he named Maria Louisa regent in his absence; but this was a circumstance not likely to have much weight with the wavering councils of the Austrian.

While Napoleon's military preparations were in progress, he made an effort to conciliate a large party of his subjects, who had hitherto looked on him with coldness as the oppressor of the head of the Catholic church. During his absence in Russia, the pope had been removed once more to Fontaine-

bleau, where he now occupied apartments in the palace, under strict surveillance of the police. The emperor presented himself suddenly in his hunter's dress before the holy father, on the 13th of January; and exerted his talents with such success, that preliminary articles of a new concordat were at length drawn up. But in his eagerness to produce a favourable impression on the Catholic public, Napoleon published these preliminary articles, as if they had formed a definite and ratified treaty; and Pius, indignant at this conduct, which he considered as equally false and irreverent, immediately announced his resolution to carry the negotiation no farther.

The pope, however, was the only man in France who as yet durst openly confront the rage of Buonaparte. As the time when he was expected to assume once more the command of his army in the field drew near, the addresses of his apparently devoted subjects increased in numbers, and still more in the extravagance of their adulations.

Napoleon quitted Paris in the middle of April, and on the 18th reached the banks of the Saale; where the troops he had been mustering and organizing in France had now been joined by Eugene Beauharnois and the garrison of Magdeburg. The czar and his Prussian ally were known to be at Dresden; and it soon appeared that, while they meditated a march westward on Leipsic, the French intended to move eastward with the view of securing the possession of that great city. Of the armies thus about to meet each other's shock in the heart of Saxony, there is no doubt that Buonaparte's was considerably the more numerous. His activity had been worthy of his reputation; and a host nearly 200,000 strong was already concentrated for action, while reserves to nearly a similar extent were gradually forming behind him on the Rhine. The Russians had not as yet pushed forward more than half their disposable troops beyond the Vistula—

wherever the blame lay, such was the fact; the Prussians, unanimous as their patriotism was, had only had three months to re-organize their establishments. Under such circumstances, the advance of the allies beyond the Elbe could only have proceeded from their ardent wish to stimulate the spirit of insurrection in the kingdom of Saxony, and the neighbouring states. It was obviously Napoleon's interest to bring them to action while their numbers were thus unequal, and ere the sole object of their hazardous advance could be realized.

The armies met sooner than he had ventured to hope, on the first of May, near the town of Lutzen, celebrated already as the scene of the battle in which king Gustavus Adolphus died. The allies crossed the Elster suddenly, under the cover of a thick morning fog, and attacked the left flank of the French, who had been advancing in column, and who thus commenced the action under heavy disadvantages. But the emperor so skilfully altered the arrangement of his army, that, ere the day closed, the allies were more afraid of being enclosed to their ruin within his two wings, than hopeful of being able to cut through and destroy that part of his force which they had originally charged and weakened, and which had now become his centre. Night interrupted the conflict. They retreated next morning, leaving Napoleon in possession of the field. But here the advantage stopped. The slain of the one army were not more numerous than those of the other; and the allies, convinced of their mistake, but neither broken nor discouraged, fell back leisurely on Leipsic, thence on Dresden, and finally across the Elbe to Bautzen, without leaving either prisoners or guns in the hands of the French. The victory of Lutzen was blazoned abroad, as having restored all its glory to the eagle of Napoleon; but he clearly perceived that the days were no more in which a single battle determined the fate of a cam-

paign, and an empire. It was at Lutzen that marshal Bessieres died.

Napoleon entered Dresden on the 6th, and on the 12th was joined there by the king of Saxony, who certainly had been individually a gainer by his alliance, and who still adhered to it, in opposition to the wishes both of his people and his army. The Saxon troops, who had been wavering, once more submitted to act in concert with the French; and Hamburg, which city had partaken in the movement of Prussia, and all the country to the left of the Elbe, fell back, for the moment, into their hands. The cruelty with which the defection of Hamburg, in particular, was now revenged on the inhabitants by marshal Davoust, has consigned to lasting abhorrence the name of that able but heartless satellite of Napoleon. All the atrocities of Junot and Massena, in Portugal, in 1808 and 1809, were equalled on the banks of the Elbe, by Davoust, in the summer of 1813.

While the emperor paused at Dresden, Ney made various demonstrations in the direction of Berlin, with the view of inducing the allies to quit Bautzen; but it soon became manifest that they had resolved to sacrifice the Prussian capital, if it were necessary, rather than forego their position; by adhering to which they well knew Buonaparte must ultimately be compelled to carry his main force into a difficult and mountainous country, in place of acting in the open plains of Saxony and Brandenburg. They were, moreover, desirous to remain in the neighbourhood of Bohemia for another reason. The Austrian emperor had again renewed his negotiation with Napoleon; urging him to accept his mediation for the conclusion of a general peace, and at the same time giving him to understand that such a peace could not be obtained, unless he would consent to be satisfied with the frontier of the Rhine, and restore effectively the independence of the Ger-

man nation. Napoleon's conferences with Bubna, the Austrian envoy, were frequent and long; but they ended where they began. He was well aware, however, that the emperor Francis was increasing his military establishment largely, and that a great body of troops was already concentrated behind the mountainous frontier of Bohemia. He could not but see that Austria regarded herself as enabled and entitled to turn the scale on whichsoever side she might choose; and he determined to crush the army which had retreated from Lutzen, ere the ceremonious cabinet of Vienna should have time to come to a distinct understanding with the head-quarters of Alexander and Frederick William. Victory, he clearly saw, could alone serve his interests with the Austrian.

Having replaced by wood-work some arches of the magnificent bridge over the Elbe, at Dresden, which the allies had blown up on their retreat, Napoleon now moved towards Bautzen, and came in sight of the position on the morning of the 21st of May. Its strength was obviously great. In their front was the river Spree: wooded hills supported their right, and eminences well fortified their left. The action began with an attempt to turn their right, but Barclay de Tolly anticipated this movement, and repelled it with such vigour, that a whole column of 7000 dispersed, and fled into the hills of Bohemia for safety. The emperor then determined to pass the Spree in front of the enemy, and they permitted him to do so, rather than come down from their position. He took up his quarters in the town of Bautzen, and his whole army bivouacked in presence of the allies. The battle was resumed at daybreak on the 22d; when Ney on the right, and Oudinot on the left, attempted simultaneously to turn the flanks of the position; while Soult and Napoleon himself directed charge after charge on the centre. During four hours the struggle was maintained with

unflinching obstinacy; the wooded heights, where Blucher commanded, had been taken and retaken several times—the bloodshed, on either side, had been terrible—ere, the situation of both flanks being apparent, the allies perceived the necessity either of retiring, or of continuing the fight against superior numbers on disadvantageous ground. They withdrew accordingly; but still with all the deliberate coolness of a parade: halting at every favourable spot, and renewing their cannonade. "What," exclaimed Napoleon, "no results! not a gun! not a prisoner!—these people will not leave me so much as a nail." During the whole day he urged the pursuit with impetuous rage, reproaching even his chosen generals as "creeping scoundrels," and exposing his own person in the very hottest of the fire. By his side was Duroc, the grand master of the palace, his dearest—many said, ere now, his only friend. Bruyeres, another old associate of the Italian wars, was struck down in their view. "Duroc," whispered Napoleon, "fortune has a spite at us this day." A few minutes afterward, Duroc himself was mortally wounded. The emperor instantly ordered a halt, and remained all the afternoon in front of his tent, surrounded by the guard, who did not witness his affliction without tears. From this time he would listen to no reports or suggestions.—"Every thing to-morrow," was his invariable answer. He stood by Duroc while he died; drew up with his own hand an epitaph to be placed over his remains by the pastor of the place, who received 200 Napoleons to defray the expense of a fitting monument; and issued also a decree in favour of his departed friend's children. Thus closed the 22d. The allies, being strongly posted during most of the day, had suffered less than the French; the latter had lost 15,000, the former 10,000 men.

They continued their retreat into upper Silesia; and Napoleon advanced to Breslau, and released

the garrison of Glogau. Meanwhile, the Austrian, having watched these indecisive though bloody fields, once more renewed his offers of mediation. The sovereigns of Russia and Prussia expressed great willingness to accept it; and Napoleon also appears to have been sincerely desirous for the moment of bringing his disputes to a peaceful termination. He agreed to an armistice, and in arranging its conditions, agreed to fall back out of Silesia; thus enabling the allied princes to re-open communications with Berlin. The lines of country to be occupied by the armies, respectively, during the truce, were at length settled, and it was signed on the 1st of June. Napoleon then returned to Dresden, and a general congress of diplomatists prepared to meet at Prague.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Napoleon's Interview with Metternich—Advice of his Ministers and Generals—Intelligence from Spain—Battle of Vittoria—Congress of Prague dissolved—Austria declares War—Battle of Dresden—Death of Moreau—Battle of Culm—Surrender of Vandamme—Battles of Grossbeeren, Wahlstadt, and Dennewitz—Napoleon retires from the Elbe—The Battle of Leipsic—The Battle of Hanau—The Allies on the Rhine.

England alone refused to send any representative to Prague, alleging that Buonaparte had as yet signified no disposition to recede from his pretensions on Spain, and that he had consented to the armistice with the sole view of gaining time for political intrigue, and further military preparation. It may be doubted whether any of the allied powers who took part in the congress did so with much hope that the disputes with Napoleon could find a peaceful end. His recent successes were to the general view daz-

zling, however in reality unproductive, and must have been supposed to quicken the flame of his pride. But it was of the utmost importance to gain time for the advance of Bernadotte; for the arrival of new reinforcements from Russia; for the completion of the Prussian organization; and, above all, for determining the policy of Vienna.

Metternich, the Austrian minister, repaired in person to Dresden; and, while inferior diplomatists wasted time in endless discussions at Prague, one interview between him and Napoleon brought the whole question to a definite issue. The emperor had hitherto seen in Metternich only a smooth and elegant courtier, and he expected to bear him down by military violence and rudeness. He assumed at once that Austria had no wish but to drive a good bargain for herself, and asked broadly, *What is your price? Will Illyria satisfy you? I only wish you to be neutral—I can deal with these Russians and Prussians single-handed.* Metternich stated plainly that the time in which Austria could be neutral was past; that the situation of Europe at large must be considered. Napoleon insinuated that he would be happy to dismember Prussia, and give half her territories to Austria. Metternich replied, that his government was resolved to be gained by no share in the spoils of others; that events had proved the impossibility of a steadfast peace, unless the sovereigns of the continent were restored to the rank of independence; in a word, that the Rhenish confederacy must be broken up; that France must be contented with the boundary of the Rhine, and pretend no longer to maintain her usurped and unnatural influence in Germany. Napoleon replied by a gross personal insult: *Come, Metternich,* said he, *tell me honestly how much the English have given you to take their part against me.*

The Austrian court at length sent a formal document, containing its *ultimatum*: the tenor of which

Metternich had sufficiently indicated in this conversation. Talleyrand and Fouché, who had now arrived from Paris, urged Napoleon to accede to the terms proposed. They represented to him the madness of rousing all Europe to conspire for his destruction, and insinuated that the progress of discontent was rapid in France itself. Their arguments were backed by intelligence of the most disastrous character from Spain. Wellington, on perceiving that Napoleon had somewhat weakened his armies in that country, when preparing for his Saxon campaign, had once more advanced from the Portuguese frontier. He was now in possession of the supreme authority over the Spanish armies, as well as the Portuguese and English, and had appeared in greater force than ever. The French line of defences on the Douro had been turned and abandoned: their armies had concentrated to withstand him at Vittoria, and there on the 21st of June, king Joseph and marshal Jourdan had sustained a total defeat. They were now retreating towards the Pyrenees, chased from post to post by an enemy who, as it seemed, bid fair to terminate his campaign by an invasion of the south-western provinces of France. Napoleon was urged by his military, as well as political advisers, to appreciate duly the crisis which his affairs had reached. Berthier, and indeed almost all the generals on whose opinions he had been accustomed to place reliance, concurred in pressing him, either to make peace on the terms proposed, or to draw in his garrisons on the Oder and Elbe, whereby he would strengthen his army with 50,000 veterans, and retire to the Rhine. There, they said, with such a force assembled on such a river, and with all the resources of France behind him, he might bid defiance to the united armies of Europe, and, at worst, obtain a peace that would leave him in secure tenure of a nobler dominion than any of the kings, his predecessors had ever

hoped to possess. "Ten lost battles," said he, "would not sink me lower than you would have me to place myself by my own voluntary act; but one battle gained enables me to seize Berlin and Breslau, and make peace on terms compatible with my glory." He proceeded to insult both ministers and generals by insinuations that they were actuated by selfish motives; complained haughtily that they seemed disposed to draw distinctions between the country and the sovereign; and ended by announcing that he did not wish for any plans of theirs, but their service in the execution of his.

Thus blinded by arrogance and self-confidence, and incapable of weighing any other considerations against what he considered as the essence of his personal glory, Napoleon refused to abate one iota of his pretensions until it was too late. Then, indeed, whether more accurate intelligence from Spain had reached him, or the accounts of those who had been watching the unremitting preparations of the allies in his neighbourhood had at length found due weight—then, indeed, he did show symptoms of concession. A courier arrived at Prague with a note, in which he signified his willingness to accede to a considerable number of the Austrian stipulations. But this was on the 11th of August. The day preceding was that on which, by the agreement, the armistice was to end. On that day Austria had signed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Russia and Prussia. On the night between the 10th and 11th, rockets answering rockets from height to height along the frontiers of Bohemia and Silesia, had announced to all the armies of the allies this accession of strength, and the immediate recommencement of hostilities.

On neither side had the pending negotiation been permitted for a moment to interrupt or slacken military preparation. Napoleon had sent Beauharnois into Italy, to be ready in case of any Austrian de-

monstration in that quarter; and general Wrede, with the Bavarian army, guarded his rear. An Austrian army, 60,000 strong, was now ready to pass the Alps; and, to watch Wrede, another corps of 40,000, under the prince of Reuss, had taken their station. These were minor arrangements. The forces now assembled around Napoleon himself were full 250,000 in number, and disposed as follows: Macdonald lay with 100,000 at Buntzlaw, on the border of Silesia; another corps of 50,000 had their head-quarters at Zittau, in Lusatia; St. Cyr, with 20,000, was at Pirna, on the great pass from Bohemia; Oudinot at Leipsic, with 60,000; while with the emperor himself at Dresden remained 25,000 of the imperial guard, the flower of France. The reader, on referring to the map, will perceive that these corps were so distributed as to present a formidable front on every point where it was likely the allies should hazard an attack, and, moreover, so that Napoleon could speedily reinforce any threatened position with his reserve from Dresden.—For the armies to be opposed were thus situated: behind the Erzgebirge, or Metallic Mountains, and having their head-quarters at Prague, lay *the grand army of the allies*, consisting of 120,000 Austrians and 80,000 Russians and Prussians, commanded in chief by the Austrian general Schwartzenberg. The French corps at Zittau and Pirna were prepared to encounter these, should they attempt to force their way into Saxony, either on the right or the left of the Elbe. The second army of the allies, consisting of 80,000 Russians and Prussians, called the *army of Silesia*, and commanded by Blucher, lay in advance of Breslau. The French corps at Zittau and Buntzlau were in communication, and could confront Blucher wherever he might attempt to approach the Elbe. Lastly, the crown prince of Sweden was at Berlin, with 30,000 of his own troops, and 60,000 Russians and Prussians. Oudinot and Macdonald

were so stationed that he could not approach the upper valley of the Elbe without confronting one or other of them, and they also had the means of mutual communication and support. The French had garrisons at Wittemberg, Magdeburg, and elsewhere on the Elbe; and between the main armies of the allies were various flying corps of Russian and Prussian light troops.

On the whole, Dresden formed the centre of a comparatively small circle, completely occupied by the French; while the allies might be considered as lying on part of a much wider circle beyond them. Napoleon had evidently arranged his troops with the view of provoking his enemies to make isolated assaults, and so beating them in detail. But he was now opposed by generals well acquainted with his system of tactics, and who had accordingly prepared a counter-scheme expressly calculated to baffle the plan of arrangements on which he had reckoned. The commanders of the three allied armies agreed, that whosoever of them should be first assailed or pressed by the French, should on no account accept battle, but retreat; thus tempting Napoleon in person to follow, leaving Dresden open to the assault of some other great branch of their confederacy, and so enabling them at once to seize all his magazines, to break the communications between the remaining divisions of his army, and interpose a hostile force in the rear of them all—between the Elbe and the Rhine. The plan of the allies is supposed to have been drawn up by two generals who had often served under Napoleon—Bernadotte, the crown prince of Sweden, and Moreau, who had some time ere this accepted the invitation of the emperor Alexander, and returned from his American exile, to take part in the war—which now, in the opinion of many, had for its object the emancipation of France itself, as well as of the other countries of Europe. The conduct of Moreau, in placing himself in the ranks of the

allies, will be praised or condemned, according as men judge him to have been swayed by patriotic motives, or by those of personal resentment and ambition. There can be no question that his arrival brought a great accession of military skill to their councils.

Blucher made the first movement; and no sooner did Napoleon understand that he was threatening the position of Macdonald than he quitted Dresden (15th August) with his guard and a powerful force of cavalry, and proceeded to the support of his lieutenant. Blucher adhered faithfully to the general plan, and retired across the Katsbach, in the face of his enemies. Napoleon was still pursuing him in the direction of the Neiss and Breslau, when he was informed that Schwartzenberg had rushed down from the Bohemian hills. He instantly abandoned Blucher to the care of Macdonald, and sent his guards back to Dresden, whither he himself also began his journey early on the 23d.

Having driven St. Cyr, and his 20,000 men, before him, Schwartzenberg (with whom were the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia in person) made his appearance on the heights to the south of the Saxon capital, on the 25th. The army of St. Cyr had thrown themselves into the city, and it was now surrounded with fortifications of considerable strength. Yet had this vast host attacked it at once, there is every reason to believe it must have fallen ere Napoleon could have returned from Silesia. They delayed, for whatever reason, until daybreak on the 26th; and then assailed Dresden in six columns, each more numerous than its garrison. St. Cyr already began to despair, when the imperial guard made their appearance, crossing the bridge from the eastern side of the Elbe, and in the midst of them Napoleon. A German author* says, "It was then

* Hoffman's Account of his own Life.

that, for the first time, I beheld his face. He came on, with the eye of a tyrant, and the voice of a lion, urging his breathless and eager soldiers." Two sallies were on the instant executed by these troops, hot as they were from their long and toilsome march. The allies were driven back for some space. Night set in, and the two armies remained in presence till the morning. Then, amid a fierce storm of wind and rain, Napoleon renewed the battle. 200,000 men (such had been the rapid decision of his orders to his various generals) were now gathered round him, and he poured them out with such skill, on either flank of the enemy's line, that ere the close of the day, they were forced to withdraw altogether from their attempt. Ney and Murat on the left flank, and Vandamme on the right (at Pirna), had taken possession of the two chief roads into Bohemia, and in consequence they were compelled to retreat by the comparatively difficult country paths between. On either side 8,000 men had been slain or wounded; but with the French there remained from 15 to 20,000 prisoners, and twenty-six cannon; and the ablest of all the enemy's generals had fallen.

Early in the day, Buonaparte himself ordered some half-dozen cannon to be fired at once upon a group, apparently of reconnoitring officers, and this was followed by a movement which was thought to indicate that some personage of importance had been wounded. A peasant came in the evening, and brought with him a bloody boot and a greyhound, both the property, he said, of the great man who was no more: the name on the collar was *Moreau*. Both his legs had been shot off. He continued to smoke a segar while they were amputated and dressed, in the presence of Alexander, and died shortly after; thus, if he had erred, paying the early forfeit of his errors.

But fortune had only revisited the banners of her ancient favourite with a momentary gleam of sun-

shine. The fatigues he had undergone between the 15th and 28th of August would have broken any other frame, and they, for the time, weakened his. It is said that a mess of mutton and garlic, the only food he tasted on the 26th, had besides deranged his stomach. Unable to remain with the columns in the rear of Schwartzenberg, he returned to Dresden, weary and sick; and thenceforth evil tidings awaited him.

Vandamme continued the pursuit on the Pirna road. Seduced by the enormous prize which lay before him at Tœpletz, where the chief magazines of the allies had been established, and on which all their broken columns were now endeavouring to re-assemble, this rude and hot-headed soldier incautiously advanced beyond the wooden heights of Peterswald into the valley of Culm. A Russian corps suddenly turned on him, and formed in line of battle. Their general, count D'Osterman, assured them that the life of "their father" depended on their steadfastness; and no effort could shake them. The battle continued till night, when Vandamme ought undoubtedly to have retired to Peterswald. He lingered till the morning of the 30th;—when behind him, on those very heights, appeared the Prussian corps of Kleist, who had been wandering and lost their way amid the forests. The French rushed up the hill in despair, thinking they were intercepted by design. The Prussians on their part, doubted not that some other division of Napoleon's force was hard behind them, and rushed down—with the same fear, and the same impetuosity. The Russians advanced and completed the disarray. The field was covered with dead: Vandamme and nearly 8,000 men laid down their arms. Many eagles were taken—the rest of the army dispersed in utter confusion among the hills.

This news reached Napoleon, still sick at Dresden. "Such," said he to Murat, "is the fortune of

war—high in the morning—low ere night. Between triumph and ruin there intervenes but a step." A map lay stretched on the table before him; he took his compasses, and measuring distances on it with an idle hand, repeated the lines of one of his favourite poets:

"J'ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années;
Du monde, entre mes mains, j'ai vu les destinées;
Et j'ai toujours connu qu'en chaque evénement
Le destin des etats dependait d'un moment."

Hard on the tidings of Culm followed others of the same complexion. No sooner did Blucher perceive that Napoleon had retired from Silesia than he resumed the offensive, and descended from the position he had taken up at Jauer. He encountered Macdonald, who was by no means prepared for this boldness, on the plains between Wahlstadt and the river Katsbach, on the 26th of August, and after a hard fought day gained a complete victory.* The French lost 15,000 men and 100 guns, and fell back on Dresden. Oudinot, meanwhile, had advanced from Leipsic towards Berlin, with the view of preventing Bernadotte from effecting a junction with Blucher, or overwhelming the French garrisons lower down the Elbe. The crown prince, however, met and defeated him at Grossbeeren, on the 23d of August; took Luckau, where 1000 men were in garrison, on the 28th; and continued to advance towards Wittemberg, under the walls of which city Oudinot at length concentrated all his forces. Napoleon, perceiving the importance of this point, sent Ney with new troops, and gave him the chief command, with strict orders to force his way to Berlin; so placing Bernadotte between the Leipsic army and himself at Dresden. Ney endeavoured to pass the Swedes without a battle, but failed in this

* Blucher was created prince of Wahlstadt.

attempt. A general action was forced on him on the 7th of September, at Dennewitz. He also was wholly defeated: 10,000 prisoners and forty-six guns remained in the hands of Bernadotte; and Ney retreated in confusion upon Torgau.

Napoleon had now recovered his health and activity; and the exertions which he made at this period were never surpassed, even by himself. On the 3d of September he was in quest of Blucher, who had now advanced near to the Elbe; but the Prussian retired, and baffled him as before. Returning to Dresden he received the news of Dennewitz, and immediately afterward heard that Witgenstein had a second time descended towards Pirna. He flew thither on the instant; the Russian also gave way, according to the general plan of the campaign; and Buonaparte once more returned to Dresden on the 12th. Again he was told that Blucher, on the one side, and Witgenstein, on the other, were availing themselves of his absence, and advancing. He once more returned to Pirna: a third time the Russian retired. Napoleon followed him as far as Peterswald, and, having contemplated with his own eyes the scene of Vandamme's catastrophe, once more returned to his centre point.

Not all Ney's exertions could prevent Bernadotte and Blucher from at length effecting their junction to the west of the Elbe. The marshal, having witnessed the combination of these armies, retreated to Leipsic. Napoleon ordered Regnier and Bertrand to march suddenly from Dresden on Berlin, in the hope of recalling Blucher; but the veteran persisted. Meantime, Schwartzenberg was found to be skirting round the hills to the westward, as if for the purpose of joining Blucher and Bernadotte in the neighbourhood of Leipsic. It became manifest to all that Dresden had ceased to be the key of Napoleon's defence: yet he clung to the Elbe, as he had done to the Kremlin.

He lingered at Dresden at least three weeks after all rational hope of holding that river was gone; and even at the last, when he perceived the necessity of transferring his person to Leipsic, he could not be persuaded to call in his garrisons scattered down the valley, which he still hoped some turn of events would enable him to revisit in triumph.

Towards Leipsic, however, as on a common centre, the forces of France, and all her enemies, were now at length converging. Napoleon reached that venerable city on the 15th of October, and almost immediately the heads of Schwartzenberg's columns began to appear towards the south. It was necessary to prepare on the northern side also, in case Bernadotte and Blucher should appear ere the grand army was disposed of; and, lastly, it was necessary to secure effectually the ground to the west of Leipsic;—a series of marshy meadows interfused with the numerous branches of the Pleisse and the Elster, through which lies the only road to France. Napoleon, having made all his preparations, reconnoitred every out-post in person, and distributed eagles, in great form, to some new regiments which had just joined him. The ceremonial was splendid; the soldiers knelt before the emperor, and in presence of all the line: military mass was performed, and the young warriors swore to die rather than witness the dishonour of France. Upon this scene the sun descended; and with it the star of Napoleon went down for ever.

At midnight, three rockets, emitting a brilliant white light, sprung into the heavens to the south of the city; these marked the position on which Schwartzenberg (having now with him the emperor of Austria, as well as Alexander and Frederick William) had fixed his head-quarters. They were answered by four rockets of a deep red colour, ascending on the instant from the northern horizon; and Napoleon doubted not that he was to sustain

on the morrow the assault of Blucher and Bernadotte, as well as of the grand army of the allies. Blucher was indeed ready to co-operate with Schwartzenberg; and though the crown prince had not yet reached his ground, the numerical superiority of the enemy was very great. Buonaparte had with him, to defend the line of villages to the south and north of Leipsic, 136,000 men; while, even in the absence of Bernadotte, who might be hourly looked for, the allies mustered not less than 230,000.

The battle commenced on the southern side, at daybreak of the 16th. The allies charged the French line there six times in succession, and were as often repelled. Napoleon then charged in his turn, and with such effect, that Murat's cavalry were at one time in possession of a great gap between the two wings of the enemy. The Cossacks of the Russian imperial guard, however, encountered the French horse, and pushed them back again. The combat raged without intermission until nightfall: three cannon shots, discharged at the extremity of either line, then marked, as if preconcertedly, the pause of battle; and both armies bivouacked exactly where the morning light had found them. Such was the issue on the south, where Napoleon himself commanded. Marmont, his lieutenant on the northern side, was less fortunate. Blucher attacked him with a vast superiority of numbers: nothing could be more obstinate than his defence; but he lost many prisoners and guns, was driven from his original ground, and occupied, when the day closed, a new line of positions, much nearer the walls of the city.

Gallant as the behaviour of his troops had been, the result satisfied Napoleon that he must finally retreat from Leipsic; and he now made a sincere effort to obtain peace. General Mehrfeldt, the same Austrian officer who had come to his head-quarters

after the battle of Austerlitz, to pray for an armistice on the part of the emperor Francis, had been made prisoner in the course of the day, and Napoleon resolved to employ him as his messenger. Mehrfeldt informed him that the king of Bavaria had at length acceded to the alliance. This intelligence added to his perplexities, already sufficiently great, the prospect of finding a new enemy stationed on the line of his march to France. He entreated the Austrian to request for him the personal intercession of Francis. "I will renounce Poland and Illyria," said he, "Holland, the Hanse Towns, and Spain. I will consent to lose the sovereignty of the kingdom of Italy, provided that state remain as an independent one—and I will evacuate all Germany. Adieu! count Mehrfeldt, when on my part you name the word armistice to the two emperors, I doubt not the sound will awaken many recollections."

It was now too late: the allied princes had sworn to each other to entertain no treaty while one French soldier remained on the eastern side of the Rhine. Napoleon received no answer to his message; and prepared for the difficult task of retreating with 100,000 men, through a crowded town, in presence of an enemy already twice as numerous, and in hourly expectation of being joined by a third great and victorious army.

During the 17th the battle was not renewed, except by a distant and partial cannonade. The allies were resolved to have the support of Bernadotte in the decisive contest.

At eight in the morning of the 18th it began, and continued until nightfall without intermission. Buonaparte had contracted on the south, as well as on the north, the circuit of his defence; and never was his generalship, or the gallantry of his troops, more brilliantly displayed than throughout this terrible day. Calm and collected, the emperor again

presided in person on the southern side, and again, where he was present, in spite of the vast superiority of the enemy's numbers, the French maintained their ground to the end. On the north, the arrival of Bernadotte enabled Blucher to push his advantages with irresistible effect; and the situation of Marmont and Ney (now also stationed on that side) was further perplexed by the shameful defection of 10,000 Saxons, who went over with all their artillery to the enemy, in the very midst of the battle. The two marshals, therefore, were compelled to retire from point to point, and at nightfall lay almost close to the walls of Leipsic. Three cannon shot, as before, marked the general termination of the battle.

The loss on either side had been great. Napoleon's army consisted chiefly of very young men—many were merely boys—the produce of his forestalled conscriptions: yet they fought as bravely as the guard. The behaviour of the Germans, on the other hand, at length considering their freedom and independence as hanging on the fortune of a single field, had been answerable to the deep enthusiasm of that thoughtful people. The burghers of Leipsic surveyed from their towers and steeples one of the longest, sternest, and bloodiest of battles: and the situation of the king of Saxony, who remained all the while in the heart of his ancient city, may be imagined.

Napoleon gave orders at midnight for the commencement of the inevitable retreat; and while the darkness lasted, the troops continued to file through the town, and across the two bridges, over the Plesse, beyond its walls. One of these bridges was a temporary fabric, and it broke down ere daylight came to show to the enemy the movement of the French. The confusion necessarily accompanying the march of a whole army, through narrow streets and upon a single bridge, was fearful. The allies

stormed at the gates on either side, and but for the heroism of Macdonald and Poniatowski, to whom Napoleon intrusted the defence of the suburbs, it is doubted whether he himself could have escaped in safety. At nine in the morning of the 19th, he bade farewell for ever to the king of Saxony, who remained to make what terms he could with the allied sovereigns. The battle was ere then raging all round the walls.

At eleven o'clock the allies had gathered close to the bridge from either wing; and the walls over against it had been intrusted to Saxons, who now, like their brethren of the day before, turned their fire on the French. The officer to whom Napoleon had committed the task of blowing up the bridge, when the advance of the enemy should render this necessary, conceived that the time was come, and set fire to his train. The crowd of men, urging each other on the point of safety, could not at once be stopped. Soldiers and horses, cannons and wains, rolled headlong into the deep though narrow river; which renewed, though on a smaller scale, the horrors of the Beresina. Marshal Macdonald swam the stream in safety: the gallant Poniatowski, the hope and pride of Poland, had been twice wounded ere he plunged his horse into the current, and he sunk to rise no more. Twenty-five thousand Frenchmen, the means of escape entirely cut off, laid down their arms within the city. Four sovereigns, each entering at the head of his own victorious army, met at noon in the great market-place of Leipsic: and all the exultation of that solemn hour would have been partaken by the inhabitants, but for the fate of their own sovereign, personally esteemed and beloved, who now vainly entreated to be admitted to the presence of the conquerors, and was sent forthwith as a prisoner of war to Berlin.

Napoleon, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, lost at Leipsic at least 50,000 men.

The retreat of the French through Saxony was accompanied with every disaster which a hostile peasantry, narrowness of supplies, and the persevering pursuits of the Cossacks and other light troops could inflict on a disordered and disheartened mass of men. The soldiers moved on, while under the eye of Napoleon, in gloomy silence: wherever he was not present, they set every rule of discipline at naught, and were guilty of the most frightful excesses. The emperor conducted himself as became a great mind amid great misfortunes. He appeared at all times calm and self-possessed; receiving, every day that he advanced, new tidings of evil.

He halted two days at Erfurt, where extensive magazines had been established, employing all his energies in the restoration of discipline; and would have remained longer, had he not learned that the victors of Leipsic were making progress on either flank of his march, while the Bavarians (so recently his allies) reinforced by some Austrian divisions, were moving rapidly to take post between him and the Rhine. He resumed his march, therefore, on the 25th. It was here that Murat quitted the army. Notwithstanding the unpleasant circumstances under which he had retired to Naples in January, Joachim had reappeared when the emperor fixed his head-quarters at Dresden in the summer, and served with his usual gallantry throughout the rest of the campaign. The state of Italy now demanded his presence; and the two brothers-in-law, after all their differences, embraced each other warmly and repeatedly at parting—as if under a mutual presentiment that they were parting to meet no more.

The Austro-Bavarians had taken up a position amid the woods near Hanau ere the emperor approached the Mayne. He came up with them in the morning of the 30th, and his troops charged on the instant with the fury of desperation. Buonaparte

cut his way through ere nightfall, and Marmont, with the rear, had equal success on the 31st. In these actions there fell 6000 of the French; but the enemy had 10,000 killed or wounded, and lost 4000 prisoners, and these losses would have been far greater but for the ready wit of a patriotic miller, who, watching the tide of battle, suddenly let the water into his mill-stream, and thus interposed a seasonable obstacle between the French cavalry and some German infantry, whom they had been driving before them: a service which the king of Prussia subsequently rewarded with munificence.

The pursuit on the road which Napoleon adopted had been intrusted to the Austrians, who urged it with far less vigour than the Prussians under the fiery guidance of Blucher would probably have exerted. No considerable annoyance, therefore, succeeded to the battle of Hanau. The relics of the French host at length passed the Rhine; and the emperor, having quitted them at Mentz, arrived in Paris on the 9th of November.

The armies of Austria and Prussia at length halted on the Rhine. To the Germans of every age this great river has been the object of an affection and reverence scarcely inferior to that with which an Egyptian contemplates the Nile, or the Indian his Ganges. When these brave bands, having achieved the rescue of their native soil, came in sight of this its ancient landmark, the burthen of a hundred songs, they knelt and shouted, *the Rhine! the Rhine!* as with the heart and voice of one man. They that were behind rushed on, hearing the cry, in expectation of another battle.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Declaration of the Allies at Frankfort—Revolution of Holland—Liberation of the Pope and Ferdinand VII.—Obstinacy of Napoleon—His military Preparations—Dissolution of the Legislative Senate.

Of the events which crowded upon each other in the space of a few weeks after the overthrow of Leipsic, any one would in times less extraordinary have been sufficient to form an epoch in history. Having once reached the summit of his greatness, the long-favoured child of fortune was destined to sink even more rapidly than he had ascended. Every day added some new alliance to the camp of his foreign enemies; and every hour that passed brought with it clearer indications that the French nation (considered apart from the army) were weary utterly of the very names of War, and Ambition, and Napoleon.

The fabric of his German empire crumbled into nothing, as at the spell of a magician. Hanover returned to the dominion of its rightful sovereign immediately. Brunswick, Hesse, and the other states which had formed Jerome's kingdom of Westphalia, followed the same example. The confederation of the Rhine was dissolved for ever; and the princes who had adhered to that league were permitted to expiate their, in most cases involuntary, error, by now bringing a year's revenue and a double conscription to the banner of the allies. Bernadotte turned from Leipsic to reduce the garrisons which Napoleon, in the rashness of his presumption, had disdained to call in, even when compelled to evacuate Dresden; and one by one they fell, though in most cases—particularly at Dantzic, Wittemberg, and Hamburg—the resistance was obstinate and long.

The crown prince, having witnessed the reduction of some of these fortresses, and intrusted the siege of the others to his lieutenants, then invaded Denmark, and the government of that country perceived the necessity of acceding to the European alliance, by whatever fine its long adhesion to Napoleon might be expiated. The treaty was concluded at Keil, on the 14th of January, 1814. Sweden yielded Pomerania to Denmark; Denmark gave up Norway to Sweden; and 10,000 Danish troops having joined his standard, Bernadotte then turned his face towards the Netherlands.

In Holland, no sooner had the story of Leipsic reached it than a complete, though bloodless, revolution was effected. The cry of *orange boven*, "up with the orange," burst simultaneously from every part of the country: the French governors, yielding to a power which they perceived the absurdity of attempting to resist, retired on the instant, and the long exiled stadtholder, the prince of Orange, returning in triumph from England, assumed the administration of affairs in November, 1813. A few French garrisons remained shut up in strong places, of which the most important was Bergen-up-Zoom; and Bernadotte now co-operated with the Russian corps of Witzengerode, the Prussians of Bulow, and a British force of 10,000, under Sir T. Graham,* with the view of completing the deliverance of Holland; which was ere long effected, with the exception of Bergen-up-Zoom, from whose walls the English were repulsed with dreadful slaughter.

On the side of Italy the aspect of affairs was almost as dark. General Hiller, having conducted an Austrian army through the Tyrol, as soon as the decision of his government was taken, had defeated Eugene Beauharnois, and driven him behind the Adige. The Croats, the Tyrolese, all the Illyrians

* Now lord Lynedoch.

were rising, and—so far from giving aid in the defence of the French soil—it was manifest that the viceroy could hardly hope to maintain himself much longer in Lombardy. An English naval force had already taken Trieste: the Adriatic was free; and, to complete Napoleon's perplexity as to this quarter, it was no longer a secret that Murat, his brother-in-law, his creature, was negotiating with Austria, and willing, provided Naples were guaranteed to him, to array the force of that state also on the side of the confederacy.

As little comfort could Buonaparte derive if he turned to the Pyrenees. He had sent Soult thither from Dresden, to retrieve if possible the fortunes of the army defeated in June at Vittoria; and that most able general, with considerable reinforcements, had entered Spain, and attempted to relieve the siege of Pamplona—of which strong place, as well as St. Sebastian, lord Wellington had resolved to be master ere he should pass the French frontier with his victorious army. But Soult also had been twice defeated: the fortresses had fallen: except a detached and now useless force under Suchet in Catalonia, there remained no longer a single French soldier in Spain. The peninsula had been at length delivered by the genius of Wellington; and his army were cantoned within the territory of France ere the close of the campaign. Such were the tidings which reached Napoleon from his Italian and Spanish frontiers, at the very moment when it was necessary for him to make head against the Russians, the Austrians, and the Germans, chiefly armed and supplied at the expense of England, and now rapidly concentrating in three great masses on different points of the valley of the Rhine.

Nor were even these the worst tidings. Two parties, of which one had not of late years attracted much public notice, and the other had as long wanted efficient leaders, were well known ere now to be

labouring throughout France, though not as yet in conjunction, for one common purpose—the deposition of Buonaparte. The royalists had recovered a great share of their ancient influence in the society of Paris, even before the disasters of the Russian expedition. The exiled Bourbon had found means to distribute proclamations early in 1813: his agents had ever since been exerting themselves indefatigably, both in Paris and in the provinces, especially in those of the west. The mayor of Bordeaux (Lynch) was at the head of a loyal association, comprehending the chief inhabitants of that great city, and already in communication with the marquis of Wellington, who, however, felt it his duty to check them on this occasion, lest the progress of events should render their efforts fruitless to Louis, and fatal to themselves. La Roche Jacquelein (a name already so illustrious in La Vendée) had once more prepared that faithful province for insurrection. Saintonge had been organized by the Abbé Jaqualt; Perigord by Messieurs de la Roche Aymon; and in the countries about Nantes, Angers, and Orleans, great bands, consisting partly of Buonaparte's own refractory conscripts, were in training under the counts De L'Orge, D'Anticham, and Susannet. The royalist gentlemen of Touraine, to the number of 1000, were headed by the duke of Duras; those of Brittany were mustering around count Vittray, and various chieftains of the old Chouans; and Cadoudal, brother to Georges, was among the peasantry of Varnes. These names, most of them well known in the early period of the revolution, are of themselves sufficient to show how ineffectually the Buonapartean government had endeavoured, during thirteen years, to extinguish the old fire of royalty. It had all the while glowed under the ashes, and was now ready to burst forth shining and bright. The Bourbon princes watched the course of events with eager hope. The duke of Berri was already in

Jersey, Monsieur (now Charles X.) in the Netherlands, and the duke D'Angouleme about to make his appearance at the head-quarters of Wellington in Bearn, the cradle of his race. The republicans, meanwhile,—those enthusiasts of the revolution, who had in the beginning considered Buonaparte's consulate as a dictatorship forced on France by the necessities of the time, and to be got rid of as soon as opportunity should serve—and who had long since been wholly alienated from him by his assumption of the imperial dignity, his creation of orders and nobles, his alliance with the house of Austria, and the complete despotism of his internal government—these men had observed, with hardly less delight than the royalists, that succession of reverses which darkens the story of the last two campaigns. Finally, not a few of Napoleon's own ministers and generals, irritated by his personal violence, and hopeless of breathing in peace while that fierce and insatiable spirit continued at the head of affairs, were well prepared to take a part in his overthrow; nor was it long ere all these internal enemies, at whatever distance their principles and motives might have seemed to place them from each other, were content to overlook their differences and work together. Talleyrand, there can be little doubt, and others only second to him in influence, were in communication with the Bourbons, before the allies crossed the Rhine. *Ere then*, said Napoleon at St. Helena, *I felt the reins slipping from my hands.*

The allied princes issued, at Frankfort on the Maine, a manifesto, the firm and temperate language of which was calculated to make a strong impression in France, as well as elsewhere. The sovereigns announced their belief that it was for the interest of Europe that France should continue to be a powerful state, and their willingness to concede to her, even now, greater extent of territory than the Bourbon kings had ever claimed—the bounda-

ries, namely, of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. Their sole object in invading France was to put an end to the authority which Napoleon had usurped over other nations. They disclaimed any wish to interfere with the internal government—it was the right of the nation to arrange that as they pleased; the hostility of Europe was against, not France, but Napoleon—and even as to Napoleon, against, not his person, but his system. The same terms were tendered to Napoleon himself, through M. de St. Aignan, one of his own ministers, who happened to have fallen into the hands of the allies at Weimar: and his answer was such that diplomatists from all the belligerent powers forthwith assembled at Manheim;—lord Aberdeen appearing on the part of the government of England—a circumstance of itself sufficient to give to these new conferences a character of greater promise than had attended any of recent date.

But although Napoleon authorized Caulaincourt to commence this negotiation on his behalf, it was very soon manifest that he did so merely, as before, for the purpose of gaining time. His military preparations were urged with unremitting energy. New conscriptions were called for, and granted: every arsenal resounded with the fabrication of arms; and all the taxes were at once doubled by an imperial decree. The enslaved press proclaimed that the national ardour was thoroughly stirred, and with its thousand voices reminded the allies of the effects of the duke of Brunswick's proclamation when about to touch the sacred soil of France in 1793.

But the enthusiasm of the revolutionary period was long since gone by. In vain did Napoleon send special agents through the departments, calling on Frenchmen of all classes to rise in arms for the protection of the soil. Coldness, languor, distrust met them almost every where. The nu-

merical results even of the conscription-levy were far under what they should have been: and of those who did enroll themselves, multitudes daily deserted, and not a few took part with those royalist bands who were, as we have already seen, mustering and training zealously in almost every district that was either strong by nature, or remote from the great military establishments of Buonaparte. Nay, even the legislative senate, so long the silent and submissive slaves of all his imperial mandates, now dared to testify some sympathy with the feelings of the people, whom, in theory at least, they were supposed to represent. This was a novelty for which Napoleon had not been prepared, and he received it in a manner little likely to conciliate the attachment of wavering men. They ventured to hint that ancient France would remain to him, even if he accepted the proposals of the allies, and that Louis XIV., when he desired to rouse the French people in his behalf in a moment of somewhat similar disaster, had not disdained to detail openly the sincere efforts which he had made to obtain an honourable peace. "Shame on you!" cried the emperor. "Wellington has entered the south, the Russians menace the northern frontier, the Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians the eastern. Shame! Wellington is in France, and we have not risen *en masse* to drive him back! All my allies have deserted—the Bavarian has betrayed me. No peace till we have burned Munich! I demand a levy of 300,000 men—with this and what I already have, I shall see a million in arms. I will form a camp of 100,000 at Bourdeaux; another at Mentz; a third at Lyons. But I must have grown men —these boys serve only to encumber the hospitals and the road sides....Abandon Holland! sooner yield it back to the sea! Senators, an impulse must be given—all must march—you are fathers of families—the heads of the nation—you must set the

example. Peace! I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry of war." The senate, nevertheless drew up and presented a report which renewed his wrath. He reproached them openly with desiring to purchase inglorious ease for themselves at the expense of his honour. *I am the state*, said he, repeating a favourite expression: *What is the throne?—a bit of wood gilded, and covered with velvet—I am the state—I alone am here the representative of the people. Even if I had done wrong, you should not have reproached me in public—people wash their dirty linen at home. France has more need of me, than I of France.*

Having uttered these furious words, Napoleon repaired to his council of state, and there denounced the legislative senate, as composed of one part of traitors and eleven of dupes. *In place of assisting*, said he, *they impede me. Our attitude alone could have repelled the enemy—they invite him. We should have presented a front of brass—they lay open wounds to his view. I will not suffer their report to be printed. They have not done their duty, but I will do mine—I dissolve the legislative senate.* And the emperor did accordingly issue his decree, proroguing indefinitely that assembly, the last feeble shadow of popular representation in France.

The greatest confusion already began to pervade almost every department of the public service. The orders of the government were more peremptory than ever, and they were hourly more neglected. Whole bands of conscripts, guilty of endeavouring to escape, were tried by military commissions and decimated. Even close to the barriers of Paris such executions were constantly going on; and all in vain. The general feeling was that of sullen indifference. Hireling musicians paraded the streets, singing fire-new ballads in honour of the emperor, to the long-forgotten tune of *ça ira;* the passengers gathered round them, and drowned

the strains in hooting and laughter. In every saloon, discussions such as the police had long suppressed were urged without ceremony. *This will not continue; the chord is too much stretched—it will soon be over:* such was the universal language. Talleyrand, hearing an officer express his alarm and astonishment, made answer, in words which have passed into a proverb:—*It is the beginning of the end.*

During this uneasy pause, Napoleon at last dismissed his venerable prisoner of Fontainebleau. It is not unlikely that, in the altered state of Italy, he thought the arrival of the pope might tend to produce some dissension among his enemies in that quarter; and, in effect, when Pius reached Rome, he found the capital of the Catholic world in the hands of Murat, who had ere then concluded his treaty with Francis, and was advancing into the north of Italy, in the view of co-operating in the campaign against Beauharnois, with the Austrians on the one side, and on the other with an English force recently landed at Leghorn, under lord William Bentinck.

He also unlocked the gates of Valencay on Ferdinand of Spain; and, without doubt, the letter, in which he announced this intention to his injured victim, will ever be recorded among the prime instances of his audacity. He informed Ferdinand that the English were spreading *jacobin principles* in Spain, and attacking the foundations of the throne, the aristocracy, and the church; and that he, therefore, was anxious to see him at the head of affairs in the kingdom, provided he would expel the English, and re-establish its relations with France on the footing of the peace which gave Godoy his title. Ferdinand durst not execute any treaty without consulting the cortes. They disdained to treat at all with Napoleon. He then liberated the king unconditionally; and after five years' captivity, Ferdinand re-entered Spain, amid

the all but universal acclamations of a nation who had bled at every pore in his cause, and whom his government was destined ere long to satisfy that they had bled in vain. Napoleon, no doubt, understood well what sort of a present he was conferring on the Spaniards when he restored Ferdinand, and probably calculated that his arrival would fill the country with civil tumults, sufficient to paralyze its arm for foreign war. And had the king returned but a year earlier, such, in all likelihood, would have been the consequences. Once more Napoleon was too late in doing good, that evil might follow.

For some time, thanks to the slavery of the Parisian press, the population of the capital remained in ignorance as to the proceedings of the allies on the Rhine. Indeed—such was still the influence of the emperor's military reputation—the inhabitants of the French provinces on that frontier continued to believe it impossible that any foreign army should dare to invade their soil, until they that had ears to hear and eyes to see were perforce undeceived. Schwartzenberg, with the *grand army*, at length crossed the Rhine, between Basle and Schaffhausen, on the 20th of December, and disregarding the claim of the Swiss to preserve neutrality, advanced through that territory unopposed, and began to show themselves in Franche-Comté, in Burgundy, even to the gates of Dijon. On the 1st of January, 1814, the *Silesian army*, under Blucher, crossed the river at various points between Rastadt and Coblentz; and shortly after, the *army of the north*, commanded by Witzengerode and Bulow (for Bernadotte declined having any part in the actual invasion of France), began to penetrate the frontier of the Netherlands. The wealthier inhabitants of the invaded provinces escaped to Paris, bearing with them these tidings; the English *detenûs* of Verdun were seen traversing the capital on their route to more distant quarters; the state prisoners of Vincennes itself,

under the walls of Paris, were removed. The secret, in a word, could no longer be kept. It was known to every one that the Pyrenees had been crossed by Wellington, and the Rhine by three mighty hosts, amounting together to 300,000 men, and including representatives of every tongue and tribe from the Germans of Westphalia to the wildest barbarians of Tartary Persons of condition despatched their plate and valuables to places at a distance from the capital; many whole families removed daily; and the citizens of Paris were openly engaged in laying up stores of flour and salted provisions, in contemplation of a siege.

The violation of the Swiss territory was in itself indefensible; but he who had so often disdained all rules of that kind in his own person, who had seized d'Enghien, who had traversed Bareuth, could hardly hope to be listened to when he complained of Schwartzenberg's proceeding. The allied generals, moreover, proclaimed every where as they advanced, that they came as the friends not the enemies of the French nation, and that any of the peasantry who took up arms to oppose them must be content to abide the treatment of brigands. This assuredly was a flagrant outrage against the most sacred and inalienable rights of mankind: but Napoleon had set the fatal example himself in Lombardy, and followed it without a blush in Italy, in Egypt, in Germany, in Spain, in Portugal, and but yesterday in Russia. Here also, therefore, his reclamations moved no feeling favourable to himself; and the time was gone by when the French people would have been ready to take fire at so lawless an aggression upon their national rights:—these Napoleon's tyranny had trampled down ere strangers dared to insult them. There were some few scattered instances of resistance; but in general, the first advance of the allies was regarded with indifference; and it was only at a later period, when the invading generals were no longer able to maintain

strict discipline among their barbarous hordes of horsemen, then scattered over a wide extent of country, that the sense of individual suffering afforded even a glimpse of hope to Napoleon, and those who, like him, were eager to oppose a national insurrection to the allied march.

Meantime, nearer and nearer every day the torrent of invasion rolled on—sweeping before it, from post to post, the various corps which had been left to watch the Rhine. Marmont, Mortier, Victor, and Ney, commanding in all about 50,000 men, retired of necessity before the enemy. It had been considered as certain that much time must be occupied with the besieging of the great fortresses on the Rhenish frontier. But it was now apparent that the allies had resolved to carry the war into the interior, without waiting for the reduction of these formidable outworks. Their numbers were such that they could afford to mask them, and still pass on with hosts overwhelmingly superior to all those of Napoleon's lieutenants. These withdrew, and with them, and behind them, came crowds of the rustic population possessing any means of transport. Carts and wagons, crammed with terrified women and children, thronged every avenue to the capital. It was at last necessary that the emperor should break silence to the Parisians, and reappear in the field.

The invasion of France, however, rallied around Napoleon some persons of eminence who had long hung aloof from him. Carnot in particular, who, ever since he opposed the assumption of the imperial title, had remained in retirement, came forward to offer his sword in what he now considered as the cause of his country. Nor did Buonaparte fail to receive such proposals as they deserved. He immediately sent his old enemy to command the great city and fortress of Antwerp: and similar instances of manly confidence might be mentioned to his honour.

On the 22d of January, the first official news of the invasion appeared; the *Moniteur* announced that Schwartzenberg had entered Switzerland on the 20th of December, and that Blucher also had crossed the Rhine on the first day of the year: thus confessing openly the deliberate deceit of its previous silence. The next morning, being Sunday, the officers of the national guard were summoned to the Tuilleries. They lined the *saloon of the marshals*, to the number of 900, altogether ignorant of the purpose for which they had been convoked. The emperor took his station in the centre of the hall; and immediately afterward the empress, with the king of Rome (carried in the arms of countess Montesquiou), appeared at his side. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon, "France is invaded; I go to put myself at the head of my troops, and, with God's help and their valour, I hope soon to drive the enemy beyond the frontier." Here he took Maria Louisa in one hand and her son in the other, and continued—"But if they should approach the capital, I confide to the national guard the empress and the king of Rome"—then correcting himself, he said in a tone of strong emotion—"*my wife and my child.*" Several officers stepped from their places and approached him; and tears were visible on the cheeks even of those who were known to be no worshippers of the emperor, or hearty supporters of his cause.

A Frenchman can rarely resist a scene; and such this was considered, and laughed at accordingly, ere next morning. It is, nevertheless, difficult to refuse sympathy to the chief actor. Buonaparte was sincerely attached to Maria Louisa, though he treated her rather with a parental tenderness than like a lover; and his affection for his son was the warmest passion in his heart, unless, indeed, we must except his pride and his ambition, both of which may be well supposed to have merged for a moment in the feeling which shook his voice.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Campaign of France—Battles of Brienne and La Rothiere—Expedition of the Marne—Battles of Nangis and Montereau—Schwartzenberg retreats—Napoleon again marches against Blucher—Attacks Soissons and is repulsed—Battles of Craonne and Laon—Napoleon at Rheims—His Perplexities—He marches to St. Dizier.

Napoleon spent part of the 24th of January in reviewing troops in the court-yard of the Tuilleries, in the midst of a fall of snow, which must have called up ominous recollections, and at three in the morning of the 25th once more left his capital. He had again appointed Maria Louisa regent, placed his brother Joseph at the head of her council, and given orders for raising military defences around Paris, and for converting many public buildings into hospitals. He set off in visible dejection; but recovered all his energy on reaching once more the congenial atmosphere of arms.

He arrived at Chalons ere midnight; and found that Schwartzenberg and Blucher, having severally passed through Franche-Comté and Lorraine, were now occupying—the former with 97,000 men, the latter with 40,000—an almost complete line between the Marne and the Seine. Blucher was in his own neighbourhood, and he immediately resolved to attack the right of the Silesian army, which was pushing down the valley of the Marne, while its centre kept the parallel course of the Aube, ere the Prussian marshal could concentrate all his own strength, far less be adequately supported from the side of Schwartzenberg, who was advancing down the Seine towards Bar. A sharp skirmish took place accordingly on the 27th, at St. Dizier; and Blucher, warned of Napoleon's arrival, lost no time

in calling in his detachments, and taking a post of defence at Brienne-le-Chateau on the Aube—the same town where Buonaparte had received his military education. Could Napoleon force him from the Aube, it was evident that the French would be enabled to interpose themselves effectually between the two armies of the allies: and it was most necessary to divide the enemy's strength, for after all his exertions, Napoleon had been able to add only 20,000 good troops to the 50,000 who had been retiring before the allied columns from the course of the Rhine.

Napoleon, therefore, marched through a thick forest upon the scene of his youthful studies, and appeared there on the 29th;—having moved so rapidly that Blucher was at dinner in the chateau, when the French thundered at its gates, and with difficulty escaped to the rear through a postern—actually leading his horse down a stair. The Russians, however, under Alsusieff, maintained their place in the town courageously; and, some Cossacks throwing themselves upon the rear of the French, the emperor was himself involved in the melée, drew his sword, and fought like a private dragoon. General Gourgaud shot a Cossack when in the act of thrusting his spear at Napoleon's back. The town of Brienne was burnt to the ground; Alsusieff was made prisoner· Lefevre Desnouettes died; and there was considerable slaughter on both sides; but the affair had no result of importance. Blucher retired but a little farther up the Aube, and posted himself at La Rothiere, where Schwartzenberg, warned by the cannonade, hastened to co-operate with him.

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that during the charge of the Cossacks at Brienne, he recognised a particular tree, under which, when a boy, he used to sit and read the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso. The field had been, in those days, part of the exercise ground of the students, and the chateau, whence

Blucher escaped so narrowly, their lodging. How strange must have been the feelings of the man who, having but yesterday planted his eagles on the Kremlin, now opened his fifteenth campaign amid the scenes of his own earliest recollections—of the days in which he had never dreamed of empire.

On the 1st of February, Blucher, in his turn, assumed the offensive, assaulting the French position in his front at once on three several points. The battle lasted all day, and ended in the defeat of the French, who, with the loss of 4000 prisoners and seventy-three guns, escaped from the field in such disorder that, according to Napoleon's own avowal at St. Helena, he had serious thoughts of putting an end to the war by voluntarily resigning the crown to the heir of the Bourbons. However this may have been, while the division of Marmont retired down the Aube before Blucher, Napoleon himself struck across the country to Troyes, which there was every reason to fear must be immediately occupied by Schwartzenberg; and was there joined by a considerable body of his own guard, in high order and spirits, whose appearance restored, in a great measure, the confidence of the troops beaten at La Rothiere.

On the 3d, he received at Troyes a despatch from Caulaincourt, informing him that lord Castlereagh, the English secretary of state for foreign affairs, had arrived at the head-quarters of the allies—that negotiations were to be resumed the morning after at Chatillon (now in the rear of the armies)—and beseeching him to intimate distinctly at what price he was now willing to purchase peace. Napoleon replied, by granting Caulaincourt full powers to do every thing necessary "to keep the negotiation alive, and save the capital." But the duke of Vicenza durst not act immediately on a document so loosely worded, and sent back once more to beg for a specific detail of the emperor's purposes. Napoleon

had his head-quarters at Nogent, on the Seine, some leagues below Troyes, when the despatch reached him, on the evening of the 8th of February; and his counsellors unanimously urged him to make use of this, probably last, opportunity. They at length prevailed on him to agree to abandon Belgium, the left of the Rhine, Italy, and Piedmont. But in the night after the consultation, and before the ultimatum received his signature, Napoleon received information which quite altered his views. He learned that Blucher, instead of continuing his march down the Aube, and in communication with Schwartzenberg on the Seine, had transferred his whole army to the Marne, and was now advancing towards Paris, by the Montmirail road. That the allies, after experiencing the effects of disunion at Brienne, and those of conjunction at La Rothiere, should have almost in the moment of victory again resolved on separating their forces, is a circumstance which no writer has as yet explained in any satisfactory manner. The blunder was great; yet in the end its consequences were disastrous, not to those who committed, but to him whose eagle-eye detected it, and who could not resist the temptation which it presented to make one warlike effort more. Buonaparte, in a word, refused to sign the despatch on the morning of the 9th; and having left Bourmont at Nogent, with a small force to defend the bridge over the Seine, and Oudinot with another, for the same purpose, at the next bridge in descending the river, namely, that of Bray, immediately commenced his march with the main body of his army upon Sezanne.

It was the depth of winter—the cross-roads on which they moved were in the most frightful condition, insomuch that had not the zealous mayor of Barbonne collected 500 horses, and come to their assistance, they must have been forced to leave all their artillery in a slough near that town; yet this

determined band marched nearly forty miles ere they halted with the dark. Next morning they proceeded with equal alacrity, and at length debouched on the road by which Blucher's army was advancing, at Champaubert. Alsusieff and the central division of the Prussians were passing, when Napoleon unexpectedly appeared at this point, and were altogether unable to resist his onset. They dispersed in confusion with great loss, and fled towards the Marne. Meantime, the van of the same army, commanded by Sacken, who were advancing on La Ferté, and the division of D'York, already in sight of Meaux, turned on hearing the cannonade of Champaubert, and countermarched with the view of supporting Alsusieff. They shared the fate of the centre, and having been severely handled at Montmirail, escaped across the Marne at Chateau Tierry; thus leaving Blucher and the rear division alone to abide the attack of Napoleon's entire force between the Marne and the Aube. The Prussian marshal, advancing rapidly in consequence of the firing of these battles, found himself all at once in presence of an army flushed with victory, vastly superior in numbers, and well provided with cavalry, of which he had almost none. He retired in alternate squares, sustaining all day the charges of the French, with much loss of life, but with no disorder; and at length cut his way, at Etoges, through a column of heavy horse, sent round to intercept him, and drawn up on the causeway. Blucher himself was, in the course of this day, obliged to fight hand to hand like a private soldier. His retreat was masterly, and he finally crossed the Marne at Chalons.

Such was Napoleon's celebrated "expedition of the Marne." In five days his arms had been three times successful. He had shattered and dispersed (as he thought effectually) the Silesian army, and above all, recovered the spirits of his own soldiery A column of 7000 Prussian prisoners, with a con-

siderable number of guns and standards, at length satisfied the Parisians that Victory had not entirely foresworn her old favourite. Thus far all was well; and had Napoleon, from the field which thus raised the courage of his troops, and revived the confidence of his capital, despatched authority to Caulaincourt to conclude the treaty on the terms before described—the victor of Montmirail might have kept the throne of France. But his own presumption was rekindled by the same success which dazzled inferior eyes—and Napoleon wrote on the instant to his representative at Chatillon, that he might now assume "an attitude less humble." This error proved fatal.

Scarcely had the Parisians seen the prisoners from Montmirail marched along their Boulevards, ere they heard that the Cossacks were in possesion of Fontainebleau. Napoleon had left, as was mentioned, small divisions of his army to guard the bridges over the Seine at Nogent and Bray. The enemy, however, soon discovered that the emperor and his chief force were no longer in that quarter and—while he was beating Alsusieff, Sacken, and Blucher—had made good the passage of the Seine, at three different points, at Nogent, at Bray, and still farther down, at Montereau, driving the discomfited guardians of these important places before them. Schwartzenberg had already his head-quarters at Nangis, and was obviously resolved to reach Paris, if possible, while Napoleon was on the Marne. The light troops of the grand allied army were scattering confusion on both sides of the Seine—and one party of them was so near the capital as Fontainebleau.

Buonaparte instantly committed to Marmont and Mortier the care of watching the Chalons road and the remains of Blucher's army, and marched with his main body on Meaux, where he received (15th February) the welcome reinforcements of 20,000

veterans from Spain, commanded by Grouchy. On the 16th, Victor and Oudinot were engaged with the van of Schwartzenburg, on the plains of Guignes, when the emperor arrived to their assistance. The enemy immediately drew back, and concentrated his strength at Nangis. Napoleon attacked that position on the morning of the 17th, and with such effect, that the allies retreated after considerable loss, though not in disorder, on the bridges in their rear.

They halted, however, at Montereau, and Victor, who commanded the pursuers on that route, failed in dislodging them. Napoleon resented this as a heinous error, and coming up on the morning of the 18th, rebuked him in terms of violent wrath, and formally dismissed him from the service. The marshal, tears streaming down his face, declared that though he had ceased to be an officer, he must still be a soldier, and would serve once more in the ranks, from which he had originally risen. The old man's son-in-law, general Chateau, had been slain the same morning. Napoleon extended his hand to him, and said he could not give him back the command of his corps d'armée, which had already been assigned to another, but that he was welcome to place himself at the head of a brigade of the guard. The attack then commenced with fury, and the bridge and town of Montereau were carried. The defence, was however, long and stern, and Napoleon was seen pointing cannon with his own hand, under the heaviest of the fire. The artillerymen, delighted with witnessing this resumption of his ancient trade, were, nevertheless, alarmed at the exposure of his person, and entreated him to withdraw. He persisted in his work, answering gayly, "My children! the bullet that shall kill me is not yet cast." Pursuing his advantage, Napoleon saw the grand army continue their retreat in the direction of Troyes, and on the morning of the 22d arrived before Mery.

The astonishment of the emperor was great, when he found this town occupied, not by a feeble rear-guard of Schwartzenberg, but by a powerful division of Russians, commanded by Sacken, and therefore, belonging to the apparently indestructible army of Blucher. These unexpected enemies were charged in the streets, and at length retired out of the town (which was burnt to the ground in the struggle), and thence beyond the Aube—which, in that quarter, runs nearly parallel with, and at no great distance from, the Seine. The emperor then halted, and spent the night in a wheelwright's cottage at Chatres.

All this while, the semblance, at least, of negotiation had been kept up at Chatillon. Caulaincourt, receiving no answer to that important despatch which reached Buonaparte (as has been mentioned) at Nogent, on the 8th of February, proceeded to act on the instructions dated at Troyes, on the 3d; and, in effect, accepted the basis of the allies. When Schwartzenberg was attacked at Nangis on the 17th, he had just received the intelligence of Caulaincourt's having signed the preliminary articles; and he, therefore, sent a messenger to ask why the emperor, if aware of his ambassador's act, persisted in hostilities? Napoleon had ere then, as we have seen, desired Caulaincourt to assume "a less humble attitude," and instead of ratifying, as he was bound on every principle of honour and law to do, the signature which his ambassador had had full powers to affix, he returned no answer whatever to Schwartzenberg, but despatched a private letter to the emperor of Austria, once more endeavouring to seduce him from the European league. The emperor's reply to this despatch reached Napoleon at this hovel in Chatres: it announced his resolution on no account to abandon the general cause: but, at the same time, intimated that Francis lent no support to the Bourbonists (who were now arming in Franche-

Comté around Monsieur), and urged Napoleon to avert by concession, ere it was yet too late, total ruin from himself and his house. Bûonaparte, flushed with a succession of victories, was in no temper to listen to such advice, and the Austrian envoy left his head-quarters with a note, signifying that *now* he would not even consent to a day's armistice, unless the allies would fall back so as to leave *Antwerp* in their front.

The same evening there came news from Paris, which might have been expected to disturb the pride of these imaginations. The council of state had discussed deliberately the proposals of the allied powers, and, with only one dissenting voice, now entreated the emperor to accept them. They announced to him that—while he had been driving the Austrians up the Seine—the *army of the north*, the third great force of the allies, had at length effected their juncture with Blucher; who was now, therefore, at the head of a much greater army than he had as yet commanded, and was manifestly resolved to descend directly on Paris from Chalons. Napoleon was urged anew by those about his person, to send to Chatillon and accept the basis to which Caulaincourt had agreed. He answered that he had sworn at his coronation to preserve the territory of the republic entire, and that he could not sign this treaty without violating *his oath!*—and dismissed his counsellors, saying haughtily, "If I am to be scourged, let the whip at least come on me of necessity, and not through any voluntary stooping of my own."

Instead, therefore, of sending messengers of peace to Chatillon, Napoleon now thought only of the means of at once holding Schwartzenberg in check on the Seine, and returning once more to confront Blucher on the Marne. He pushed on, however, as far as Troyes, in the expectation of still terrifying the allied princes into some compromise. In this

city he found that certain gentlemen had openly assumed the white cockade, the mark of the Bourbonists, during its occupation by the enemy, though without any countenance from the sovereigns. One of these gentlemen was so unfortunate as to fall into his hands, and was immediately executed.

The emperor in vain expected new proposals from Chatillon: none such reached him at Troyes—and he recurred to his schemes of a second "expedition of the Marne." He desired Oudinot and Macdonald, with their divisions, to manœuvre in the direction of Schwartzenberg: and these generals commanded their troops to shout "vive l'Empereur," whenever they were in hearing of the enemy, which for a little time kept up the notion that Napoleon himself was still advancing on the road to Bar. Meanwhile, he was once more marching rapidly across the country to Sezanne; at which point he received intelligence that Mortier and Marmont had been driven from Ferté-sous-Jouarre by Blucher, and were in full retreat to Meaux. Meaux he considered as almost a suburb of Paris, and quickened his speed accordingly. Hurrying on, at Ferté-Goucher, he was at once met and overtaken by evil tidings. Schwartzenberg, having discovered the emperor's absence, had immediately resumed the offensive, defeated Oudinot and Macdonald at Bar, and driven them before him as far as Troyes; and Augereau, who commanded in the neighbourhood of Lyons, announced the arrival of a new and great army of the allies in that quarter. Napoleon resumed, however, his march, and having been detained some time at Ferté, in consequence of the destruction of the bridge, took the direction of Chateau-Thierry and Soissons, while Mortier and Marmont received his orders to resume the offensive in front of Meaux. He hoped, in this manner, to throw himself on the flank of Blucher's march, as he had done before at Champaubert. But the Prussian re-

ceived intelligence this time of his approach; and, drawing his troops together, retired to Soissons in perfect order.

Napoleon proceeded with alacrity in the direction of Soissons, not doubting that the French garrison intrusted with the care of that town, and its bridge over the Marne, were still in possession of it, and eager, therefore, to force Blucher into action with this formidable obstacle in the rear. But Soissons had been taken by a Russian corps, retaken by a French one, and fallen once more into the hands of the enemy, ere the emperor came in sight of it. The Muscovite black eagle, floating on the towers, gave him the first intimation of this misfortune. He assaulted the place impetuously: the Russians repelled the attack; and Napoleon, learning that Blucher had filed his main body through the town, and posted himself behind the Marne, marched up the left bank of that river, and crossed it also at Bery.

A few leagues in front of this place, on the heights of Craonne, two Russian corps, those of Sacken and Witzengerode, were already in position; and the emperor lost no time in charging them there, in the hope of destroying them ere they could unite with Blucher. The battle of Craonne began at eleven A.M. on the 7th of March, and lasted till four in the afternoon. The Russians had down to this hour withstood the utmost exertions of Ney on their right, of Victor on their left, and of Napoleon himself on their centre. The loss in slain and wounded had been about equal on both sides: no cannon, and hardly a prisoner had been taken. The emperor enraged with this obstinate resistance, was preparing for a final effort, when suddenly the Russians began to retreat. He followed them; but they withdrew with the deliberation and impunity of a parade. They had been ordered to fall back on the plateau of Laon, in order tc form there on the same

line with Blucher, who was once more in presence, and eager to concentrate all his force for a decisive conflict.

It took place on the 9th. Napoleon found his enemy strongly posted along an elevated ridge, covered with wood, and farther protected in front by a succession of terrace-walls, the enclosures of vineyards. There was a heavy mist on the lower ground, and the French were advancing up the hill ere their movement was discovered. They were met by a storm of cannonade which utterly broke their centre. On either flank of the enemy's position they then charged in succession, and with like results. On all points they were repelled, except only at the village of Athies, where Marmont had obtained some advantage. Night interrupted the contest, and the armies bivouacked in full view of each other. The allies, in consequence of their well-covered position, had suffered comparatively little; of the French some thousands had died—and all in vain. Napoleon, was, however, resolved to renew the attack, and mounted his horse accordingly at four on the morning of the 10th. At that moment news came that Marmont's corps had just been assaulted at Athies, and so thoroughly discomfited that they were now flying in confusion towards Corbery. Notwithstanding this ominous opening, the battle in front of Laon was continued all the day. But the tide of fortune had turned, and could not be resisted. On the 11th, Napoleon commenced his retreat, having lost 30 cannon and 10,000 men.

Soissons had been evacuated by the allies, when concentrating themselves for the battle of Laon. Napoleon threw himself, therefore, into that town, and was making his best efforts to strengthen it, in expectation of the Prussian's advance, when once more a messenger of evil tidings reached him. A detached Russian corps, commanded by St. Priest, a French emigrant, had seized Rheims by a coup-de-

main. The possession of this city (as a glance at any good map will show) could hardly fail to re-establish Blucher's communications with Schwartzenberg—and Napoleon instantly marched thither in person, leaving Marmont to hold out as well as he could at Soissons, in case that should be the direction of Blucher's march.. Buonaparte, moving with his usual rapidity, came unexpected on Rheims, and took the place by assault, at midnight. St. Priest had fallen; and the bulletin announced that he met his fate by a ball from the same cannon which killed Moreau. If it were so, no one could have ascertained the fact; but Napoleon's imagination was always ready to welcome a tale that savoured of fatality.

From Rheims, where Napoleon remained for three days to refresh his unfortunate followers, he despatched at length full powers to Caulaincourt to conclude *any treaty*, which should secure the immediate evacuation of the old French territory, and a mutual restoration of prisoners. Maret (duke of Bassano), however, wrote—by the same messenger—at much greater length; informing the plenipotentiary that the emperor would refuse to ratify *any treaty* whatever—if, in the interim, events should have taken a turn in his favour. It is to be doubted whether Caulaincourt would have ventured to act, on instructions thus qualified, with the decision which the emergency required. But he was not put to the proof. The allies had determined to negotiate no more ere the despatch of Rheims reached him.

Throughout this crisis of his history it is impossible to survey the rapid energy of Napoleon—his alert transitions from enemy to enemy, his fearless assaults on vastly superior numbers, his unwearied resolution, and exhaustless invention—without the highest admiration which can attend on a master of warfare. But it is equally impossible to suppress

astonishment and indignation in following, or rather attempting to follow, the threads of obstinacy, duplicity, pride, and perfidy, which, during the same period, complicated, without strengthening, the tissue of his negotiations. It is only when we fix our eyes on the battles and marches of this wonderful campaign, that we can hesitate to echo the adage:—*Whom God hath doomed to destruction, he first deprives of reason.*

To complete our notion of the energies of Napoleon—he had all through this, the most extraordinary of his campaigns, continued to conduct, from his perpetually changing head-quarters, the civil business of his empire. He occupied himself largely with such matters during his stay at Rheims; but it was there that the last despatches from the home-department at Paris were destined to reach him; and, ere he could return his answer, there came couriers upon couriers with tiding which would have unmanned any other mind, and which filled his with perplexity. On the one side, Blucher had profited by his departure, crushed down the feeble opposition of the corps left at Soissons, and repassed the Marne. On the other hand, Schwartzenberg had detected, almost as soon as it took place, his march on Sezanne, and instantly resumed the offensive. Oudinot and Girard had been forced to give way before the immeasurably superior numbers of the grand army. They had been defeated with great slaughter at Bar on the Aube; and the Austrian was once more at Troyes. The allies were, therefore, to all appearance, in full march upon Paris both by the valley of the Marne, and by that of the Seine, at the moment when Napoleon had thought to paralyze all their movements by taking up a position between them at Rheims.

He still counted largely on the magic of his name; and even now he had hardly overreckoned. When Schwartzenberg understood that Napoleon

was at Rheims, the old terror returned, and the Austrian instantly proposed to fall back from Troyes. But there was by this time, in the camp of the allied powers, one, who, though not a soldier, appreciated, far better than all those about him that had grown gray in arms, the circumstances of the time, and the conduct which these demanded. Lord Castlereagh took upon himself the responsibility of signifying that the grand army might retire if the sovereigns pleased, but that if such a movement took place, the subsidies of England must be considered at an end. This bold word determined the debate. Schwartzenberg's columns instantly resumed their march down the Seine.

Napoleon, meanwhile, had been struggling with himself: whatever line of action he might adopt was at the best hazardous in the extreme. Should he hasten after Blucher on the Marne, what was to prevent Schwartzenberg from reaching Paris ere the Silesian army, already victorious at Laon, could be once more brought to action by an inferior force? Should he throw himself on the march of Schwartzenberg, would not the fiery Prussian be at the Tuilleries long before the Austrian could be checked on the Seine? There remained a third course—namely, to push at once into the country in the rear of the grand army; and to this there were sundry inducements. By doing so, he might possibly—such were still the emperor's conceptions as to the influence of his name—strike the advancing allies, both the Austrian and the Prussian, with terror, and paralyze their movements. Were they likely to persist in their *Hurrah on Paris* (at this period the Cossack vocabulary was in vogue), when they knew Napoleon to be posting himself between them and their own resources, and at the same time relieving and rallying around him all the garrisons of the great fortresses of the Rhine? Would not such conduct be considered as entirely out of the question by supersti-

tious adherents to the ancient technicalities of war? Would not Schwartzenberg at least abandon the advance and turn to follow him, who still fancied that no one could dream of conquering France without having ruined Napoleon? But—even supposing that the allied powers should resist all these suggestions and proceed upon the capital—would not that great city, with Marmont and Mortier, and the national guard, be able to hold the enemy at bay for some considerable space; and during that space, could the emperor fail to release his garrisons on the Rhine, and so place himself once more at the head of an army capable, under his unrivalled guidance, of relieving France and ruining her invaders, by a great battle under the walls of Paris?

It must be added, in reference to Napoleon's choice among these difficulties, that ere now the continuance of the warfare had much exacerbated the feelings of the peasantry, who, for the most part, regarded its commencement with indifference. The perpetual marches and counter-marches of the armies, the assaults and burning of towns and villages, the fierce demeanour of the justly imbittered Prussians, and the native barbarism of the Russians, had spread devastation and horror through some of the fairest provinces of France. The desolation was such that wolves and other beasts of prey appeared, in numbers which recalled the ages of the unbroken forest, amid the vineyards and gardens of Champaigne. All who could command the means of flight had escaped; of those that remained there were few who had not, during three months, suffered painful privations, seen their cottages occupied by savage strangers, and their streams running red with the blood of their countrymen. The consequence was that the peasantry on the theatre of the war, and behind it, were ere now in a state of high excitement. Might not the emperor, by throwing himself and his sorely diminished, but still formidable, band of

veterans among them, gave the finishing impulse, and realize at length his fond hope of a national insurrection?

While Napoleon was thus tossed in anxiety by what means to avert, if it were yet possible, from Paris the visitation of those mighty armies, against whom energies, such as he alone possessed, had been exerted in vain—the capital showed small symptoms of sympathizing with him. The newspapers had announced nothing but victories; but the truth could not fail to penetrate, in spite of all this treachery. The streets were daily traversed by new crowds of provincialists, driven or terrified from their dwellings. Every hospital, and many public buildings besides, were crammed with wounded soldiers; and the number of dead bodies continually floating down the Seine, was so great that the meanest of the populace durst no longer make use of the water. As one conclusive token of the universal distrust, it may be mentioned that, whereas in usual times the amount of taxes paid daily into the exchequer at Paris is about £3,000, the average, after the 1st of March, did not exceed £15. It was Savary's business to despatch a full account of the state of the city every night to head-quarters;—and he did not hesitate to inform the emperor that the machinery of government was clogged in every wheel, and that the necessity of purchasing peace, by abandoning him, was the common burden of conversation.

Meantime, to swell the cup of his anxieties, there reached him new intelligence of the most alarming character from the south-western provinces, invaded by lord Wellington. That victorious general had driven Soult before him through the *Pays de Gaves*, (the tract of strong country broken by the torrents descending from the Pyrenees); defeated him in another great battle at Orthes, and was now pursuing him in the direction of Toulouse. Nor was even this the worst The English had been received

more like friends than enemies by the French; their camp was far better served with provisions than that of Soult; and, lastly, Bordeaux had risen openly in the cause of Louis. The white flag was floating on every tower of the third city in France, and the duke D'Angouleme was administering all the offices of government in the midst of a population who had welcomed him with the enthusiasm of old loyalty.

It was amid such circumstances that Napoleon at length decided on throwing himself upon the rear of the allies. They were for some time quite uncertain of his movements after he quitted Rheims, until an intercepted letter to Maria Louisa informed them that he was at St. Dizier.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Allies approach Paris—Maria Louisa retires to Blois—Marmont and Mortier occupy the heights of Montmartre—They are defeated—King Joseph escapes—Marmont capitulates—The Allies enter Paris—Napoleon at Fontainebleau—His Abdication.

Napoleon continued for several days to manœuvre on the country beyond St. Dizier. Having thus seized the roads by which the grand army had advanced, he took prisoners many persons of distinction on their way to its head-quarters—and at one time the emperor of Austria himself escaped most narrowly a party of French hussars. Meanwhile, petty skirmishes were ever and anon occurring between Napoleon's rear-guard and Austrians, whom he took for the van-guard of Schwartzenberg. They were, however, detached troops, chiefly horse, left expressly to hang on his march, and cheat him into this belief. The grand army was proceeding rapidly

down the Seine; while Blucher, having repeatedly beaten Marmont and Mortier, was already within sight of Meaux.

It has been mentioned that Napoleon, ere he commenced his campaign, directed some fortifications to be thrown up on the side of Paris nearest to the invading armies. His brother Joseph, however, was, as Spain had witnessed, neither an active nor a skilful soldier; and the civil government of this tempestuous capital appears to have been more than enough to employ what energies he possessed. The outworks executed during the campaign were few and inconsiderable; and to occupy them, there were now but 8,000 fresh regulars, the discomfited divisions of Marmont and Mortier, and the national guard of the metropolis. This last corps had 30,000 names on its roll; but such had been the manifestations of public feeling, that the emperor's lieutenants had not dared to furnish more than a third of these with fire arms: the others had only pikes: and every hour increased the doubts of the regency-counsel whether any considerable portion of these men—who are chiefly, in fact, the shopkeepers of Paris—would consent to shed their blood in this cause.

Meanwhile, the royalists within the city had been watching the progress of events with eagerness and exultation. Talleyrand was ere now in close communication with them, and employing all the resources of his talents to prevail on them to couple their demand for the heir of the Bourbons, with such assertions of their belief that that dynasty ought never to be re-established otherwise than on a constitutional basis, as might draw over to their side the more moderate of the republicans. Nor had these efforts been unsuccessful. Various deputations from the royalists had found their way to the headquarters, both of Blucher and of Schwartzenberg, ere the middle of March, and expressed sentiments

of this nature. As yet, however, none of the allies had ventured to encourage directly the hopes of the Bourbon party. They persisted in asserting their resolution to let the French nation judge for themselves under what government they should live; and to take no part in their civil feuds. Talleyrand himself was in correspondence with the czar; but, in his letters, he, as far as is known, confined himself to urging the advance of the armies. A billet from him was delivered to Alexander just ere the final rush on Paris began: it was in these words—"You venture nothing, when you may safely venture every thing—venture once more."

De Pradt, and many others of those statesmen whom Napoleon, in latter days, had disgraced or disobliged, were, ere this time, labouring diligently in the same service. It must be admitted that he, like the falling Persian, was

> "Deserted in his utmost need
> By those his former bounty fed:"

but he had brought himself to this extremity by his scorn of their counsels; nor even at the eleventh hour did his proud heart dream of recalling confidence, by the confession of error.

On the 26th of March, the distant roaring of artillery was heard at intervals on the boulevards of Paris; and the alarm began to be violent. On the 27th (Sunday) Joseph Buonaparte held a review in the Place Carousel; and the day being fine, and the uniforms mostly new, the confidence of the spectators rose, and the newspapers expressed their wishes that the enemy could but behold what forces were ready to meet and destroy them. That same evening the allies passed the Marne at various points; at three in the morning of the 28th, they took Meaux; and at daybreak, "the terrified population of the country between Meaux and Paris came pouring into the capital," says an eye-witness,

"with their aged, infirm, children, cats, dogs, live-stock, corn, hay, and household goods of every description. The boulevards were crowded with wagons, carts, and carriages thus laden, to which cattle were tied, and the whole surrounded with women." The regular troops now marched out of the town, leaving all the barriers in charge of the national guard. The confusion that prevailed every where was indescribable.

On the 29th, the empress, her son, and most of the members of the council of state, set off, attended by 700 soldiers, for Rambouillet—from which they continued their journey to Blois—and in their train went fifteen wagons laden with plate and coin from the vaults of the Tuilleries. The spectators looked on their departure in gloomy silence; and king Joseph published the following proclamation: "Citizens of Paris! A hostile column has descended on Meaux. It advances; but the emperor follows close behind, at the head of a victorious army. The council of regency has provided for the safety of the empress and the king of Rome. I remain with you. Let us arm ourselves to defend this city, its monuments, its riches, our wives, our children—all that is dear to us. Let this vast capital become a camp for some moments; and let the enemy find his shame under the walls which he hopes to overleap in triumph. The emperor marches to our succour. Second him by a short and vigorous resistance, and preserve the honour of France." No feeling favourable to Napoleon was stirred by this appeal. The boulevards continued to be thronged with multitudes of people; but the most part received the proclamation with indifference—not a few with murmurs. Some officers urged Savary to have the streets unpaved, and persuade the people to arm themselves with the stones, and prepare for a defence such as that of Zaragossa. He answered, shaking his head, "the thing cannot be done."

All day wagons of biscuit and ammunition were rolling through the town; wounded soldiers came limping to the barriers; and the Seine heaved thicker and thicker with the carcasses of horses and men. That night, for once, the theatres were deserted.

On the 30th, the allies fought and won the final battle. The French occupied the whole range of heights from the Marne at Charenton, to the Seine beyond St. Denis; and the Austrians began the attack about eleven o'clock, towards the former of these points, while nearly in the midst between them a charge was made by the Russians on Pantin and Belleville. The Prussians, who were posted over against the heights of Montmartre, did not come into action so early in the day. The French troops of the line were stationed every where in the front, and commanded by Marmont and Mortier. Those battalions of the national guard whose spirit could be trusted, and who were adequately armed, took their orders from Moncey, and formed a second line of defence. The scholars of the polytechnic school volunteered to serve at the great guns, and the artillery was, though not numerous, well arranged, and in gallant hands.

The French defence, in spite of all the previous disasters, and of the enormous superiority of the enemy's numbers, was most brave: but ere two o'clock the allies had completely beaten them at all points, except only at Montmartre, where they were rapidly making progress. Marmont then sent several aides-de-camp to request an armistice, and offer a capitulation. One only of his messengers appears to have reached the head-quarters of the sovereigns —and both the czar and king of Prussia immediately professed their willingness to spare the city, provided the regular troops would evacuate it. Blucher, meanwhile, continued pressing on at Montmartre, and shortly after four, the victory being completed in that direction, the French cannon were

turned on the city, and shot and shells began to spread destruction within its walls. The capitulation was drawn up at five o'clock, close to the barrier St. Denis.

King Joseph showed himself on horseback among the troops early in the morning; but was not visible after the attack began. At one o'clock, he received a message from Marmont, requesting reinforcements. "Where am I to find them?" answered he —"is your horse a good one?" The aid-de-camp answered in the affirmative. "Then follow me," said Joseph; and without farther ceremony began his journey to Blois.*

We must now turn to Napoleon. It was not until the 27th that he distinctly ascertained the fact of both the allied armies having marched directly on Paris. He instantly resolved to hasten after them, in hopes to arrive on their rear, ere yet they had mastered the heights of Montmartre; nor did his troops refuse to rush forward once more at his bidding. He had to go round by Doulevent and Troyes, because the direct rout was ere now utterly wasted, and could not furnish food for his men. At Doulevent he received a billet from La Vallette, his postmaster-general, in these terms: "The partisans of the stranger are making head, seconded by secret intrigues. The presence of the emperor is indispen-

* An English detenu, who was then in Paris, says: "During the battle, the Boulevard des Italiens and the Caffé Tortoni were thronged with fashionable loungers of both sexes, sitting as usual on the chairs placed there, and appearing almost uninterested spectators of the number of wounded French brought in. The officers were carried on mattresses. About two o'clock a general cry of *sauve qui peut* was heard on the boulevards, from the Porte St. Martin to Les Italiens; this caused a general and confused flight, which spread like the undulations of a wave, even beyond the Pont Neuf....During the whole of the battle, wounded soldiers crawled into the streets, and lay down to die on the pavement....The *Moniteur* of this day was a full sheet; but no notice was taken of the war, or the army. Four columns were occupied by an article on the dramatic works of Denis, and three with a dissertation on the existense of Troy."—*Memorable Events in Paris in 1814*, p. 93.

sable—if he desires to prevent his capital from being delivered to the enemy. There is not a moment to be lost." Urging his advance accordingly with renewed eagerness, Buonaparte reached Troyes on the night of the 29th—his men having marched fifteen leagues since the daybreak. On the 30th, Macdonald in vain attempted to convince him that the fate of Paris must have been decided ere he could reach it, and advised him to march without further delay so as to form a conjunction with Augereau. "In that case," said the marshal, "we may unite and repose our troops, and yet give the enemy battle on a chosen field. If Providence has decreed our last hour, we shall, at least, die with honour, instead of being dispersed, pillaged, and slaughtered by Cossacks." Napoleon was deaf to all such counsel. He continued to advance. Finding the road beyond Troyes quite clear, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and travelled on before his army at full speed, with hardly any attendance. At Villeneuve L'Archeveque he mounted on horseback, and galloping without a pause, reached Fontainebleau late in the night. He there ordered a carriage, and taking Caulaincourt and Berthier into it, drove on towards Paris. Nothing could shake his belief that he was yet in time—until, while he was changing horses at La Cour de France, but a few miles from Paris, general Belliard came up at the head of a column of cavalry—weary and dejected men, marching towards Fontainebleau, in consequence of the provisions of Marmont's capitulation, from the fatal field of Montmartre.

Even then Napoleon refused to halt. Leaping from his carriage, he began: "What means this? Why here with your cavalry, Belliard? And where are the enemy? Where are my wife and my boy? Where Marmont? Where Mortier?" Belliard, walking by his side, told him the events of the day. He called out for his carriage—and insisted on con

tinuing his journey. The general in vain informed him that there was no longer an army in Paris; that the regulars were all coming behind, and that neither they nor he himself, having left the city in consequence of a convention, could possibly return to it. The emperor still demanded his carriage, and bade Belliard turn with the cavalry and follow him. "Come," said he, "we must to Paris—nothing goes aright when I am away—they do nothing but blunder." He strode on, crying, "You should have held out longer—you should have raised Paris—they cannot like the Cossacks—they would surely have defended their walls—Go! go! I see every one has lost his senses. This comes of employing fools and cowards." With such exclamations Buonaparte hurried onwards, dragging Belliard with him, until they were met, a mile from La Cour de France, by the first of the retreating infantry. Their commander, general Curial, gave the same answers as Belliard. "In proceeding to Paris," said he, "you rush on death or captivity." Perceiving at length that the hand of necessity was on him, the emperor then abandoned his design. He sunk at once into perfect composure; gave orders that the troops, as they arrived, should draw up behind the little river Essone; despatched Caulaincourt to Paris, with authority to accept whatever terms the allied sovereigns might be pleased to offer; and turned again towards Fontainebleau. It was still dark when Napoleon reached once more that venerable castle. He retired to rest immediately; not, however, in any of the state-rooms which he had been accustomed to occupy, but in a smaller apartment, in a different and more sequestered part of the building.

The duke of Vicenza reached the czar's quarters at Pantin early in the morning of the 31st, while he was yet asleep; and recognised, amid the crowd in the antechamber, a deputation from the municipality of Paris, who were waiting to present the

keys of the city, and invoke the protection of the conqueror. As soon as the emperor awoke—these functionaries were admitted to his presence, and experienced a most courteous reception. The czar repeated his favourite expression, that he had but one enemy in France; and promised that the capital, and all within it, should be treated with perfect consideration. Caulaincourt then found his way to Alexander—but he was dismissed immediately. The countenance of the envoy announced, as he came out, that he considered the fate of his master as decided; nor, if he had preserved any hope, could it have failed to expire when he learned that Alexander had already sent to Talleyrand, requesting him on no account to quit the capital, and proposing to take up his own residence in his hotel. Nesselrode, the Russian minister, who received the municipal deputation ere the czar awoke, entered freely into conversation with the gentleman at their head, M. Laborde. That person, being questioned as to the state of public feeling, answered that there were three parties: the army, who still adhered to Buonaparte; the republicans, who wished for his deposition, but would not object to the king of Rome being recognised as emperor, provided a liberal constitution were established, and the regency placed in fit hands; and, finally, the old nobility and the saloons of Paris, who were united in desiring the restoration of the Bourbons. "But at the prince of Benevento's," said Laborde, "the emperor will best acquire a knowledge of all this—it is there that our chief statesmen assemble habitually." This conversation is supposed to have fixed Alexander's choice of a residence; and, as we have already seen that Talleyrand was ere now committed in the cause of Louis, the result of this choice may be anticipated.

The history of what Lavalette had called "the secret intrigues with the stranger" has not yet been

cleared up—nor is it likely to be so for some time. If there was one of the allied princes on whose disposition to spare himself, or at least his family, Napoleon might have been supposed to count,—it must have been the emperor of Austria; and yet, at daybreak this very morning, a proclamation was tossed in thousands over the barriers of Paris, in which several phrases occurred, not to be reconciled with any other notion than that he and all the allies agreed in favouring the restoration of the Bourbons, ere any part of their forces entered the capital. This document spoke of the anxiety of "the sovereigns" to see the establishment of "a salutary authority in France;" of the opportunity offered to the Parisians "of accelerating the peace of the world;" of the "conduct of Bourdeaux" as affording "an example of the method in which foreign war and civil discord might find a common termination;"—it concluded thus: "It is in these sentiments that *Europe in arms* before your walls addresses herself to you. Hasten then to respond to the confidence which she reposes in your love for your country, and in your wisdom;" and was signed, "SCHWARTZENBERG, *commander-in-chief of the allied armies.*"

There was a circumstance of another kind which assisted in stimulating the hopes and swelling the adherents of the royal cause. The allies had, in the early part of the campaign, experienced evil from the multiplicity of uniforms worn among the troops of so many nations and tongues, and the likeness which some of the dresses, the German especially, bore to those of the French. The invading soldiers had latterly adopted the practice of binding pieces of white linen round their left arms; and this token, though possibly meant only to enable the strangers to recognise each other, was not likely to be observed with indifference by the Parisians, among whom the Bourbonists had already begun to wear openly the white cockade.

Finally, a vivid sensation was excited in Paris, at this critical moment, by the publication of Chateaubriand's celebrated tract, entitled "Of Buonaparte and of the Bourbons." The first symptom of free dom in the long-enslaved press of Paris was not likely, whatever it might be, to meet with an unfriendly reception; but this effusion of one of the most popular writers of the time (though composed in a style not suited to sober English tastes) was admirably adapted to produce a powerful effect, at such a moment of doubt and hesitation, on the people to whom it was addressed.

The agents of Buonaparte had not been idle during the 30th; they had appealed to the passions of those wretched classes of society who had been the willing instruments of all the horrible violence of the revolution, and among whom the name of Bourbon was still detested; nor without considerable effect. The crowds of filthy outcasts, who emerged from their lanes and cellars, and thronged some of the public places during the battle, were regarded with equal alarm by all the decent part of the population, however divided in political sentiments. But the battle ended ere they could be brought to venture on any combined movement; and when the defeated soldiery began to file in silence and dejection through the streets, the mob lost courage, and retreated also in dismay, to the obscure abodes of their misery and vice.

The royalists welcomed with exultation the dawn of the 31st. Together with the proclamation of Schwartzenberg, they circulated one of Monsieur, and another of Louis XVIII. himself; and some of the leading gentlemen of the party, the Montmorencys, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Rochefoucalds, the Polignacs, the Chateaubriands, were early on horseback in the streets; which they paraded without interruption from any, either of the civil authorities, or of the national guard, decorated with the sym-

bols of their cause, and appealing with eloquence to the feelings of the on-lookers. As yet, however, they were only listened to. The mass of the people were altogether uncertain what the end was to be; and, in the language of the chief orator himself, M. Sosthenes de Rochefoucald, "the silence was most dismal." At noon, the first of the allied troops began to pass the barrier and enter the city. The royalist cavaliers met them; but though many officers, observing the white cockade, exclaimed "la belle decoration!" the generals refused to say any thing which might commit their sovereigns. Some ladies of rank, however, now appeared to take their part in the scene; and when these fair hands were seen tearing their dresses to make white cockades, the flame of their enthusiasm began to spread. Various pickets of the national guard had plucked the tricolour badge from their caps, and assumed the white, ere many of the allies passed the gates.

At noon, as has been mentioned, this triumphal procession began, and it lasted for several hours. The show was splendid; 50,000 troops, horse, foot, and artillery, all in the highest order and condition, marched along the boulevards; and in the midst appeared the youthful czar and the king of Prussia, followed by a dazzling suite of princes, ambassadors, and generals. The crowd was so great, that their motion, always slow, was sometimes suspended. The courteous looks and manners of all the strangers—but especially the affable and condescending air of Alexander, were observed at first with surprise—as the cavalcade passed on, and the crowd thickened, the feelings of the populace rose from wonder to delight, and ended in contagious and irresistible rapture. No sovereigns entering their native capitals were ever received with more enthusiastic plaudits; and still, at every step, the shouts of *Vive l'empereur Alexander!—Vive le roi de Prusse!* were more and more loudly mingled with the long-

forgotten echoes of *Vive le roi!—Vive Louis XVIII.!—Vivent les Bourbons!*

The monarchs at last halted, dismissed their soldiers to quarters in the city, saw Platoff and his Cossacks establish their bivouac in the *Champs Elysees,* and retired to the residences prepared for them: that of Alexander being, as we have mentioned above, in the hotel of Talleyrand.

While the czar was discussing with this wily veteran, and a few other French statesmen of the first class, summoned at his request, the state of public opinion, and the strength of the contending parties—the population of Paris continued lost in surprise and admiration, at the sudden march of events, the altogether unexpected amount of the troops of the allies—(for they that had figured in the triumphal procession were, it now appeared, from the occupation of all the environs, but a fragment of the whole)—and above all, perhaps—such is the theatric taste of this people—the countless varieties of lineament and costume observable among the warlike bands lounging and parading about their streets and gardens. The capital wore the semblance of some enormous masquerade. Circassian noblemen in complete mail, and wild Bashkirs with bows and arrows, were there. All ages, as well as countries, seemed to have sent their representatives, to stalk as victors amid the nation which but yesterday had claimed glory above the dreams of antiquity, and the undisputed mastery of the European world.

The council at the hotel of Talleyrand did not protract its sitting. Alexander and Frederick William, urged by all their assessors to re-establish the house of Bourbon, still hesitated. "It is but a few days ago," said the czar, "since a column of 5 or 6000 new troops suffered themselves to be cut in pieces before my eyes, when a single cry of *Vive le roi* would have saved them." De Pradt answered,

"Such things will go as long as you continue to treat with Buonaparte—even although at this moment he has a halter round his neck." The czar did not understand this last allusion: it was explained to him that the Parisians were busy in pulling down Napoleon's statue from the top of the great pillar in the Place Vendome. Talleyrand now suggested that the conservative senate should be convoked, and required to nominate a provisional government, the members of which should have power to arrange a constitution. And to this the sovereigns assented. Alexander signed forthwith a proclamation, asserting the resolution of the allies to "treat no more with Napoleon Buonaparte, or any of his family." Talleyrand had a printer in waiting, and the document was immediately published, with this significant *affix*, "Michaud, printer to the king." If any doubt could have remained after this, it must be supposed to have ceased at nine the same evening, when the royalist gentry once more assembled, sent a second deputation to Alexander, and were (the czar himself having retired to rest) received, and answered in these words, by his minister Nesselrode:—"I have just left the emperor, and it is in his name that I speak. Return to your assembly, and announce to all the French, that, touched with the cries he has heard this morning, and the wishes since so earnestly expressed to him, his majesty is about to restore the crown to him to whom alone it belongs. Louis XVIII. will immediately ascend his throne."

And yet it is by no means clear that even at the time when this apparently most solemn declaration was uttered, the resolution of the allies had been unalterably taken. Nesselrode personally inclined to a regency, and preserving the crown to the king of Rome; nor is it to be doubted that that scheme, if at all practicable, would have been preferred by the emperor of Austria. But the Frenchmen who had

once committed themselves against Napoleon, could not be persuaded but that his influence would revive, to their own ruin, under any Buonapartean administration; and the events of the two succeeding days were decisive. The municipal council met, and proclaimed that the throne was empty. This bold act is supposed to have determined the conservative senate. On the 1st of April that body also assembled, and named a provisional government, with Talleyrand for its head. The deposition of Napoleon was forthwith put to the vote, and carried without even one dissentient voice. On the 2d, the legislative senate, angrily dispersed in January, were in like manner convoked; and they too ratified the decrees proposed by the conservative. On the 3d, the senatus consultum was published; and myriads of hands were busy in every corner of the city, pulling down the statues and pictures, and effacing the arms and initials of Napoleon. Meantime, the allied princes appointed military governors of Paris, were visible daily at processions and festivals, and received, night after night, in the theatres, the tumultuous applause of the most inconstant of people.

It was in the night between the 2d and 3d that Caulaincourt returned, from his mission to Fontainebleau, and informed Napoleon of the events which he had witnessed; he added, that the allies had not yet, in his opinion, made up their minds to resist the scheme of a regency, but that he was commissioned to say nothing could be arranged, as to ulterior questions, until he, the emperor, had formally abdicated his throne. The marshals assembled at Fontainebleau seem, on hearing this intelligence, to have resolved unanimously that they would take no further part in the war; but Napoleon himself was not yet prepared to give up all without a struggle. The next day, the 4th of April, he reviewed some of his troops, harangued them on "the treasonable proceedings in the capital," announced his intention

of instantly marching thither, and was answered by enthusiastic shouts of "Paris! Paris!" He, on this, conceiving himself to be secure of the attachment of his soldiery, gave orders for advancing head-quarters to Essonne. With the troops which had filed through Paris, under Marmont's convention, and those which had followed himself from Troyes, nearly 50,000 men were once more assembled around Fontainebleau; and with such support Napoleon was not yet so humbled as to fear hazarding a blow, despite all the numerical superiority of the allies.

When, however, he retired to the chateau, after the review, he was followed by his marshals, and respectfully, but firmly, informed, that if he refused to negotiate on the basis of his personal abdication, and persisted in risking an attack on Paris, they would not accompany him. He paused for a moment in silence—and a long debate ensued. The statements and arguments which he heard finally prevailed; and Napoleon drew up, and signed, in language worthy of the solemn occasion, this act:—

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to relinquish life, for the good of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency in the person of the empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the empire. Done at our palace of Fontainebleau, April the 4th, 1814.

"NAPOLEON."

Buonaparte appointed Caulaincourt to bear this document to Paris on his behalf; and the marshals proposed that Ney should accompany him as their representative. It was suggested that Marmont also should form part of the deputation; but he was in command of the advanced division at Essonne, and Macdonald was named in his stead. These

officers now desired to know on what stipulations, as concerned the emperor personally, they were to insist. "On none," he answered; "obtain the best terms you can for France—for myself I ask nothing."

Hitherto nothing could be more composed or dignified than his demeanour. He now threw himself on a sofa, hid his countenance for some minutes, and then starting up with that smile which had so often kindled every heart around him into the flame of onset, exclaimed—"Let us march, my comrades; let us take the field once more."

The answer was silence, and some tears; and he, also in silence, dismissed the messengers and the assemblage.

Caulaincourt, Ney, and Macdonald immediately commenced their journey; and on reaching Essonne, received intelligence which quickened their speed. Victor, and many other officers of the first rank, not admitted to the council at Fontainebleau, and considering the events of the two preceding days in the capital as decisive, had already sent in their adhesion to the provisional government; and Marmont, the commander of Napoleon's division in advance, had not only taken the same step for himself personally, but entered into a separate convention the night before, under which it had been settled that he should forthwith march his troops within the lines of the allied armies. The marshals of the mission entreated Marmont to suspend his purpose, and repair with themselves to Paris. He complied; and on arriving in the capital, they found themselves surrounded on all sides with the shouts of *Vive le roi!* Such sounds accompanied them to the hotel of Talleyrand, where they were forthwith admitted to the presence of the emperor of Russia. The act of abdication was produced; and Alexander expressed his surprise that it should contain no stipulations for Napoleon personally; "but I have been

his friend," said he, "and I will willingly be his advocate. I propose that he should retain his imperial title, with the sovereignty of Elba or some other island."

When the marshals retired from Alexander's presence, it still remained doubtful whether the abdication would be accepted in its present form, or the allies would insist on an unconditional surrender. There came tidings almost on the instant which determined the question. Napoleon had, shortly after the mission left him, sent orders to general Souham, who commanded at Essonne in the absence of Marmont, to repair to his presence at Fontainebleau. Souham, who, like all the other upper officers of Marmont's corps (with but two exceptions), approved of the convention of the 3d, was alarmed on receiving this message. His brethren, being summoned to council, participated in his fears; and the resolution was taken to put the convention at once in execution. The troops were wholly ignorant of what was intended, when they commenced their march at five in the morning of the 5th; and for the first time suspected the secret views of their chiefs, when they found themselves in the midst of the allied lines, and watched on all sides by overwhelming numbers, in the neighbourhood of Versailles. A violent commotion ensued; some blood was shed; but the necessity of submission was so obvious, that ere long they resumed the appearance of order, and were cantoned in quiet in the midst of the allies.

This piece of intelligence was followed by more of the like complexion. Officers of all ranks began to abandon the camp at Fontainebleau, and present themselves to swear allegiance to the new government. Talleyrand said wittily, when some one called Marmont a traitor, "his watch only went a little faster than the others."

At length, the allied princes signified their resolu-

tion to accept of nothing but an unconditional abdication; making the marshals, however, the bearers of their unanimous accession to the proposals of Alexander in favour of Napoleon and his house; which, as finally shaped, were these:—

1st, The imperial title to be preserved by Napoleon, with the free sovereignty of Elba, guards, and a navy suitable to the extent of that island, and a pension, from France, of six millions of francs annually: 2d, The dutchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla to be granted in sovereignty to Maria Louisa and her heirs: and, 3d, Two millions and a half of francs annually to be paid by the French government, in pensions to Josephine and the other members of the Buonaparte family.

Napoleon, on hearing the consequences of Marmont's defection, exclaimed, "Ungrateful man! but I pity him more than myself." Every hour thenceforth he was destined to meet similar mortifications. Berthier, his chosen and trusted friend, asked leave to go on private business to Paris, adding that he would return in a few hours. The emperor consented; and, as he left the apartment, whispered, with a smile, "he will return no more." What Napoleon felt even more painfully was, the unceremonious departure of his favourite Mameluke, Rustan.

Ere the marshals returned from Paris, he reviewed his guard again; and it was obvious to those about him that he still hankered after the chances of another field. We may imagine that his thoughts were like those of the Scottish usurper:—

> "I have lived long enough: my May of life
> Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf . . . . . .
> . . . Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
> . . . . . The Thanes fly from me."

He sometimes meditated a march southward, collecting on his way the armies of Augereau and

Soult, and re-opening the campaign as circumstances might recommend, behind either the Loire or the Alps. At other times the chance of yet rousing the population of Paris recurred to his imagination. Amid these dreams, of which every minute more clearly showed the vanity, Napoleon received the ultimatum of the allies. He hesitated, and pondered long ere he would sign his acceptance of it. The group of his personal followers had been sorely thinned; and the armies of the allies, gradually pushing forward from Paris, had nearly surrounded Fontainebleau, ere he at length (on the 11th of April) abandoned all hope, and executed an instrument, formally "renouncing for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and of Italy."

Even after signing this document, and delivering it to Caulaincourt, he made a last effort to rouse the spirits of the chief officers still around his person. They, as the marshals had done on the 4th, heard his appeals in silence; and Caulaincourt, though repeatedly commanded to give him back the act of abdication, refused to do so. It is generally believed that during the night which ensued, Napoleon's meditations were, once more, like those of the fallen Macbeth:—

"There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun."

Whether the story, very circumstantially told, of his having swallowed poison on that night, be true, we have no means of deciding. It is certain that he underwent a violent paroxysm of illness, sunk into a death-like stupor, and awoke in extreme feebleness, lassitude, and dejection; in which condition several days were passed.

Napoleon remained long enough at Fontainebleau to hear of the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, and the triumphant entrance of the count d'Artois

(now Charles X.) into Paris, as lieutenant for his brother, Louis XVIII.; and of another event, which ought to have given him greater affliction. Immediately on the formation of the provisional government, messengers had been sent from Paris to arrest the progress of hostilities between Soult and Wellington. But, wherever the blame of intercepting and holding back these tidings may have lain, the English general received no intelligence of the kind until, pursuing his career of success, he had fought another great and bloody battle, and achieved another glorious victory, beneath the walls of Toulouse. This unfortunate, because utterly needless, battle occurred on the 11th of April. On the 14th the news of the fall of Paris reached lord Wellington; and, Soult soon afterward signifying his adhesion to the new government, his conqueror proceeded to take part in the final negotiations of the allies at Paris.

It was on the 20th of April that Napoleon once more called his officers about him, and signified that they were summoned to receive his last adieus. Several of the marshals and others, who had some time before sworn fealty to the king, were present. "Louis," said he, "has talents and means: he is old and infirm; and will not, I think, choose to give a bad name to his reign. If he is wise, he will occupy my bed, and only change the sheets. But he must treat the army well, and take care not to look back on the past, or his time will be brief. For you, gentlemen, I am no longer to be with you;—you have another government; and it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, and serve it as faithfully as you have served me."

He now desired that the relics of his imperial guard might be drawn up in the court yard of the castle. He advanced to them on horseback; and tears dropped from his eyes as he dismounted in the midst. "All Europe," said Napoleon, "has armed against me. France herself has deserted me, and

chosen another dynasty. I might, with my soldiers have maintained a civil war for years—but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful to the new sovereign whom your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate: I shall always be happy while I know that you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the path of honour. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all" (he continued, taking the commanding officer in his arms)—"but I embrace your general. Bring hither the eagle. Beloved eagle! may the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave! Farewell, my children—farewell, my brave companions—surround me once more—farewell!"

Amid the silent but profound grief of these brave men, submitting like himself to the irresistible force of events, Napoleon placed himself in his carriage, and drove rapidly from Fontainebleau.

Of all that lamented the fall of this extraordinary man, there was perhaps no one who shed bitterer tears than the neglected wife of his youth. Josephine had fled from Paris on the approach of the allies; but being assured of the friendly protection of Alexander, returned to Malmaison ere Napoleon quitted Fontainebleau. The czar visited her frequently, and endeavoured to sooth her affliction. But the ruin of "her Achilles," "her Cid," (as she now once more, in the day of misery, called Napoleon,) had entered deep into her heart. She sickened and died before the allies left France.

Maria Louisa, meanwhile, and her son, were taken under the personal protection of the emperor of Austria, and had begun their journey to Vienna some time ere Buonaparte reached Elba.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Napoleon's Journey to Frejus—Voyage to Elba—His Conduct and Occupations there—Discontents in France—Return of Prisoners of War—Jealousy of the Army—Union of the Jacobins and Buonapartists—Their Intrigues—Napoleon escapes from Elba.

Four commissioners, one from each of the great allied powers, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England, accompanied Buonaparte on his journey. He was attended by Bertrand, grand master of the palace, and some other attached friends and servants; and while fourteen carriages were conveying him and his immediate suite towards Elba, 700 infantry and about 150 cavalry of the imperial guard (all picked men, and all volunteers), marched in the same direction, to take on them the military duties of the exiled court.

During the earlier part of his progress, Napoleon continued to be received respectfully by the civil functionaries of the different towns and departments, and with many tokens of sympathy on the part of the people; and his personal demeanour was such as it had been wont to appear in his better days. At Valence he met Augereau, whose conduct during the campaign had moved his bitterest displeasure; the interview was short—the recriminations mutual, and, for the first time, perhaps, the fallen emperor heard himself addressed in that tone of equality and indifference, to which, for so many years, he had been a stranger. Thenceforth the course of his journey carried him more and more deeply into provinces wherein his name had never been popular, and contemptuous hootings began by degrees to be succeeded by clamours of fierce resentment. On more than one occasion the crowd had threatened

personal violence when the horses were changing, and Napoleon appears to have exhibited alarm such as could hardly have been expected in one so familiar with all the dangers of warfare. But civil commotions, as we have seen in the case of the revolution of Brumaire, were not contemplated by Napoleon so calmly as the tumults of the field. At this time, besides, he was suffering under a bodily illness, which acts severely on the stoutest nerves. It is admitted on all hands that he showed more of uneasiness and anxiety than accords with the notion of a heroic character. At length, he disguised himself, and sometimes appearing in an Austrian uniform, at others riding on before the carriages in the garb of a courier, reached in safety the place of embarkation.

A French vessel had been sent round from Toulon to Cannes, for the purpose of conveying him to Elba; but there happened to be an English frigate also in the roads, and he preferred sailing under any flag rather than the Bourbon. His equanimity seemed perfectly re-established from the moment when he set his foot on the British deck. He conversed affably with captain Usher and the officers, and by the ease and plainness of his manners, his intelligent curiosity as to the arrangements of the ship, and the warm eulogies which he continued to pronounce on them, and on the character of the English nation at large, he succeeded in making a very favourable impression on all the crew—with the exception of Hinton, a shrewd old boatswain, who, unmoved by all the imperial blandishments, growled, at the close of every fine speech, the same homely comment, "humbug." Saving this hard veteran, the usual language of the forecastle was, that "Buonaparte was a very good fellow after all;" and when, on finally leaving the Undaunted, he caused some 200 louis to be distributed among the sailors, they "wished his honour long life, and better luck the next time."

Napoleon came within view of his new dominions on the afternoon of the 4th of May, and went ashore in disguise the same evening, in order to ascertain for himself whether the feelings of the Elbese at all resembled those of the Provençals. Finding that, on the contrary, the people considered his residence as likely to increase in every way the consequence and prosperity of their island, he returned on board the ship, and at noon, the day after, made his public entrance into the town of Porto Ferraio, amid all possible demonstrations of welcome and respect.

The Russian and Prussian commissioners did not accompany him beyond the coast of Provence: the Austrian, baron Kohler, and the English, sir Neil Campbell, landed with Napoleon, and took up their residence at Ferraio. He continued for some time to treat both of these gentlemen with every mark of distinction, and even cordiality: made them the companions of his table and excursions; and conversed with apparent openness and candour on the past, the present, and the future. "There is but one people in the world," said he to colonel Campbell—"the English—the rest are only so many populaces. I tried to raise the French to your level of sentiment, and, failing to do so, fell of course. I am now politically dead to Europe. Let me do what I can for Elba.. ..It must be confessed," said he, having climbed the hill above Ferraio, from whence he could look down on the whole of his territory, as on a map—"it must be confessed," said the emperor, smiling, "that my island is very small."

The island, however, was his; and, as on the eye itself, a very small object near at hand fills a much greater space than the largest which is distant, so, in the mind of Napoleon, that was always of most importance in which his personal interests happened for the time to be most concerned. The island—mountainous and rocky, for the most part barren, and of a circumference not beyond sixty miles—was

his; and the emperor forthwith devoted to Elba the same anxious care and industry which had sufficed for the whole affairs of France, and the superintendence and control of half Europe besides. He, in less than three weeks, had explored every corner of the island, and projected more improvements of all sorts than would have occupied a long lifetime to complete. He even extended his empire by sending some dozen or two of his soldiers to take possession of a small adjacent islet, hitherto left unoccupied for fear of corsairs. He established four different residences at different corners of Elba, and was continually in motion from one to another of them. Wherever he was, in houses neither so large nor so well furnished as many English gentlemen are used to inhabit, all the etiquettes of the Tuilleries were, as far as possible, adhered to; and Napoleon's eight or nine hundred veterans were reviewed as frequently and formally as if they had been the army of Austerlitz or of Moscow. His presence gave a new stimulus to the trade and industry of the islanders; the small port of Ferraio was crowded with vessels from the opposite coasts of Italy; and, such was still the power of his name, that the new flag of Elba (covered with Napoleon's *bees*) traversed with impunity the seas most infested with the Moorish pirates.

Buonaparte's eagerness as to architectural and other improvements was, ere long, however, checked in a manner sufficiently new to him—namely, by the want of money. The taxes of the island were summarily increased; but this gave rise to discontent among the Elbese, without replenishing at all adequately the emperor's exchequer. Had the French government paid his pension in advance, or at least quarterly, as it fell due, even that would have borne a slender proportion to the demands of his magnificent imagination. But Napoleon received no money whatever from the Bourbon court; and his com

plaints on this head were unjustly, and unwisely, neglected. These new troubles imbittered the spirit of Buonaparte; and, the first excitement of novelty being over, he sank into a state of comparative indolence, and apparently of listless dejection; from which, however, he was, ere long, to be roused effectually by the course of events in that great kingdom, almost in sight of whose shores he had been most injudiciously permitted to preserve the shadow of sovereign state.

Louis XVIII., advanced in years, gross and infirm in person, and devoted to the luxuries of the table, was, in spite of considerable talents and accomplishments, and a sincere desire to conciliate the affections, by promoting the interests, of all orders of his people, but ill adapted for occupying, in such trying times, the throne which, even amid all the blaze of genius and victory, Napoleon had at best found uneasy and insecure.* The king himself was, perhaps, less unpopular than almost any other member of his family; but it was his fatal misfortune, that while, on the whole, every day increased the bitterness of those who had never been sincerely his friends, it tended to chill the affections of the royalists who had partaken his exile, or laboured, ere success was probable, for his return.

Louis had been called to the throne by the French senate, in a decree which at the same time declared the legislative constitution as composed of an hereditary sovereign and two houses of assembly, to be fixed and unchangeable; which confirmed the rights of all who had obtained property in consequence of the events of the revolution, and the titles and orders conferred by Buonaparte: in a word, which summoned the Bourbon to ascend the throne of

* When the king first came to Paris, there appeared a caricature representing an eagle flying away from the Tuilleries, and a brood of porkers entering the gate; and his majesty was commonly called by the rabble, not Louis *dix-huit*, but Louis *cochon* (the pig), or Louis *des huitres* (of the oysters).

Napoleon—on condition that he should preserve that political system which Napoleon had violated. Louis, however, though he proceeded to France on this invitation, did not hesitate to date his first act in the twentieth year of his reign; and though he issued a charter, conferring, as from his own free will, every privilege which the senate claimed for themselves and the nation, this mode of commencement could not fail to give deep offence to those, not originally of his party, who had consented to his recall. These men saw, in such assumptions, the traces of those old doctrines of *divine right*, which they had through life abhorred and combated; and asked why, if all their privileges were but the gifts of the king, they might not, on any tempting opportunity, be withdrawn by the same authority? They, whose possessions and titles had all been won since the death of Louis XVI., were startled when they found, that according to the royal doctrine, there had been no legitimate government all that while in France. The exiled nobles, meanwhile, were naturally the personal friends and companions of the restored princes: their illustrious names, and, we must add, their superior manners, could not fail to excite unpleasant feelings among the new-made dukes and counts of Napoleon. Among themselves it was no wonder that expectations were cherished, and even avowed, of recovering gradually, if not rapidly, the estates of which the revolution had deprived them. The churchmen, who had never gone heartily into Napoleon's ecclesiastical arrangements, sided of course with these impoverished and haughty lords; and, in a word, the first tumult of the restoration being over, the troops of the allies withdrawn, and the memory of recent sufferings and disasters beginning to wax dim amid the vainest and most volatile of nations, there were abundant elements of discontent afloat among all those classes who had originally approved of, or profited by, the revolution of 1792.

Of these the most powerful and dangerous remains to be noticed; and, indeed, had the Bourbons adopted judicious measures concerning *the army*, it is very probable that the alarms of the other classes now alluded to might have ere long subsided. The allies, in the moment of universal delight and conciliation, restored at once, and without stipulation, the whole of the prisoners who had fallen into their hands during the war. At least 150,000 veteran soldiers of Buonaparte were thus poured into France ere Louis was well seated on the throne; men, the greater part of whom had witnessed nothing of the last disastrous campaigns; who had sustained themselves in their exile by brooding over the earlier victories in which themselves had had a part; and who now, returning fresh and vigorous to their native soil, had but one answer to every tale of misfortune which met them: "These things could never have happened had we been here."

The allies, in their anxiety to procure for Louis XVIII. a warm reception among the French, had been led into other mistakes, which all tended to the same issue. They had (with some exceptions on the part of Prussia) left the pictures and statues, the trophies of Napoleon's conquests, untouched in the Louvre—they had not even disturbed the monuments erected in commemoration of their own disgraces. These instances of forbearance were now attributed by the fierce and haughty soldiery of Buonaparte, to the lingering influence of that terror which their own arms under his guidance had been accustomed to inspire. Lastly, the concessions to Napoleon himself of his imperial title, and an independent sovereignty almost within view of France, were interpreted in the same fashion by these habitual worshippers of his renown. The restored king, on his part, was anxious about nothing so much as to conciliate the affections of the army. With this view he kept together bands which long

accustomed to all the license of warfare, would hardly have submitted to peace even under Napoleon himself. Even the imperial guard, those chosen and devoted children of the emperor, were maintained entire on their old establishment; the legion of honour was continued as before; the war ministry was given to Soult, the ablest, in common estimation, of Buonaparte's surviving marshals; and the other officers of that high rank were loaded with every mark of royal consideration. But these arrangements only swelled the presumption of those whose attachment they were meant to secure. It was hardly possible that the king of France should have given no military appointments among the nobles who had partaken his exile. He gave them so few, that they, as a body, began to murmur ere the reign was a month old: but he gave enough to call up insolent reclamations among those proud legionaries, who, in every royalist, beheld an emblem of the temporary humiliation of their own caste. When, without dissolving or weakening the imperial (now *royal*) guard, he formed a body of household troops, composed of *gentlemen*, and intrusted them with the immediate attendance on his person and court, this was considered as a heinous insult; and when the king bestowed the cross of the legion of honour on persons who would have much preferred that of St. Louis, the only comment that obtained among the warriors of Austerlitz and Friedland was, that which ascribed to the Bourbons a settled design of degrading the decoration which they had purchased with their blood.

In a word, the French soldiery remained cantoned in the country in a temper stern, gloomy, and sullen; jealous of the prince whose bread they were eating; eager to wipe out the memory of recent disasters in new victories; and cherishing more and more deeply the notion (not perhaps unfounded) that had Napoleon not been betrayed at home, no foreigners could

ever have hurled him from his throne. Nor could such sentiments fail to be partaken, more or less, by the officers of every rank who had served under Buonaparte. They felt, almost universally, that it must be the policy of the Bourbons to promote, as far as possible, others rather than themselves. And even as to those of the very highest class—could any peaceful honours compensate, to such spirits as Ney and Soult, for a revolution, that for ever shrouded in darkness the glittering prizes on which Napoleon had encouraged them to speculate? Were the comrades of Murat and Bernadotte to sit down in contentment as peers of France, among the Montmorencies and the Rohans, who considered them at the best as low-born intruders, and scorned, in private society, to acknowledge them as members of their order? If we take into account the numerous personal adherents whom the imperial government, with all the faults of its chief, must have possessed —and the political humiliation of France in the eyes of all Europe, as well as of the French people themselves, immediately connected with the disappearance of Napoleon—we shall have some faint conception of that mass of multifarious griefs and resentments, in the midst of which the unwieldy and inactive Louis occupied, ere long, a most unenviable throne—and on which the eagle-eyed exile of Elba gazed with reviving hope, even before the summer of 1814 had reached its close.

Ere then, as we have seen, the demeanour and conduct of Napoleon were very different from what they had been when he first took possession of his mimic empire. Ere then his mother, his sister Pauline (a woman, whose talents for intrigue equalled her personal charms), and not a few ancient and attached servants, both of his civil government and of his army, had found their way to Elba, and figured in "his little senate." Pauline made repeated voyages to Italy, and returned again. New and

busy faces appeared in the circle of Porto Ferraio—and disappeared forthwith—no one knew whence they had come or whither they went; an air of bustle and of mystery pervaded the atmosphere of the place. Sir Neil Campbell found it more and more difficult to obtain access to the presence of Buonaparte—which the refusal of the English government to acknowledge the imperial title, and this officer's consequent want of any very definite character at Elba, left him no better means of overcoming than to undertake journeys and voyages, thereby gaining a pretext for paying his respects at every departure and return. Sir Neil early suspected that some evil was hatching, and repeatedly remarked on the absurdity of withholding Napoleon's pension, thereby tempting him, as it were, to violence. But neither the reports nor the reclamations of this gentleman appear to have received that attention which they merited.

What persons in France were actually in communication on political subjects with the turbulent court of Elba, during that autumn and the following winter, is likely to remain a secret: that they were neither few, nor inactive, nor unskilful, the event will sufficiently prove. The chiefs of the police and of the post-office had been removed by Louis; but the whole inferior machinery of these establishments remained untouched; and it is generally believed, that both were early and sedulously employed in the service of the new conspiracy. We have seen that Soult was commander-in-chief of the army; and it is very difficult, on considering the subsequent course of events, to doubt that he also made a systematic use of his authority with the same views, distributing and arranging the troops according to far other rules than the interests of his royal master.

Ere the autumn closed, Buonaparte granted furloughs on various pretexts to about 200 of his guardsmen; and these were forthwith scattered over

France, actively disseminating the praises of their chief, and though probably not aware how soon such an attempt was meditated, preparing the minds of their ancient comrades for considering it as by no means unlikely that he would yet once more appear in the midst of them. It is certain that a notion soon prevailed, that Napoleon would revisit the soil of France in the spring of the coming year. He was toasted among the soldiery, and elsewhere also, under the *soubriquet* of corporal Violet. That early flower, or a riband of its colour, was the symbol of rebellion, and worn openly, in the sight of the unsuspecting Bourbons.

Their security was as profound as hollow; nor was it confined to them. The representatives of all the European princes had met in Vienna, to settle finally a number of questions left undecided at the termination of the war. Talleyrand was there for France, and Wellington for England; and yet it is on all hands admitted, that no surprise was ever more sudden, complete, and universal than theirs, when on the 11th of March, 1815, a courier arrived among them with the intelligence that Napoleon Buonaparte had reared his standard in Provence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Napoleon lands at Cannes—His Progress to Grenoble—Lyons—Fontainebleau—Treason of Labedoyere and Ney—Louis XVIII. retires to Ghent, and Napoleon arrives in Paris.

The evening before Napoleon sailed (February the 26th), his sister Pauline gave a ball, to which all the officers of the Elbese army were invited. A brig (the Inconstant) and six small craft had meanwhile been prepared for the voyage, and at dead of night, without apparently any previous intimation, the soldiery were mustered by tuck of drum, and found themselves on board ere they could ask for what purpose. When the day broke they perceived that all the officers and the emperor himself were with them, and that they were steering for the coast of France; and it could no longer be doubtful that the scheme which had for months formed the darling object of all their hopes and dreams was about to be realized.

Sir Neil Campbell, who had been absent on an excursion to Leghorn, happened to return to Porto Ferraio almost as soon as the flotilla had quitted it. The mother and sister of Buonaparte in vain endeavoured to persuade the English officer that he had steered towards the coast of Barbary. He pursued instantly towards Provence, in the Partridge, which attended his orders and came in sight of the fugitive armament exactly when it was too late. Ere then Napoleon had encountered almost an equal hazard. A French ship of war had crossed his path; but the emperor made all his soldiery lie flat on the decks, and the steersman of the Inconstant, who happened to be well acquainted with the command-

ing officer, had received and answered the usual challenge without exciting any suspicion. Thus narrowly escaped the flotilla which carried "Cæsar and his fortune."

On the 1st of March he was once more off Cannes —the same spot which had received him from Egypt, and at which he had embarked ten months before for Elba. There was no force whatever to oppose his landing; and his handful of men—500 grenadiers of the guard, 200 dragoons, and 100 Polish lancers, these last without horses, and carrying their saddles on their backs—were immediately put in motion on the road to Paris. Twenty-five grenadiers, whom he detached to summon Antibes, were arrested on the instant by the governor of that place; but he despised this omen, and proceeded without a pause. He bivouacked that night in a plantation of olives, with all his men about him. As soon as the moon rose, the reveillée sounded. A labourer going thus early afield, recognised the emperor's person, and, with a cry of joy, said he had served in the army of Italy, and would join the march. "Here is already a reinforcement," said Napoleon; and the march recommenced. Early in the morning they passed through the town of Grasse, and halted on the height beyond it—where the whole population of the place forthwith surrounded them, some cheering, the great majority looking on in perfect silence, but none offering any show of opposition. The roads were so bad in this neighbourhood, that the pieces of cannon which they had with them were obliged to be abandoned in the course of the day, but they had marched full twenty leagues ere they halted for the night at Cerenon. On the 5th, Napoleon reached Gap. He was now in Dauphiny, called "the cradle of the revolution," and the sullen silence of the Provençals was succeeded by popular acclamations; but still no soldiers had joined him—and his anxiety was great.

It was at Gap that he published his first proclamation; one "to the army," another "to the French people," both no doubt prepared at Elba, though dated "March 1st, Gulf of Juan." The former, and more important of the two, ran in these words —"Soldiers we have not been beaten. Two men, raised from our ranks,* betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their benefactor. In my exile I have heard your voice. I have arrived once more among you, despite all obstacles, and all perils. We ought to forget that we have been the masters of the world; but we ought never to suffer foreign interference in our affairs. Who dares pretend to be master over us? Take again the eagles which you followed at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Montmirail. Come and range yourselves under the banners of your old chief. Victory shall march at the charging step. The eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple—on to the towers of Nôtre Dame! In your old age, surrounded and honoured by your fellow-citizens, you shall be heard with respect when you recount your high deeds. You then shall say with pride: I also was one of that great army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, which took Rome, and Berlin, and Madrid, and Moscow—and which delivered Paris from the stain printed on it by domestic treason, and the occupation of strangers."

It was between Mure and Vizele that Cambronne, who commanded his advanced guard of forty grenadiers, met suddenly a battalion sent forwards from Grenoble to arrest the march. The colonel refused to parley with Cambronne; either party halted until Napoleon himself came up. He did not hesitate for a moment. He dismounted, and advanced alone; some paces behind him came a hundred of his guard,

* The allusion is to Marmont's conduct at Esconne, and Augereau's hasty abandonment of Lyons when the Austrians approached it in March, 1814.

with their arms reversed. There was perfect silence on all sides until he was within a few yards of the men. He then halted, threw open his surtout so as to show the star of the legion of honour, and exclaimed, "If there be among you a soldier who desires to kill his general—his emperor—let him do it now. Here I am."—The old cry of *Vive l'empereur* burst instantaneously from every lip. Napoleon threw himself among them, and taking a veteran private, covered with cheverons and medals, by the whisker, said, "Speak honestly, old Moustache, couldst thou have had the heart to kill thy emperor?" The man dropped his ramrod into his piece to show that it was uncharged, and answered, "Judge if I could have done thee much harm—all the rest are the same." Napoleon gave the word, and the old adherents and the new marched together on Grenoble.

Some space ere they reached that town, colonel Labedoyere, an officer of noble family, and who had been promoted by Louis XVIII., appeared on the road before them, at the head of his regiment, the seventh of the line. These men, and the emperor's little column, on coming within view of each other, rushed simultaneously from the ranks and embraced with mutual shouts of *Live Napoleon! Live the Guard! Live the Seventh!* Labedoyere produced an eagle, which he had kept concealed about his person, and broke open a drum which was found to be filled with tricolour cockades; these ancient ensigns were received with redoubled enthusiasm. This was the first instance of an officer of superior rank voluntarily espousing the side of the invader. The impulse thus afforded was decisive: in spite of all the efforts of general Marchand, commandant of Grenoble, the whole of that garrison, when he approached the walls, exclaimed, *Vive l'empereur!* Their conduct, however, exhibited a singular specta-

cle. Though thus welcoming Napoleon with their voices, they would not so far disobey the governor as to throw open the gates. On the other hand, no argument could prevail on them to fire on the advancing party. In the teeth of all the batteries, Buonaparte calmly planted a howitzer or two and blew the gates open; and then, as if the spell of discipline was at once dissolved, the garrison broke from their lines, and Napoleon in an instant found himself dragged from his horse, and borne aloft on these men's shoulders towards the principal inn of the place, amid the clamours of enthusiastic and delirious joy. Marchand remained faithful to his oath; and was dismissed without injury. Next morning the authorities of Grenoble waited on Napoleon, and tendered their homage. He reviewed his troops, now about 7000 in numbers; and on the 9th of March, recommenced his march on Lyons.

On the 10th Buonaparte came within sight of Lyons, and was informed that Monsieur and marshal Macdonald had arrived to take the command, barricaded the bridge of Guillotierre, and posted themselves at the head of a large force to dispute the entrance of the town. Nothing daunted with this intelligence, the column moved on, and at the bridge of Lyons, as at the gates of Grenoble, all opposition vanished when his person was recognised by the soldiery. The prince and Macdonald were forced to retire, and Napoleon entered the second city of France in triumph. A guard of mounted gentlemen had been formed among the citizens to attend on the person of Monsieur. These were among the foremost to offer their services to the emperor, after he reached his hotel. Surrounded by his own soldiery, and by a manufacturing population, whom the comparatively free admission of English goods after the peace of Paris had filled with fear and discontent, and who now welcomed the great enemy of

England with rapturous acclamations, Napoleon could afford to reject the assistance of these faithless cavaliers. He dismissed them with contempt; but finding that *one* of their number had followed Monsieur until his person was out of all danger, immediately sent to that individual the cross of the legion of honour.

This revolution had been proceeding during more than a week, ere the gazettes of Paris ventured to make any allusion to its existence. There then appeared a royal ordonnance, proclaiming Napoleon Buonaparte *an outlaw*, and convoking on the instant the two chambers. Next day the Moniteur announced that, surrounded and followed on all hands by faithful garrisons and a loyal population, this outlaw was already stripped of most of his followers, wandering in despair among the hills, and certain to be a prisoner within two or three days at the utmost. The Moniteur, however, was no very decisive authority in 1815, any more than in 1814; and the public mind continued full of uncertainty, as to the motives and every circumstance of this unparalleled adventure. Monsieur, meanwhile, had departed, we have seen with what success, to Lyons; the duke of Angouleme was already at Marseilles, organizing the loyal Provençals, and preparing to throw himself on Grenoble and cut off the retreat of Buonaparte; and Louis continued to receive addresses full of loyalty and devotion from the public bodies of Paris, from towns, and departments, and, above all, from the marshals, generals, and regiments who happened to be near the capital.

This while, however, the partisans of Napoleon in Paris were far more active than the royalists. They gave out every where that, as the proclamation from the gulf of Juan had stated, Buonaparte was come back thoroughly cured of that ambition which had armed Europe against his throne; that he considered his act of abdication void, because the Bour-

bons had not accepted the crown on the terms on which it was offered, and had used their authority in a spirit, and for purposes, at variance with the feelings and the interests of the French people; that he was come to be no longer the dictator of a military despotism, but the first citizen of a nation which he had resolved to make the freest of the free: that the royal government wished to extinguish by degrees all memory of the revolution—that he was returning to consecrate once more the principles of liberty and equality, ever hateful in the eyes of the old nobility of France, and to secure the proprietors of forfeited estates against all the machinations of that dominant faction: in a word, that he was fully sensible to the extent of his past errors, both of domestic administration and of military ambition, and desirous of nothing but the opportunity of devoting, to the true welfare of peaceful France, those unrivalled talents and energies which he had been rash enough to abuse in former days. With these suggestions they mingled statements perhaps still more audacious. According to them, Napoleon had landed with the hearty approbation of the Austrian court, and would be instantly rejoined by the empress and his son. The czar also was friendly: even England had been sounded ere the adventure began, and showed no disposition to hazard another war for the sake of the Bourbons. The king of Prussia, indeed, remained hostile—but France was not sunk so low as to dread that state single-handed. It was no secret, ere this time, that some disputes of considerable importance had sprung up among the great powers whose representatives were assembled at Vienna; and such was the rash credulity of the Parisians, that the most extravagant exaggerations and inventions which issued from the saloon of the dutchess de St. Leu (under which name Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Buonaparte, had continued to reside in Paris), and from other circles of the

same character, found, to a certain extent, credence There was one tale which rung louder and louder from the tongue of every Buonapartist, and which royalist and republican found, day after day, new reason to believe; namely, that the army were, high and low, on the side of Napoleon; that every detachment sent to intercept him, would but swell his force; in a word, that—unless the people were to rise *en masse*—nothing could prevent the outlaw from taking possession of the Tuilleries ere a fortnight more had passed over the head of Louis.

It was at Lyons, where Napoleon remained from the 10th to the 13th, that he formally resumed the functions of civil government. He published various decrees at this place; one, commanding justice to be administered every where in his name after the 15th; another abolishing the chambers of the peers and the deputies, and summoning all the electoral colleges to meet in Paris at a *Champ-de-Mai*,* there to witness the coronation of Maria Louisa and of her son, and settle definitively the constitution of the state; a third, ordering into banishment all whose names had not been erased from the list of emigrants prior to the abdication of Fontainebleau; a fourth, depriving all strangers and emigrants of their commissions in the army; a fifth, abolishing the order of St. Louis, and bestowing all its revenues on the legion of honour; and a sixth, restoring to their authority all magistrates who had been deprived by the Bourbon government. These proclamations could not be prevented from reaching Paris; and the court, abandoning their system of denying or extenuating the extent of the impending danger, began to adopt more energetic means for its suppression.

It was now that marshal Ney volunteered his

* Napoleon took the idea and name of this assembly from the history of the early Gauls

services to take the command of a large body of troops, whose fidelity was considered sure, and who were about to be sent to Lons-le-Saunier, there to intercept and arrest the invader. Well aware of this great officer's influence in the army, Louis did not hesitate to accept his proffered assistance; and Ney, on kissing his hand at parting, swore that in the course of a week he would bring Buonaparte to his majesty's feet in a cage, like a wild beast.

On reaching Lons-le-Saunier, Ney received a letter from Napoleon, summoning him to join his standard as "the bravest of the brave." In how far he guided or followed the sentiments of his soldiery we know not, but the fact is certain, that he and they put themselves in motion forthwith, and joined the march of Buonaparte on the 17th at Auxerre. Ney, in the sequel, did not hesitate to avow that he had chosen the part of Napoleon long ere he pledged his oath to Louis; adding that the greater number of the marshals were, like himself, original members of the Elbese conspiracy. Of the latter of these assertions no other proof has hitherto been produced; and the former continues to be generally as well as mercifully discredited.

In and about the capital there still remained troops far more than sufficient in numbers to overwhelm the advancing column, and drag its chief to the feet of Louis. He intrusted the command of these battalions to one whose personal honour was as clear as his military reputation was splendid—marshal Macdonald; and this gentleman proceeded to take post at Melun, in good hope, notwithstanding all that happened, of being duly supported in the discharge of his commission.

On the 19th, Napoleon slept once more in the chateau of Fontainebleau; on the morning of the 20th, he advanced through the forest in full knowledge of Macdonald's arrangements—and he advanced alone. It was about noon that the marshal's

troops, who had for some time been under arms on an eminence beyond the wood, listening, apparently with delight, to the loyal strains of *Vive Henri Quatre* and *La Belle Gabrielle*, perceived suddenly a single open carriage coming at full speed towards them from among the trees. A handful of Polish horsemen, with their lances reversed, followed the equipage. The little flat cocked-hat—the gray surtout—the person of Napoleon was recognised. In an instant the men burst from their ranks, surrounded him with the cries of *Vive l'empereur*, and trampled their white cockades in the dust.

Macdonald escaped to Paris; but his master had not awaited the issue of the last stand at Melun. Amid the tears and lamentations of the loyal burghers of the capital, and the respectful silence of those who really wished for the success of his rival, Louis had set off from the Tuilleries in the middle of the preceding night. Macdonald overtook him, and accompanied him to the frontier of the Netherlands, which he reached in safety. There had been a plan organized by generals Lallemand and Lefevre for seizing the roads between Paris and Belgium, and intercepting the flight of the king; but marshal Mortier had been successful in detecting and suppressing this movement.

On the evening of the 20th of March, Napoleon once more entered Paris. He came preceded and followed by the soldiery, on whom alone he had relied, and who, by whatever sacrifices, had justified his confidence. The streets were silent as the travel-worn cavalcade passed along; but all that loved the name or the cause of Napoleon were ready to receive him in the Tuilleries; and he was almost stifled by the pressure of those enthusiastic adherents, who, the moment he stopped, mounted him on their shoulders, and carried him so in triumph up the great staircase of the palace. He found, in the apartments which the king had just

vacated, a brilliant assemblage of those who had in former times filled the most prominent places in his own councils and court: among the rest was Fouché. This personage was not the only one present who had recently intrigued with the Bourbons against Buonaparte—with as much apparent ardour, and perhaps with about as much honesty, as in other times he had ever brought to the service of the emperor. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon, as he walked round the circle, "it is disinterested people who have brought me back to my capital. It is the subalterns and the soldiers that have done it all. I owe every thing to the people and the army."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Hundred Days—Declaration of the Congress at Vienna—Napoleon prepares for War—Capitulation of the Duke d'Angoulême—Insurrection of La Vendée—Murat advances from Naples—Is defeated, and takes Refuge in France—The Champ-de-Mai—Dissatisfaction of the Constitutionalists.

The reports so zealously circulated by the Buonapartists, that some at least of the great European powers were aware, and approved, of the meditated debarkation at Cannes—and the hopes thus nourished among the French people, that the new revolution would not disturb the peace of the world—were very speedily at an end. The instant that the news of Napoleon's daring movement reached Vienna, the congress published a proclamation in these words: "By breaking the convention which established him in Elba, Buonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended. By appearing again in France, with projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and manifested to the universe

that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The powers consequently declare, that Napoleon Buonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that, as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance." These sentiments underwent no change in consequence of the apparently triumphant course of Napoleon's adventure. All Europe prepared once more for war. It was evident that the usurper owed every thing to the French soldiery—that body to which the treaty of Paris had at once restored 150,000 veterans, idle, and indisposed for ordinary labour—and that until this ferocious military were effectually humbled, there could be no peace for the world.

A formal treaty was forthwith entered into, by which the four great powers bound themselves to maintain each of them at least 150,000 troops in arms, until Buonaparte should either be dethroned, or reduced so low as no longer to endanger the peace of Europe. The other states of the continent were to be invited to join the alliance, furnishing contingents adequate to their respective resources. The king of France was to be requested to sign the treaty also; but with reference to this article an explanatory note was affixed, by the representatives of the prince regent of England, denying, on the part of his royal highness, any wish to force a particular government on the people of France: and it was also stipulated, that in case Britain should not furnish all the men agreed on, she should compensate by paying at the rate of 30*l.* per annum for every cavalry soldier, and 20*l.* per annum for every foot soldier under the full number. Such was the treaty of Vienna; but the zeal of the contracting parties ere long went far beyond the preparations indicated in its terms; and, in effect, Napoleon was hardly reseated on his throne ere he learned that he must in all likelihood maintain it against 300,000 Austrians,

225,000 Russians, 236,000 Prussians, an army of 150,000 men furnished by the minor states of Germany, 50,000 contributed by the government of the Netherlands, and 50,000 English, commanded by the duke of Wellington; in all, one million eleven thousand soldiers.

His preparations to meet this gigantic confederacy began from the moment when he re-established himself in the Tuilleries. Carnot became once more minister of war; and what Napoleon and he, when labouring together in the re-organization of an army, could effect, had been abundantly manifested at the commencement of the consulate. The army cantoned in France, when Buonaparte landed at Cannes, numbered 175,000; the cavalry had been greatly reduced: and the disasters of 1812, 1813, and 1814 were visible in the miserable deficiency of military stores and arms, especially of artillery. By incredible exertions, notwithstanding the pressure of innumerable cares and anxieties of all kinds, and although the temper of the nation prevented him from having recourse to the old method of conscription—the emperor, ere May was over, had 375,000 men in arms, including an imperial guard of 40,000 chosen veterans, in the most splendid state of equipment and discipline, a large and brilliant force of cavalry, and a train of artillery of proportional extent and excellence.

Napoleon, however, made sundry attempts to open a negotiation with the allies—nor wanted there statesmen, even in England, to lend their best support to his reclamations. He urged three arguments in defence of his breach of the convention by which he had become sovereign of Elba: 1st, the detention of his wife and son by the court of Austria—an affair with which the king whose dominions he had invaded could have had nothing to do: 2d, the nonpayment of his pension—a grievance which might have furnished a legitimate ground of com

plaining to the powers that guaranteed its punctual discharge, and which, if so complained of at the congress of Vienna, there is no reason to doubt would have been redressed: and 3dly, the voice of the French nation, which he, according to his own statement, had but heard and obeyed. But the state of public feeling in France could not be effectually misrepresented now: and the answer that met him from every quarter was one and the same—namely, that he had ascended the throne of Louis in consequence of the treason of the army, and the intrigues of a faction, in direct opposition to the wishes of almost all the upper classes of society throughout France, and, as regarded the mass of the nation, amid profound indifference.

Meanwhile, the royalists at home had failed in all their endeavours to prevent his authority from being recognised all over France. The duke d'Angouleme was soon surrounded by the superior numbers of general Gilly, and capitulated—on condition of being permitted to disband his followers, and embark at Cette for Spain—a convention which Napoleon did not hesitate to ratify. The dutchess of Angouleme, daughter of Louis XVI., displayed at Bourdeaux such heroism, as drew from Napoleon himself the sarcastic eulogy, "She is the only man of her race;" but in spite of the loyalty of the inhabitants all her efforts were vain. The garrison was strong; they had caught the general flame; and the princess was at length compelled to take refuge in an English frigate. The duke of Berri repaired, on the first alarm, to La Vendée: but the regular troops in that faithful province were, thanks to the previous care of king Louis's war minister, so numerous and so well posted, that this effort failed also, and the duke escaped to England. Ere March had ended, the tricolour flag was displayed on every tower in France.

Having discovered that there was no chance—if indeed he had ever contemplated one—of persuading

the emperor of Austria to restore his wife and son to him, Napoleon, ere he had been many days at the Tuilleries, set on foot a scheme for carrying them off from Vienna, by a mixture of stratagem and force. There were French people in the suite of Maria Louisa who easily embarked in this plot, and forged passports, relays of horses, and all other appliances had been so well provided, that but for a single individual, who betrayed the design, there seems to have been a considerable probability of its success. On discovering this affair, the emperor of Austria dismissed the French attendants of his daughter, and caused her to discontinue the use of the arms and liveries of Napoleon, which she had hitherto retained—nay, even the imperial title itself, resuming those of her own family, and original rank as archdutchess. This procedure could not be concealed at Paris, and completed the conviction of all men, that there was no hope whatever of avoiding another European war; and almost at the same time a rash expedition of Murat, which, if successful, might have materially influenced the conduct of Austria, reached its end.

Napoleon, when at St. Helena, always persisted in denying any participation in this design of his brother-in-law; but, however this may have been, it is certain that much intercourse subsisted, during his stay at Elba, between the queen of Naples and the female branches of the family at Porto Ferraio: nor can any one doubt either that Murat had received some pretty distinct intimation of Napoleon's intended descent in France—or that he ventured on his movement in the confidence that this and the emperor's would lend to each other much moral support—or that, if Joachim had prospered, Napoleon would have considered what he did as the best service that could have been rendered to himself.

Among the subjects which, prior to Buonaparte's reappearance, occupied the congress of Vienna, one

of the chief was the conduct of Murat during the campaign of 1814. Talleyrand charged him with having, throughout, been a traitor to the cause of the allies; and exhibited a series of intercepted letters, from him to Napoleon, in proof of this allegation. The duke of Wellington, on the other hand, considered these documents as proving no more than that Murat had reluctantly lifted his banner against the author of his fortunes. Talleyrand had always hated Murat, and despised him (the father of the king of Naples had originally been steward in the household of the Perigords), and persisted in urging on the congress the danger of suffering a sovereign of Buonaparte's family and creation to sit on the throne which belonged of right to the king of the Sicilies. The affair was still under discussion, to the mortal annoyance of the person whose interests were at stake, when Napoleon landed at Cannes. Murat resolved to rival his brother's daring; and, without further pause, marched, at the head of 50,000 men, to Rome, from which the pope and cardinals fled precipitately at his approach. The Neapolitans then advanced into the north of Italy, scattering proclamations by which Joachim invited all true Italians to rally round him, and assist in the erection of their country into one free and independent state, with him at its head. The Austrian commander in Lombardy forthwith put his troops in motion to meet Murat. The rencontre took place at Occhio-bello. The Neapolitans fled in confusion almost at the sight of the enemy; and Murat, unable to rally them, sought personal safety in a fishing vessel, which landed him near Toulon, about the end of May. Napoleon was in vain entreated to receive him at Paris. He refused, asking, with bitter scorn, if the war between France and Naples, which subsisted in 1814, had ever been terminated by treaty? Murat lingered for some time in obscurity near Toulon; and, relanding on the coast of Naples after the king of the two Sicilies had been re-esta-

blisned on that throne, in the vain hope of exciting an insurrection and recovering what he had lost, was seized, tried, and executed. This vain, but high-spirited, man, met his fate with heroic fortitude;* and Napoleon, at St. Helena, often said that the fortune of the world might have been changed, had there been a Murat to head the French cavalry at Waterloo.

The result of this rash expedition enabled Austria to concentrate all her Italian forces also for the meditated reinvasion of France. The Spanish army began to muster towards the passes of the Pyrenees; the Russians, Swedes, and Danes were already advancing from the north: the main armies of Austria, Bavaria, and the Rhenish princes were rapidly consolidating themselves along the upper Rhine. Blucher was once more in command of the Prussians, in the Netherlands; and Wellington, commanding in chief the British, Hanoverians, and Belgians, had also established his head-quarters at Brussels by the end of May. Every hour the clouds were thickening apace, and it became evident, that, if Napoleon remained much longer in Paris, the war would burst simultaneously on every frontier of his empire.

He had no intention to abide at home the onset of his enemies; but the situation of civil affairs was such as to embarrass him, in the prospect of departure, with difficulties which, in former days, were not used to perplex the opening of his campaigns.

Hard indeed was his task from the beginning—to conciliate to himself heartily the political faction who detested, and had assisted in overthrowing, the government of the Bourbons, and this without chilling the attachment of the military, who despised these coadjutors, both as theorists and as civilians, and had welcomed Napoleon only as the certain

* A life of Murat will form part of an early volume of the Family Library.

harbinger of war, revenge, and plunder. How little his soldiery were disposed to consider him as owing any thing to a civil revolution, appeared almost from the commencement of his march from Cannes. It was observed that his haughty bands moved on in contemptuous silence whenever the populace cheered his approach, and shouted *Vive l'empereur* only when there were no *pequin** voices to mingle in the clamour. Every act of Napoleon after he reached Paris, that was meant to conciliate the common people of the capital, was the theme of angry comment among these martial circles. Such measures as he adopted in deference to the prejudices of the old republican party, were heard of with equal contempt. The pacific language of his first proclamations was considered as a fair stratagem—and no more. To them the man was nothing but as the type of the system: they desired to hear of nothing in France but the great Cæsar, and the legions to whom he owed his greatness, and who had the same right to a new career of battles, as he to his imperial crown, at once the prize of past, and the pledge of future victories.

With the views of these spirits, eager for blood and plunder, and scornful of all liberty but the license of the camp, Napoleon was engaged in the endeavour to reconcile the principles and prejudices of men who had assisted in rebuilding his throne, only because they put faith in the assertions of himself and his friends, that he had thoroughly repented of the despotic system on which he had formerly ruled France—that ten months of exile and reflection had convinced him how much better it was to be the first citizen of a free state, than the undisputed tyrant of half the world—in a word, that his only remaining ambition was to atone for the violence of his first reign by the mildness of his second.

* By this contemptuous name his soldiery designated all who had never borne arms.

As a first step to fasten the good-will of these easy believers, he, immediately on arriving in Paris, proclaimed the freedom of the press; but he soon repented of this concession. In spite of all the watchfulness, and all the briberies of his police, he could never bend to his own service the whole of this power. The pure republicans—even the pure royalists—continued to have their organs; and the daily appeals of either to the reason and the passions of a people so long strange to the exercise of such influence, otherwise than in subservience to the government of the time, whatever that might be, produced such effects, that almost from the time in which he bestowed the boon, he was occupied with devising pretexts for its recall. He ere long caused, perhaps, more resentment by some efforts to thwart the conduct of the press, than would have resulted from the absolute prolongation of its slavery. Some even of the decrees of Lyons were hard to be reconciled with the professions of one who disclaimed any wish to interfere with the sacred right of the nation to frame its constitution for itself. But in almost every act of his government after he reached Paris, he furnished additional evidence how imperfectly his mind had divested itself of the ancient maxims. Even the edict emancipating the press from all control was an assumption on his part of the complete power of legislation. The same might be said of another decree, abolishing negro slavery and the slave trade, which he published shortly after; but this second measure exposed him to other comments. Who could seriously believe that at that moment of tumult, ere France was even in semblance entirely his, and while all Europe was openly arming against him, he had leisure for the affairs of the negroes? This display of philanthropy was set down universally for a stage-trick; and men quickened their eyes, lest such unsubstantial shows in the distant horizon might be designed to withdraw their attention from the foreground.

. . . .

The great assemblage of *Champ-de-Mai* had been originally announced for the 10th of May; and its principal business as the formation of a new constitution. The meeting did not take place so early and the task of proposing a constitutional scheme for its consideration, proved far more difficult than the emperor had contemplated. He had the assistance, in this labour, of Carnot and Sieyes, whose names would have carried great weight with the republican party, had not both of these old jacobins and regicides accepted, on entering the emperor's service, high rank in his peerage—a proceeding in direct violation of all the professions of their lives. He was farther favoured with the aid of his brother Lucien, who, in spite of all previous misunderstandings, returned on this occasion to Paris; influenced, probably, by the same egregious vanity which made him fancy himself a poet, and hoping, under existing circumstances, to impress Napoleon with such a sense of his value as might secure him henceforth a commanding influence in the government of France. The Abbé Sieyes, and Lucien also, had had some experience ere now of Napoleon in the character of a constitution-maker. He was no longer so powerful as he had been when they formerly toiled together upon such a task: disputes arose; and the emperor, to cut these short, and give a decisive proof of his regard for freedom of debate, soon broke up the discussion, retired from the Tuileries to the small palace called the Elysée, and there drew up the scheme which pleased himself, and which was forthwith published under the title of "Act Additional to the Constitutions of the Empire."

This title gave great offence, because it seemed to recognise many anterior enactments, wholly irreconcilable with the tenour of the document itself; and the mode of its promulgation furnished even more serious ground of objection. This constitution was, on the face of it, not a compact between the prince and the people. but the record of boons

conceded by the former to the latter. In a word, all they that had condemned Louis XVIII. for his royal *charter*, were compelled to acknowledge that their own imperial champion of freedom was beginning his new career by a precisely similar display of presumption.

The substance of the "additional act" disappointed all those who hankered after the formal exposition of first principles: but it must be allowed that its provisions seem to include whatever is needful for the arrangement of a free representative constitution; hereditary monarchy; an hereditary peerage; a house of representatives, chosen by the people, at least once within every five years; yearly taxes, levied only by the whole legislature; responsible ministers; irremoveable judges; and, in all criminal cases whatever, the trial by jury. The act, however, was published; the electoral colleges accepted of it, as they had done of all its predecessors; and it by degrees came out that the business of the *Champ-de-Mai* was to be—not even the discussion of the imperial scheme, but only to swear submission to its regulations, and witness a solemn distribution of eagles to those haughty bands who acknowledged no law but that of the sword.

This promised assemblage was preceded by one of the rabble of Paris, convoked in front of the Tuilleries on the 17th of May, and there feasted and harangued by Napoleon—a condescension which excited lively displeasure among his soldiery. He himself looked and spoke as one thoroughly ashamed of what he had done and was doing. It had been his desire to stimulate among these people something of the old zeal of the revolutionary period, in case Paris should be once more threatened by a foreign enemy; but he had the double mortification to find that the army considered their touch as contamination, and that among themselves the name of Louis was almost as popular as his own. Even the *Dames des halles*, so conspicuous in the revolu-

tionary tumults, screamed royalist ditties in his ear as they drank his wine; and the only hearty cheers were those of the day-labourers, who had profited by his resumption of some great public works suspended by the king's government.

The *Champ-de-Mai* itself, which, despite its name, fell on the 1st of June, turned out hardly a more successful exhibition. Napoleon, his brothers, and the great civil functionaries appeared, in theatric dresses, in the midst of an enormous amphitheatre, where the deputies, sent from the departments to swear allegiance to the emperor and the additional act, were almost lost in the military among whom the eagles were to be distributed. The enthusiasm was confined to these. The same ominous silence which prevailed at the coronation of 1804 was preserved among the people. The sun shone bright, and the roar of cannon filled every pause of the martial music. It was a brilliant spectacle; but Napoleon retired from it in visible dejection.

Three days after, the two houses met; and while that of the peers, composed of persons who all owed their rank, and most of them much besides, to Napoleon, showed every disposition to regulate their conduct by his pleasure, there appeared from the beginning a marked spirit of independence in a considerable proportion of the representative body. The emperor's address to both was moderate and manly. He requested their support in the war which circumstances had rendered unavoidable, and professed his desire that they should consider the "additional act" and all other subjects of national interest, and suggest whatever alterations might appear to them improvements. Some debates, by no means gratifying to Napoleon, ensued; but he had no leisure for witnessing much of their proceedings. It was now needful that he should appear once more in his own element.

CHAPTER XL.

*Napoleon heads his Army on the Belgian Frontier—Passes the Sambre at Charleroi—Defeats Blucher at Ligny—Battle of Quatrebras—The English fall back on Waterloo—*THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO*—Napoleon returns to Paris.*

NAPOLEON had now, among other preparations, strongly fortified Paris and all the positions in advance of it on the Seine, the Marne, and the Aube, and among the passes of the Vosgesian hills. Lyons also had been guarded by very formidable outworks. Massena, at Metz, and Suchet, on the Swiss frontier, commanded divisions which the emperor judged sufficient to restrain Schwartzenberg for some time on the upper Rhine: should he drive them in, the fortresses behind could hardly fail to detain him much longer. Meantime, the emperor himself had resolved to attack the most alert of his enemies, the Prussians and the English, beyond the Sambre—while the Austrians were thus held in check on the upper Rhine, and ere the armies of the north could debouche upon Manheim, to co-operate by their right with Wellington and Blucher, and by their left with Schwartzenberg. Of the Belgian army, and even of the Belgian people, he believed himself to possess the secret good-will, and that one victory would place the allies in a hostile country. By some daring battle, and some such splendid success, he yet hoped to shatter the confidence of the European confederacy; nor—even had he entertained little hope of this kind—was the situation of affairs in Paris such as to recommend another protracted defensive warfare within France. The fatal example of 1814 was too near: it behooved Na-

poleon to recommence operations in the style which had characterized his happier campaigns.

He left Paris on the evening of the 11th of June, exclaiming, as he entered his carriage, "I go to measure myself against Wellington." He arrived at Vervins on the 12th, and assembled and reviewed at Beaumont, on the 14th, the whole of the army which had been prepared to act immediately under his own orders. They had been carefully selected, and formed, perhaps, the most perfect force, though far from the most numerous, with which he had ever taken the field. Buonaparte saw before him 25,000 of his imperial guard, 25,000 cavalry in the highest condition, 300 pieces of artillery admirably served, and infantry of the line, almost all veterans, sufficient to swell his muster to at least 135,000 men. He reminded them that this was the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, and asked, "Are they and we no longer the same men? The madmen!" he continued, "a moment of prosperity has blinded them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people is beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches, battles, and dangers before us. For every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or to perish!" Such was his oration: and never was army more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of its chief.

Blucher's army numbered at this time about 100,000 men, and, extending along the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, occupied Charleroi, Namur, Givet, and Liege. They communicated on their right with the left of the Anglo-Belgian army, under Wellington, whose head-quarters were at Brussels. This army was not composed, like Blucher's or Napoleon's, of troops of the same nation. The duke had less than 35,000 English; and of these but few were veterans—the flower of his peninsular army having been despatched to America, to con-

clude a war into which the United States had forced England, on very trivial pretences, during the season of her greatest difficulties and dangers, in 1812. The king's German legion, 8000 strong, was, however, equal to the best British force of like amount; and there were 5000 Brunswickers, headed by their gallant duke, and worthy of his guidance. The Hanoverians, exclusive of the legion, numbered 15,000: of Nassau troops, Dutch and Belgian, commanded by the prince of Orange, son to the sovereign of the Netherlands, there might be 17,000; but the spirit of the Belgian part of this army was, not without reason, suspected on all sides. The duke of Wellington's motley host amounted, then, in all, to 76,000 men. His first division occupied Enghien, Brain-le-Comte, and Nivelles, communicating with the Prussian right at Charleroi. The second division (lord Hill's) was cantoned in Halle, Oudenard, and Gramont—where was most of the cavalry. The reserve (Sir Thomas Picton's) were at Brussels and Ghent. The English and Prussian commanders had thus arranged their troops, with the view of being able to support each other, wherever the French might hazard their assault. It could not be doubted that Napoleon's mark was Brussels; but by which of the three great routes, of Namur, of Charleroi, or of Mons, he designed to force his passage, could not be ascertained beforehand. Fouché, indeed, doubly and trebly dyed in treason, had, when accepting office under Napoleon, continued to maintain his correspondence with Louis at Ghent, and promised to furnish the allies with the outline of the emperor's plan of the campaign ere it began. But the minister of police took care that this document should not arrive until the campaign was decided.

On the morning of the 15th, the French drove in all the outposts on the west bank of the Sambre, and at length assaulted Charleroi; thus revealing

the purpose of the emperor; namely, to crush Blucher ere he could concentrate all his own strength, far less be supported by the advance of Wellington. Ziethen, however, held out, though with severe loss, at Charleroi so long, that the alarm spread along the whole Prussian line; and then fell back in good order on a position between Ligny and Amand; where Blucher now awaited Napoleon's attack, at the head of the whole of his army except the division of Bulow, which had not yet come up from Liege. The scheme of beating the Prussian divisions in detail, had therefore failed; but the second part of the plan, namely, that of separating them wholly from Wellington, might still succeed. And with this view, while Blucher was concentrating his force about Ligny, the French held on the main road to Brussels from Charleroi, and beating in some Nassau troops at Frasnes, followed them as far as *Quatre-bras;* and finally took possession of that farm-house, so called because it is there that the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, cross each other.

The English general at Brussels remained wholly ignorant of Buonaparte's advance until six in the evening of the 15th; and even then the intelligence was so indistinct and uncertain that his grace the duke of Brunswick, and many of the upper officers of the army, attended a ball given by the dutchess of Richmond. Amid these festivities the roar of distant cannonade at length reached the ear of Wellington, and at midnight the bugle sounded and the drum beat in Brussels.* In less than an hour the troops of Picton (who himself arrived that same night from England) were on their march to Quatre-bras. At dawn on the 16th, the prince of Orange recovered that post and the Nivelles road, thus re-

* See Childe Harold, Canto III. v. 21, &c.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then, &c."

establishing Blucher's communication with Brussels. The other divisions of the Anglo-Belgian army were all moving on Quatre-bras. The duke of Wellington himself was there very early in the morning, and immediately rode across the country to Bry, where, in a conference with Blucher, the subsequent movements of the allies, whatever might be the events of this day, were finally determined.

Napoleon, on coming up from Charleroi, about noon on the 16th, hesitated for a time whether Blucher at Ligny, or Wellington at Quatre-bras, ought to form the main object of his attack. The Anglo-Belgian army was not yet concentrated; the Prussian, with the exception of one division, was; and he at length resolved to give his own personal attention to the latter. With the main strength of his army, therefore, he assaulted Blucher at three in the afternoon; and about the same time Ney, with 45,000 men, commenced seriously (for there had been skirmishes ever since daybreak) the subordinate attack on the position of Wellington.

The English general accepted the battle here under many disadvantages; his troops were vastly inferior in number, and all, except a few Belgians, that were now on the field, had been marching since midnight. The enemy were comparatively fresh; and they were posted among growing corn, as high as the tallest man's shoulders, which, with an inequality of ground, enabled them to draw up a strong body of cuirassiers close to the English, and yet entirely out of their view. The 79th and 42d regiments were thus taken by surprise, and the former would have been destroyed but for the coming up of the latter. The 42d, formed into a square, was repeatedly broken, and as often recovered, though with terrible loss of life: for out of 800 that went into the action, only ninety-six privates and four officers returned unhurt. The divisions of Alten, Halket, Cooke, Maitland, and Byng succes-

sively arrived; and night found the English general, after a severe and bloody day, in possession of Quatre-bras. The gallant duke of Brunswick, fighting in the front of the line, fell almost in the beginning of the battle. The killed and wounded on the side of the allies were 5000, and the French loss could not have been less.

Blucher fought as stern a battle, but with worse fortune. With 80,000 men he had to sustain the assault of 90,000, headed by Napoleon; and the villages of Amand and Ligny were many times taken and retaken in the course of the day. It is said, that two of the French corps hoisted the black flag: it is certain that little quarter was either asked or given. The hatred of the French and Prussians was inflamed to the same mortal vehemence. It is said that the loss on Blucher's side was 20,000 men, and on the other 15,000—numbers, when we consider the amount of the troops engaged, all but unparalleled. However, the non-arrival of Bulow, and the successive charges of fresh divisions of the enemy, at length forced Blucher to retire. In the course of the day the brave old man had his horse shot under him, in heading a charge of cavalry, and was ridden over undetected by both his own men and the French. He now retreated on the river Dyle, in the direction of Wavre; but contrived to mask his movements so skilfully, that Napoleon knew not until noon on the 17th what way he had taken.

The bulletins of the emperor announced two victories of the most dazzling description as the work of the 16th. Blucher would be heard of no more, they said; and Wellington, confounded and amazed, was already within the jaws of ruin.

Napoleon, having ascertained the retreat of the Prussian, now committed the pursuit of him to marshal Grouchy, and a corps of 32,000 men—and turned in person to Quatre-bras, in the hope of

pouring his main force, as well as Ney's, on Wellington, in a situation where it was altogether improbable he should receive any assistance from Blucher. But no sooner was the duke aware of Blucher's march on Wavre, than he, in adherence to the common plan of the campaign, gave orders for falling back from Quatre-bras. He had ere now been heard to say, that if ever it were his business to defend Brussels, he would choose to give battle on the field of Waterloo, in advance of the forest of Soignies; and he now retired thither—in the confidence of being joined there in the morning, ere the decisive contest should begin, by Blucher. The day was rainy, the roads were covered deep with mud, and the English soldiery are of all others most discouraged by the command to retreat. Their spirits, however, rose gallantly, when, on reaching the destined field, they became aware of their leader's purpose; and having taken up their allotted stations, they bivouacked under the storm in the sure hope of battle.

All his arrangements having been effected early in the evening of the 17th, the duke of Wellington sent to Blucher, informing him that he had thus far effected the plan agreed on at Bry, and would expect two divisions of Prussians to support him on the morrow. The veteran replied that he would leave a single corps to hold Grouchy at bay as well as they could, and march himself with the rest of his army upon Waterloo. The cross roads between Wavre and Mont St. Jean were in a horrid condition; the rain fell in torrents, and Grouchy had 32,000 men to attack Thielman's single division, left at Wavre. Blucher's march, however, began; and if it occupied longer time than had been anticipated, the fault was none of his.

The position of the duke of Wellington was before the village of Mont St. Jean, about a mile and a half in advance of the small town of Waterloo, on

a rising ground, having a gentle and regular declivity before it—beyond this a plain of about a mile in breadth—and then the opposite heights of La Belle Alliance, on which the enemy would of course form their line. The duke had now with him about 75,000 men in all; of whom about 30,000 were English. He formed his first line of the troops on which he could most surely rely—the greater part of the British foot—the men of Brunswick and Nassau, and three corps of Hanoverians and Belgians. Behind this, the ground sinks, and then rises again. The second line, formed in rear of the first, was composed of the troops whose spirit and discipline were more doubtful—or who had suffered most in the action of Quatre-bras; and behind them all, lay the horse. The position crosses the two highways from Nivelles and Charleroi to Brussels, nearly where they unite: these roads gave every facility for movements from front to rear during the action; and two country roads, running behind and parallel with the first and second lines, favoured equally movements from wing to wing. The line was formed convex, dropping back towards the forest at either extremity; the right to Marke Braine, near Braine-la-Leude; the left to Ter-la-Haye. The chateau and gardens of Hougomont, and the farm-house and enclosures of La Haye Sainte, about 1500 yards apart on the slope of the declivity, were strongly occupied, and formed the important out-works of defence. The opening of the country road leading directly from Wavre to Mont St. Jean through the wood of Ohain, was guarded by the British left; while those running through Souhain and Frichemont, farther in advance, might be expected to bring the first of the Prussians on the right flank of the French during their expected attack.

The field was open and fair: and in case the enemy should force the duke from his position, the village of Mont St. Jean behind, still farther back

the town of Waterloo, and lastly the great forest of Soignies, offered successively the means of renewing his defence, and protecting his retreat. The British front extended in all, over about a mile. It was Wellington's business to hold the enemy at bay, until the Prussian advance should enable him to charge them with superior numbers: it was Napoleon's to beat the English ere Blucher could disengage himself from Grouchy, and come out of the woods of Ohain; which being accomplished, he doubted not to have easy work with the Prussians amid that difficult country. He had in the field 75,000 men; all French veterans—each of whom was, in his own estimation, worth one Englishman, and two Prussians, Dutch, or Belgians. But on the other hand, Wellington's men, all in position over night, had had, notwithstanding the severe weather, some hours to repose and refresh themselves: whereas the army of Napoleon had been on the march all through the hours of tempestuous darkness, and the greater part of them reached not the heights of La Belle Alliance until the morning of the 18th was considerably advanced. Napoleon himself, however, had feared nothing so much as that Wellington would continue his retreat on Brussels and Antwerp—thus deferring the great battle until the Russians should approach the valley of the Rhine; and when, on reaching the eminence of La Belle Alliance, he beheld the army drawn up on the opposite side, his joy was great. "At last, then," he exclaimed, "at last, then, I have these English in my grasp."

The tempest abated in the morning—but the weather all day long was gusty, and the sky lowering. It was about noon that the French opened their cannonade, and Jerome Buonaparte, under cover of its fire, charged impetuously on Hougomont. The Nassau men in the wood, about the house, were driven before the French; but a party of English

guards maintained themselves in the chateau and garden, despite the desperate impetuosity of many repeated assaults. Jerome, masking the post thus resolutely held, pushed on his cavalry and artillery against Wellington's right The English formed in squares, and defied all their efforts. For some time both parties opposed each other here, without either gaining or losing a foot of ground. At length, the English fire forced back the French—and the garrison of Hougomont were relieved and strengthened.

The next attempt was made on the centre of the British line, by a great force of cuirassiers and four columns of infantry. The horse, coming boldly along the causeway of Genappe, were met in the path by the English heavy cavalry, where the road has been cut down deep, leaving high banks on either side. Their meeting was stern: they fought for some time at sword's length; at last the cuirassiers gave way, and fled for the protection of their artillery. The English followed them too far, got amid the French infantry, and were there charged by fresh cavalry and driven back with much loss. It was here that Picton died. Meanwhile, the infantry on this movement had pushed on beyond La Haye Sainte, and dispersed some Belgian regiments; but being then charged in turn in front by Pack's brigade of foot, and in flank by a brigade of heavy English horse, were totally routed—losing, besides the slain and wounded, 2000 prisoners and two eagles. The only favourable result of this second grand attempt was the occupation of the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, which had been garrisoned by Hanoverians. And scarcely had the charge of Pack proved successful, ere the French were again compelled by shells and cannon to evacuate this prize.

The third assault was levelled again on the British right—where the infantry awaited it, forming in a double line of squares, placed chequerwise, and protected in front by a battery of thirty field pieces.

The French cuirassiers charged the artillerymen and drove them from their guns; and then rode fiercely on the squares behind. These remained steadfast until the enemy were within ten yards of them, and then fired with deadly effect. The cavalry gave back—rallied again, and renewed their charge: this they did several times—and always with the like result. Sometimes they even rode between the squares and charged those of the second line. At length, protracted exposure to such cross fire completed the ruin of these fearless cavaliers. The far greater part of this magnificent force was annihilated in this part of the battle.

When the relics of the cuirassiers withdrew, the French cannonade opened once more furiously all along the line; and the English were commanded to lie flat on the ground for some space, in order to diminish its effects. Lord Wellington had by this time lost 10,000, Buonaparte at least 15,000 men. It was now half-past six o'clock. The heads of Prussian columns began to be discerned among the woods to the right of the French. It was obvious that unless a last and decisive onset should drive Wellington from the post which he had continued to hold during near seven hours of unintermitting battle, his allies would come fully into the field, and give him a vast superiority of numbers wherewith to close the work of the day. Napoleon prepared, therefore, for his final struggle. Hitherto he had kept his guard, the flower of his fine army out of the fray. He now formed them into two columns,—desired them to charge boldly, for that the Prussians, whom they saw in the wood, were flying before Grouchy—and they doubted not that the emperor was about to charge in person at their head. He, however, looked on as they put themselves in motion, and committed them to the guidance of Ney, "the bravest of the brave," whose consciousness of recent treason must have prepared him, even had

his temper been less gallant, to set all upon the cast. Four battalions of the old guard only remained as a reserve; and were formed in squares to protect the march of the columns.

The English front by this time presented not a convex line, but a concave, either wing having gradually advanced a little in consequence of the repeated repulses of the enemy. They were now formed in an unbroken array, four deep, and poured on the approaching columns (each man firing as often as he could reload), a shower which never intermitted. The wings kept moving on all the while; and when the heads of the French columns approached, they were exposed to such a storm of musketry in front and on either flank, that they in vain endeavoured to deploy into line for the attack. They stopped to make this attempt, reeled, lost order, and fled at last in one mass of confusion.

The duke of Wellington now dismounted, placed himself at the head of his line, and led them, no longer held to defence, against the four battalions of the old guard—the only unbroken troops remaining—behind whom Ney was striving to rally his fugitives.

The marshal, at Wellington's approach, took post once more in the van, sword in hand, and on foot. But nothing could withstand the impetuous assault of the victorious British. The old guard also were shaken. Napoleon had hitherto maintained his usual serenity of aspect on the heights of La Belle Alliance. He watched the English onset with his spy-glass became suddenly pale as death, exclaimed "They are mingled together—all is lost for the present," and rode off the field, never stopping for a moment until he reached Charleroi.

Hardly had the English advanced for this fatal charge, when Blucher's columns, emerging from the woods, were at length seen forming on the right of the French, and preparing to take part in the battle.

Their cannonade played on the flank of the old guard, while the British attack in front was overwhelming them. The fatal cry of *sauve qui peut* was heard every where: the French were now flying pell-mell in the most woful confusion. Blucher and Wellington met at length at the farm-house of La Belle Alliance; and the Prussian eagerly undertook to continue the pursuit during the night, while the English general halted to refresh his weary men.

The loss of Wellington's army on this great day was terrible: 100 officers slain (many of the first distinction), and 500 wounded, very many mortally; and of rank and file killed and wounded 15,000. The duke himself had been, all through the day, wherever the danger was greatest; and he alone, and one gentleman besides, of all a very numerous staff, came off the ground unhurt.

Of the 75,000 men whom Napoleon conducted to this last and severest of his fields, what with the slain and the wounded, and those who, losing heart and hope, deserted and fled separately to their homes, not more than 30,000 were ever again collected in arms. The Prussians followed hard on the miserable fugitives, and in every hamlet and village for many miles beyond La Belle Alliance, cut down the lingerers without mercy.

Napoleon at length halted at Philippeville; from which point he designed to turn towards Grouchy, and take in person the command of that remaining division, leaving Soult to reassemble and rally, at Avesnes, the relics of Waterloo. But hearing that Blucher was already at Charleroi (which was true), and that Grouchy had been overtaken and made prisoner (which was false), the emperor abandoned his purpose, and continued his journey, travelling post, to Paris.

On the 19th the capital had been greeted with the news of three great victories, at Charleroi, at Ligny, and at Quatrebras—100 cannon fired in honour of

the emperor's successes—his partisans proclaimed that the glory of France was secured—and dejection filled the hearts of the royalists. On the morning of the 21st, it transpired that Napoleon had arrived the night before, alone, at the Elysée. The secret could no longer be kept. A great, a decisive field had been fought;—and the French army was no more.

CHAPTER XLI.

Napoleon appeals in vain to the Chambers—Abdicates for the second time—Is sent to Malmaison—And then to Rochefort—Negotiates with Capt. Maitland—Embarks in the Bellerophon—Arrives at Torbay—Decision of the English Government—Interview with Lord Keith, &c.—Napoleon on board the Northumberland—Sails for St. Helena.

On how sandy a foundation the exile of Elba had rebuilt the semblance of his ancient authority, a few hours of adversity were more than sufficient to show. He was still consulting with his ministers (even they were not all his friends) on the morning of the 21st, in what manner he ought to inform the chambers of his great misfortune, and what assistance he should demand, when the news reached the *Elysée* that both the assemblies had met as soon as the story of Waterloo transpired, and passed a series of resolutions; one of which declared the state to be in danger,—and another, *their* sittings *permanent;* in other words, proclaimed his reign to be at an end. If any thing could have been wanted to complete Napoleon's conviction that the army had elevated him in oppositon to the nation—it must have been found in the fact that the funds rose rapidly from the moment in which it was known in Paris that the army was ruined. They went on to tell him that the chambers were debating on the means of de-

fending Paris. "Ah," said he—deeply feeling in what loss all had been lost to him—"ah, could they but defend them like my old guard!"

If Napoleon had listened to the advice of his brother Lucien, and the few who really considered their own fortunes as irrevocably bound up with his, he would have instantly put himself at the head of 6000 of the imperial guard, who were then in the capital, and dissolved the unfriendly senate of Paris, on the 21st of June, as unceremoniously as he had that of St. Cloud on the 19th of Brumaire. Lucien said ever after, that "the smoke of Mont St. Jean had turned his brain." He certainly gave what remained of the day to vacillation. Late in the evening he held a council, to which the presidents and vice-presidents of both chambers were admitted. In their presence Lafayette signified that nothing could be done until *a great sacrifice* had been made. Maret answered with fierceness; called for severe measures against the royalists and the disaffected: "Had such been resorted to earlier," cried he, "one who hears me would not be smiling at the misfortunes of France, and Wellington would not be marching on Paris." This strong allusion to Fouché suited not the temper of the moment. Maret was murmured down; and Carnot himself is said to have shed tears when he perceived that the abdication was judged necessary. That ancient democrat had indeed just consented to be a count; but he enjoys apparently the credit of having acted on this occasion as a good Frenchman. He saw, say even the anti-Buonapartist historians, that France was invaded, and the same feelings which made him offer his own sword in December, 1813, urged him now to oppose any measure which must deprive his country of the military talents of Napoleon. The emperor heard all in silence—and broke up the meeting without having come to any decision.

Early next morning the chambers again met, and

the necessity of the emperor's abdication was on the point of being put to the vote—when Fouché appeared and saved them that trouble by producing the following proclamation "To the French people:"

Frenchmen! In commencing war for the maintenance of the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills, and all authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me. Circumstances appear to be changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and to have aimed only at me! My political life is ended; and I proclaim my son, Napoleon II. emperor of the French. Unite for the public safety, if you would remain an independent nation.—Done at the palace Elysée, June the 22d, 1815.

NAPOLEON.

The debate which followed the production of this act in either house, but especially in that of the peers, was violent. In the latter, Carnot, having received some grossly exaggerated accounts of the force and success of Grouchy, endeavoured to persuade the assembly that the marshal must have ere then added 60,000 men at Laon to Soult and the relics of Waterloo, and so formed an army capable, under fit guidance, of even yet effectually retrieving the affairs of France. But Ney had arrived in Paris the same morning, and this speech called up the man, who, if any single energies could have done so, would have saved the day at Waterloo. "Grouchy," said he, "cannot have more than 20, at most 25,000 men—and as to Soult—I myself commanded the guard in the last assault—I did not leave the field until they were exterminated. Be assured there is but one course—negotiate and recall the Bourbons. In their return I can see nothing but the certainty of being shot as a deserter. I shall seek all I have henceforth to hope for in America. Take you the only course that remains for France."

Napoleon, in his bulletins, did not scruple to throw the blame of his discomfiture on the misconduct of his chief officers—particularly of Grouchy—and even of Ney himself; nor wanted there devoted men, such as Labedoyere, to sustain these most unfounded charges, and all other arguments anywise favouring the cause of the emperor, in either chamber. But the truth was great and prevailed. The senate, no more than the people, could be deceived now; and though a deputation waited on him at the Elysée, and in most respectful terms thanked him for the sacrifice he had made, he in vain endeavoured to extort any direct avowal that, in accepting his abdication, they considered that act as necessarily accompanied with the immediate proclamation of Napoleon II. The emperor, for the last time clothed in the imperial garb, and surrounded with his great officers of state, received the deputation with calmness and dignity, and dismissed them with courtesy. He perceived clearly that there was no hope for his son.

Thus terminated the second reign—*the hundred days* of Napoleon.

By this time, however, Labedoyere's violent language in the senate—his repeated protestations that, unless Napoleon II. were recognised, the abdication of his father was null, and that the country which could hesitate about such an act of justice was worthy of nothing but slavery—began to produce a powerful effect among the regular soldiery in Paris. The senate called on Napoleon himself to signify to the army that he no longer claimed any authority over them; and he complied, though not without mingling many expressions highly offensive to those whose mandate he obeyed. A provisional government, however, consisting of Fouché, Carnot, and three more, was forthwith proclaimed; and when the first of these persons conceived that Napoleon's continued presence in the capital might produce dis-

turbances, and accordingly requested him to withdraw to Malmaison, he found himself obliged to do so. This was on the 24th; and no sooner was he established in this villa, than it became obvious to himself that he was in fact a prisoner. Fouché's police surrounded him on all hands; and the military duties about Malmaison were discharged by a party of the national guard, attached to Louis XVIII., and commanded by general Beker, an officer well known to be personally hostile to the fallen sovereign. We have seen how the Parisians veered from side to side at every former crisis of his history, according as the wind of fortune happened to blow. To finish the picture, it remains to be told, that ere Napoleon had been two days at Malmaison, he was, to all appearance, as much forgotten in the neighbouring capital, as if he had never returned from Elba.

The relics of Waterloo, and Grouchy's division, having at length been gathered together under Soult, at Laon, were now marching towards Paris, and followed hard behind by Wellington and Blucher. The provisional government began to be seriously alarmed lest Napoleon should, by some desperate effort, escape from Malmaison, and once more place himself at the head of a considerable armed force. He himself, indeed, was continually sending to them, requesting permission to take the field as general for Napoleon II.; and one of the government, Carnot, was heartily desirous that this prayer should be granted. Under such circumstances, Fouché, who had, throughout, corresponded with and plotted against all parties, now employed every art to persuade Napoleon that the only course, whether of safety or of dignity, that remained for him was to fly immediately to the United States of America; and, that nothing may be wanting to show how the great and the little were perpetually intermingled in the fortunes of Buonaparte, one of the means adopted

by this intriguer, and not the least effectual, was that of stimulating the personal creditors of the fallen emperor and his family to repair incessantly to Malmaison, and torment him with demands of payment. Meantime, Fouché sent to the duke of Wellington, announcing that Napoleon had made up his mind to repair to America, and requesting a safe-conduct for him across the Atlantic. The duke replied that he had no authority to grant any passports to Napoleon Buonaparte; and the only consequence (as Fouché had perhaps anticipated) was, that the English admiralty quickened their diligence, and stationed no less than thirty cruisers along the western coasts of France, for the purpose of intercepting the disturber of the world in his meditated flight.

Fouché, in communicating to Napoleon the refusal of Wellington, took care to signify his fears that the English government might adopt such measures as these, and to build on this a new argument for the hastening of the emperor's departure from the neighbourhood of Paris. He informed him that two frigates and some smaller vessels awaited his orders at Rochefort, and assured him, that if he repaired thither on the instant, he would still be in time.

Napoleon hesitated at Malmaison, as he had done before at the Kremlin—at Dresden—and at Fontainebleau. The cry of the approaching soldiery of Soult was already in his ear, inviting him to be once more their emperor. On the other hand, it was now too obvious, that the army alone retained any reverence for him; and, lastly, what after all could he hope to effect with at most 60,000 men against the victorious hosts of Wellington and Blucher, backed as they were about to be, by great reinforcements from England and Prussia, and by the whole armies of Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, and the czar?—Napoleon well knew that ere six weeks more elapsed, 800,000 foreigners would be cantoned

within the boundaries of France. He at length yielded; and on the 29th of June left Malmaison, accompanied by Savary, Bertrand, and others of his attached servants, and attended by a considerable guard.

Napoleon reached Rochefort on the 3d of July, and took up his residence in the prefect's house, with the view of embarking immediately: but he forthwith was informed that a British line-of-battle ship (the Bellerophon, captain Maitland) and some smaller vessels of war were off the roads, and given to understand that the commanders of the squadron at his own disposal showed no disposition to attempt the passage out in face of these watchers. A Danish merchant ship was then hired, and the emperor occupied himself with various devices for concealing his person in the hold of this vessel. But the Danish captain convinced him ere long that the British searchers would not be likely to pass him undetected, and this plan too was abandoned. Some young French midshipmen then gallantly offered to act as the crew of a small flat coasting vessel, a *chausse-marree*, and attempt the escape in this way under cloud of night. But all experienced seamen concurred in representing the imminent hazard of exposing such a vessel to the Atlantic, as well as the numberless chances of its also being detected by the English cruisers. "Wherever wood can swim," said Napoleon, "there I am sure to find this flag of England."

Meanwhile, time passed on, and it became known that the French army had once more retired from before the walls of Paris, under a convention: that Wellington and Blucher were about to enter the city, and reseat Louis on his throne; that the royalists were every where assuming the decided advantage—that the white flag was already hoisted in the neighbouring town of Rochelle—and that it would be so at Rochefort itself on the instant, were his

person removed. Under such circumstances, to attempt a journey into the interior of France with the view of rejoining Soult, now marching on the Loire, or with any other purpose, must needs expose Napoleon to every chance of falling into the hands of the Bourbons; and at length, since it was impossible to sail out of Rochefort without the consent of the English, it was resolved to open a negotiation with their commander.

On the 10th of July, Savary and Count Las Cazes came off with a flag of truce, and begun their conversation by stating that the emperor had been promised a safe-conduct for America, and asking if the document were in captain Maitland's hands? No safe-conduct of any kind had been promised or contemplated by any English authority whatever; and the captain could only answer that, as far as concerned himself, his orders were to make every effort to prevent Buonaparte from escaping, and, if so fortunate as to obtain possession of his person, to sail at once with him for England. Savary and Las Cazes made great efforts to persuade Maitland that Napoleon's removal from France was a matter of pure voluntary choice; but this the British officer considered as a question wherewith he had nothing to do. The utmost the Frenchmen could extract from him was that he, as a private individual, had no reason to doubt but that Buonaparte, if he sailed for England in the Bellerophon, would be well treated there.

The same personages returned on the 14th, and another conversation, longer, but to the same purpose, was held by them with Maitland, in the presence of captain Sartorius and captain Gambier, both of the royal navy. These gentlemen have corroborated completely the statement of Maitland, that he, on the second as on the first interview, continued to guard the Frenchmen against the remotest conception of his being entitled to offer any pledge

whatever to Napoleon, except that he would convey him in safety off the English coast, there to abide the determination of the English government. Savary and Las Cazes, on the contrary, persisted in asserting that Maitland, *on the 14th of July*, gave a pledge that Napoleon, if he came on board the Bellerophon, should be received there, not as a prisoner at war, but as a voluntary guest, and that it was solely in consequence of this pledge that Napoleon finally resolved to embark. But there is one piece of evidence in contradiction of their story, of which even themselves could hardly dispute the weight—to wit, the *date* of the following letter to the prince regent of England, which general Gourgaud brought out the same evening to the Bellerophon, and which clearly proves—that what Napoleon ultimately did on the 15th, depended in nowise on any thing that Maitland said on the 14th.

"Rochefort, July THE 13TH, 1815.

"Royal Highness,

"A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to seat myself on the hearth of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

"NAPOLEON."

Maitland sent on Gourgaud in the Slaney with this letter; and having once more addressed Las Cazes in these words—"You will recollect that I am not authorized to stipulate as to the reception of Buonaparte in England, but that he must consider himself as entirely at the disposal of his royal highness the prince regent"—prepared his ship for the reception of the fallen emperor

On the 15th, the Epervier brig brought him out of the Aix roads; but wind and tide being unfavourable, Maitland sent the barge of the Bellerophon to transport him to the ship. The officers and most of the crew of the Epervier saw him depart, with tears in their eyes, and continued to cheer him as long as their voices could be heard. Captain Maitland received him respectfully, but without any salute or distinguished honours. Napoleon uncovered himself on reaching the quarter-deck, and said, in a firm tone of voice, "I come to place myself under the protection of your prince and laws."

On board the Bellerophon, as before in the Undaunted, Buonaparte made himself very popular among both officers and crew. He examined every thing—praised every thing—extolled the English nation—above all, the English navy—and even admitted that the duke of Wellington, "equal to himself in all other military qualities, was superior in prudence." On the 23d, they passed Ushant, and Napoleon gazed long and mournfully, and for the last time, on the coast of France. On the 24th, the Bellerophon entered Torbay, and Maitland was instantly admonished to permit no communication of any kind between his ship and the coast. On the 26th, Maitland was ordered round to Plymouth Sound: and the arrival of Buonaparte having by this time transpired, the ship was instantly surrounded by swarms of boats, filled with persons whose curiosity nothing could repress. There was considerable difficulty in keeping the ship itself clear of these eager multitudes. Napoleon appeared on the deck, was greeted with huzzas, and bowed and smiled in return.

On the 31st of July, Sir H. Bunbury, under-secretary of state, and lord Keith, admiral of the Channel fleet, repaired on board the Bellerophon, and announced the final resolution of the British government: namely, 1st, That *general Buonaparte* should

not be landed in England, but removed forthwith to St. Helena, as being the situation in which, more than any other at their command, the government thought security against a second escape, and the indulgence to himself of personal freedom and exercise, might be reconciled; 2dly, That, with the exceptions of Savary and L'Allemand, he might take with him any three officers he chose, as also his surgeon, and twelve domestics.

This letter was read in French by Sir Henry Bunbury. Napoleon listened without look or gesture of impatience or surprise. Being then asked if he had any thing to reply, he with perfect calmness of voice and manner protested against the orders to which he had been listening, and against the right claimed by the English government to dispose of him as a prisoner of war. "I came into your ship," said he, "as I would into one of your villages. If I had been told I was to be a prisoner, I would not have come." He then expatiated at great length on the title given him—General Buonaparte—and on the right which he had to be considered as a sovereign prince; he was, he said, three months before, as much emperor of Elba, as Louis was king of France, and, by invading another monarch's dominions, could not have forfeited his own rank as a monarch. He next adverted to the ignoble attitude in which England would place herself in the eyes of the world by abusing his confidence—hinted that either his father-in-law or the czar would have treated him far differently—and concluded by expressing his belief that the climate and confinement of St. Helena would kill him, and his resolution, therefore, not to go to St. Helena. By what means he designed to resist the command of the English government, Napoleon did not say: there can be no doubt he meant lord Keith and Sir H. Bunbury to understand, that, rather than submit to the voyage in question, he would commit suicide; and what he

thus hinted, was soon expressed distinctly, with all the accompaniments of tears and passion, by two French ladies on board the Bellerophon—Madame Bertrand and Madame Montholon. But all this appears to have been set down, from the beginning, exactly for what it was worth. He who had chosen to outlive Krasnoi, and Leipsic, and Montmartre, and Waterloo, was not likely to die by his own hand in the Bellerophon. We desire not to be considered as insinuating, according to the custom of many, that Napoleon ought to have rushed voluntarily on some English bayonet, when the fate of the 18th of June could no longer be doubtful. Laying all religious and moral obligations out of view (as probably he did), Napoleon himself said truly, that "if Marius had fallen on his sword amid the marshes of Minturnæ, he would never have enjoyed his 7th consulate." No man ever more heartily than Napoleon approved the old maxim, that while there is life there is hope; and, far from thinking seriously at at any time of putting an end to his own days, we must doubt if, between his abdication at the Elysée and the time wherein he felt the immediate approach of death, there occurred one day, or even one hour, in which some hope or scheme of recovering his fortunes did not agitate his mind.

With regard to Napoleon's reclamations against the decision of the English government, it may probably suffice *now* to observe—1st, That that government had never, at any period, acknowledged him as emperor of France, and that it refused to be a party to the treaty under which he retired to Elba, simply because it was resolved not to acknowledge him as emperor of Elba. These things Napoleon well knew; and as to his recent re-exercise of imperial functions in France, he well knew that the English government had continued to acknowledge Louis XVIII. as *king*, all through the hundred days. Upon no principle, therefore, could he have expected

beforehand to be treated as *emperor* by the ministers of the prince regent; nor, even if he had been born a legitimate prince, would it have been in the usual course of things for him, under existing circumstances, to persist in the open retention of his imperial style. By assuming some *incognito*, as sovereigns when travelling out of their own dominions are accustomed to do, Napoleon might have cut the root away from one long series of his subsequent disputes with the English government and authorities. But in doing as he did, he acted on calculation. He never laid aside the hopes of escape and of empire. It was his business to have complaints. If every thing went on quietly and smoothly about him, what was to ensure the keeping up of a lively interest in his fortunes among the faction to which he still looked as inclined to befriend him, and above all among the soldiery, of whose personal devotion, even after the fatal catastrophe of Waterloo, he had no reason to doubt? Buonaparte, in his days of success, always attached more importance to etiquette, than a prince born to the purple, and not quite a fool, would have been likely to do: but in the obstinacy with which, after his total downfall, he clung to the airy sound of majesty, and such pigmy toys of observance as could be obtained under his circumstances, we cannot persuade ourselves to behold no more than the sickly vanity of a *parvenu*. The English government acknowledged him by the highest military rank he had held at the time when the treaty of Amiens was concluded with him as first consul; and the sound of *general Buonaparte*, now so hateful in his ears, who had under that style wielded the destinies of the world, might have been lost, if Napoleon himself had chosen, in some factitious style.

To come to the more serious charges. Napoleon driven to extremity in 1814 by the united armies of

Europe, abdicated his throne, that abdication being the price of peace to France, and to sooth his personal sufferings, obtained the sovereignty of Elba. When he violated the treaty by returning in arms to Provence, the other provisions, which gave peace to France and Elba to him, were annulled of course. When the fortune of Waterloo compelled him to take refuge in the Bellerophon—what was to be done? To replace in Elba, or any similar situation, upon some new treaty, the man who had just broken a most solemn one, was out of the question. To let him remain at large in the midst of a country close to France, wherein the press is free to licentiousness, and the popular mind liable to extravagant agitations, would have been to hazard the domestic tranquillity of England, and throw a thousand new difficulties in the way of every attempt to consolidate the social and political system of the French monarchy. In most other times the bullet or the axe would have been the gentlest treatment to be expected by one who had risen so high, and fallen so fatally. This his surrender to Captain Maitland—to say nothing of the temper of the times—put out of the question. It remained to place Napoleon in a situation wherein his personal comfort might as far as possible be united with security to the peace of the world; and no one has as yet pretended to point out a situation preferable in this point of view to that remote and rocky island of the Atlantic, on which it was the fortune of the great Napoleon to close his earthly career. The reader cannot require to be reminded that the personage, whose relegation to St. Helena has formed the topic of so many indignant appeals and contemptuous commentaries, was, after all, the same man, who, by an act of utterly wanton and unnecessary violence, seized Pius VII. and detained him a prisoner for nearly four years, and who, having entrapped Ferdinand VII. to Bayonne, and extorted his abdi-

cation by the threat of murder, concluded by locking him up during five years at Valencay.

The hints and threats of suicide having failed in producing the desired effect—and a most ridiculous attempt on the part of some crazy persons in England to get possession of Napoleon's person, by citing him to appear as a witness on a case of libel, having been baffled, more formally than was necessary, by the swift sailing of the Bellerophon for the Start—the fallen emperor at length received in quiet the intimation that admiral Sir George Cockburn was ready to receive him on board the Northumberland, and convey him to St. Helena. Savary and L'Allemand were among the few persons omitted by name in king Louis's amnesty on his second restoration, and they were extremely alarmed when they found that the retreat of St. Helena was barred on them by the English government. They even threatened violence—but consulting Sir Samuel Romilly, and thus ascertaining that the government had no thoughts of surrendering them to Louis XVIII., submitted at length with a good grace to the inevitable separation. Napoleon's suite, as finally arranged, consisted of count Bertrand (grand master of the palace), count Montholon (one of his council of state), count Las Cazes, general Gourgaud (his aid-de-camp), and Dr. O'Meara, an Irish naval surgeon, whom he had found in the Bellerophon, and who was now by his desire transferred to the Northumberland. Bertrand and Montholon were accompanied by their respective countesses and some children; and twelve upper domestics of the imperial household followed their master's fortune. Of the money which Napoleon had with him, to the amount of some £4,000, the British government took possession, *pro tempore*, announcing that they charged themselves with providing regularly for all the expenditure of his establishment; but his plate, chiefly gold, and of much value, was permitted to remain untouched.

On the 8th of August the Northumberland sailed for St. Helena, and the exile had his first view of his destined retreat on the 15th of October, 1815. During the voyage, Sir George Cockburn departed from some observances of respect into which captain Maitland had very naturally fallen, under very different circumstances. The admiral, in a word, did not permit Napoleon to assume the first place on board the Northumberland. He did the honours of the table himself; nor did he think it necessary to break up his company immediately after dinner, because the ex-emperor chose to rise then—in adherence to the custom of French society: neither did he man his yards or fire salutes on any occasion, as is done in the case of crowned heads, nor follow the example of the French suite in remaining at all times uncovered in the presence of Napoleon. With these exceptions, *general Buonaparte* was treated with all the respect which great genius and great misfortunes could claim from a generous mind; nor was he on the whole insensible to the excellent conduct either of Maitland or of Cockburn. Cruelly and most unjustly attacked, as the former had been, by Las Cazes and Savary—and by Napoleon—when the captain of the Bellerophon comes to record his final sentiments towards his prisoner, it is in these affecting words—"It may appear surprising that a possibility should exist of a British officer being prejudiced in favour of one who had caused so many calamities to his country; but to such an extent did he possess the power of pleasing, that there are few people who could have sat at the same table with him for nearly a month, as I did, without feeling a sensation of pity, perhaps allied to regret, that a man possessed of so many fascinating qualities, and who had held so high a station in life, should be reduced to the situation in which I saw him."

To the extraordinary power of fascination which Napoleon had at command, a still more striking tes-

timony occurs in an anecdote, apparently well authenticated, of lord Keith. When some one alluded in this old admiral's hearing to Buonaparte's repeated request of a personal interview with the prince regent, "On my conscience," said lord Keith, "I believe, if you consent to that, they will be excellent friends within half an hour."

CHAPTER XLI.

Napoleon at St. Helena—The Briars—Longwood—Charges against the English Government respecting his Accommodations and Treatment at St. Helena—Charges against the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe—Napoleon's Mode of Life at Longwood—His Health falls off—His Death and Funeral—Conclusion.

Napoleon was weary of shipboard, and, therefore, landed immediately. Finding the curiosity of the people troublesome, he took up his quarters at *the Briars*, a small cottage about half a mile from James's Town, during the interval which must needs elapse before the admiral could provide suitable accommodation for his permanent residence. For that purpose, Longwood, a villa about six miles from James's Town, was, after an examination of all that the island afforded, determined on: except Plantation House, the country residence of the governor, there was no superior house in St. Helena; and two months having been employed diligently in some additions and repairs, the fallen emperor took possession of his appointed abode on the 10th of December. The very limited accommodation of the Briars (where, indeed, Napoleon merely occupied a pavilion of two chambers in the garden of a Mr. Balcombe), had hitherto prevented him from having all his little suite of attendants under

the same roof with him. They were now reassembled at Longwood, with the exception of M. and Mme. Montholon, who occupied a separate house at some little distance from it. While at the Briars, Napoleon made himself eminently agreeable to the family of the Balcombes, particularly the young ladies and children, and submitted on the whole with temper and grace to the inconveniences of narrow accommodation in-doors, and an almost total want of exercise abroad—this last evil occasioned wholly by his own reluctance to ride out in the neighbourhood of the town. He continued also to live on terms of perfect civility with Sir George Cockburn; and, notwithstanding some occasional ebullitions of violence, there seemed to be no reason for doubting, that, when fairly established with his suite about him, he would gradually reconcile himself to the situation in which he was likely to remain, and turn his powerful faculties upon some study or pursuit worthy of their energy, and capable of cheating captivity of half its bitterness. These anticipations were not realized.

The accusations brought by the prisoner and his instruments against the government of England, in regard to the accommodations at Longwood, the arrangements concerning the household establishment, and the regulations adopted with a view to the security of his person, have been so often answered in detail, that we may spare ourselves the pain of dwelling on transactions little worthy of filling a large space in the story of Napoleon. It being granted that it was necessary to provide against the evasion of Buonaparte; that the protracted separation from him of his wife and son (not, at any rate, the act of England, but of Austria) was in itself justified by obvious political considerations; and that England would have given good reason of offence to the king of France, had she complied with Napoleon's repeated demands, to be

styled and treated as emperor—if these things be granted, we do not see how even the shadow of blame can attach to the much-abused ministers, on whom fortune threw one of the most delicate and thankless of all offices. His house was, save one (that of the governor), the best on the island: from the beginning it was signified that any alterations or additions, suggested by Napoleon, would be immediately attended to; and the framework of many apartments was actually prepared in England, to be sent out and distributed according to his pleasure. As it was, Napoleon had for his own immediate personal accommodation, a suite of rooms consisting of a saloon, an eating-room, a library, a billiard-room, a small study, a bed-room, and a bath-room; and various English gentlemen, accustomed to all the appliances of modern luxury, who visited the exile of Longwood, concur in stating that the accommodations around him appeared to them every way complete and unobjectionable. He had a good collection of books, and the means of adding to these as much as he chose. His suite consisted in all of five gentlemen and two ladies: the superior French and Italian domestics about his own person were never fewer than eleven; and the sum allowed for his domestic expenditure was 12,000*l.* per annum—the governor of St. Helena, moreover, having authority to draw on the treasury for any larger sum in case he should consider 12,000*l.* as insufficient. When we consider that wines, and most other articles heavily taxed in England, go duty-free to St. Helena, it is really intolerable to be told that this income was not adequate—nay, that it was not munificent—for a person in Napoleon's situation. It was a larger income than is allotted to the governor of any English colony whatever, except the governor-general of India. It was twice as large as the official income of a British secretary of state has ever been. We decline entering at all into the

minor charges connected with this humiliating subject: at least a single example may serve. One of the loudest complaints was about the deficiency and inferior quality of wine: on examination it appeared that Napoleon's upper domestics were allowed each day, per man, a bottle of claret, costing 6*l.* per dozen (without duty), and the lowest menial employed at Longwood a bottle of good Teneriffe wine daily; that the table of the fallen emperor himself was always served in a style at least answerable to the dignity of a general officer in the British service—this was never even denied. Passing from the interior, we conceive that we cannot do better than quote the language of one of his casual and impartial visiters, Mr. Ellis. "There never, perhaps," says this gentleman, "was a prisoner, so much requiring to be watched and guarded, to whom so much liberty and range for exercise was allowed. With an officer he may go over any part of the island: wholly unobserved, his limits extend four miles—partially observed, eight—and overlooked, twelve. At night, the sentinels certainly close round Longwood itself." It indeed appears impossible to conceive of a *prisoner* more liberally treated in all these respects. There remains the constantly repeated vituperation of the climate of St. Helena. It appears, however, by tables kept and published by Dr. Arnott, that the sick list of a regiment, stationed close to Buonaparte's residence during his stay, rarely contained more than one name out of forty-five—a proportion which must be admitted to be most remarkably small. In effect, the house of Longwood stands 2000 feet above the level of the sea; the ocean breezes purify the air continually; and within the tropics there is probably no healthier situation whatever. If it be said that Napoleon should not have been confined within the tropics at all—it is answered that it was *necessary* to remove him from the neighbourhood of the

countries in which his name was the watchword of rebellion and discord; and that, after all, Napoleon was a native of Corsica, one of the hottest climates in Europe, and was at all times, constitutionally, able to endure the extremes of heat much better than of cold—witness Egypt and Russia.

There was a rule that Napoleon's correspondence should all pass through the hands of the governor of St. Helena—and this Sir Walter Scott condemns. Had the English government acted on the Buonapartean model, they would have made no such regulation, but taken the liberty of privately examining his letters, and resealing them, after the fashion of the post-office under Lavallette. It diminishes our regret when we learn from Sir Walter Scott's next page, that in spite of all laws and severities, on this score, Napoleon and the companions of his exile contrived from the beginning to the end to communicate with their friends in Europe, without the supervision of any English authorities whatever.

The finishing touch is put to the picture of unworthy duplicity by one of Napoleon's own followers and most noisy champions, general Gourgaud.—This gentleman himself informed the English government, that at the time when Napoleon, in order to create the notion that his supplies were restricted beyond all endurance, sent some plate to James's Town to be broken up and sold, he, Napoleon, had in his strong box at Longwood at least £10,000 in gold coin.

There is one name which will descend to posterity laden with a tenfold portion of the abuse which Napoleon and his associates lavished on all persons connected in any degree with the superintendence and control of his captive condition—that of Sir Hudson Lowe, a general officer in the English army, who became governor of St. Helena in May, 1816, and continued to hold that situation down to the period of the ex-emperor's death, in 1821. The

vanity of Napoleon appears to have been wounded from the beginning by this appointment. According to him, no person ought in decency to have been intrusted with the permanent care of his detention, but some English nobleman of the highest rank. The answer is very plain, that the situation was not likely to find favour in the eyes of any such person; and when one considers what the birth and manners of by far the greater number of Buonaparte's own courtiers, peers and princes included, were, it is difficult to repress wonder in listening to this particular subject of complaint. Passing over this original quarrel—it appears that, according to Buonaparte's own admission, Sir Hudson Lowe endeavoured when he took his thankless office upon him, to place the intercourse between himself and his prisoner on a footing as gracious as could well be looked for under all the circumstances of the case; and that he, the ex-emperor, ere the governor had been a week at St. Helena, condescended to insult him to his face by language so extravagantly, intolerably, and vulgarly offensive, as never ought, under any circumstances whatever, to have stained the lips of one who made any pretension to the character of a gentleman. Granting that Sir Hudson Lowe was not an officer of the first distinction—it must be admitted that he did no wrong in accepting a duty offered to him by his government; and that Napoleon was guilty, not only of indecorum, but of meanness, in reproaching a man so situated, as he did almost at their first interview, with the circumstances—of which at worst it could but be said that they were not splendid—of his previous life. But this is far too little. Granting that Sir Hudson Lowe had been in history and in conduct, both before he came to St. Helena and during his stay there, all that the most ferocious libels of the Buonapartists have ever dared to say or to insinuate—it would still remain a theme of unmixed wonder and regret

that Napoleon Buonaparte should have stooped to visit on his head the wrongs which, if they were wrongs, proceeded, not from the governor of St. Helena, but from the English ministry, whose servant he was. "I can only account," says Mr. Ellis, "for his petulance and unfounded complaints from one of two motives—either he wishes by these means to keep alive an interest in Europe, and more especially in England, where he flatters himself he has a party; or his troubled mind finds an occupation in the tracasseries which his present conduct gives to the governor. If the latter be the case, it is in vain for any governor to unite being on good terms with him to the performance of his duty."

Napoleon did every thing he could to irritate this unfortunate governor. He called him *scrivener, thieftaker, liar, hangman;* rejected all his civilities as insults; encouraged his attendants to rival in these particulars the audacity of his own language and conduct; refused by degrees to take the exercise which his health required, on pretext that it did him more harm than good when he knew himself to be riding within view of English sentinels (which was not necessary at all within four miles of Longwood) or attended by an English officer—which was not necessary unless at the distance of twelve miles from Longwood: above all, opposed every obstacle to the enforcement of that most proper regulation which made it necessary that his person should, once in every twenty-four hours, be visible to some British officer. In a word, Napoleon Buonaparte bent the whole energies of his mighty intellect to the ignoble task of tormenting Sir Hudson Lowe; and the extremities of degradation to which these efforts occasionally reduced himself in the eyes of his own attendants are such as we dare not particularize, and as will be guessed by no one who has not read the memoir of his Italian doctor, Antommarchi.

Meantime, the great object was effectually attained. The wrongs of Napoleon, the cold cruelty of the English government, and the pestilent petty tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe, were the perpetual themes of table-talk all over Europe. There were statesmen of high rank in either house of the British parliament, who periodically descanted on these topics—and the answers as often elicited from the ministers of the crown, only silenced such declamations for the moment, that they might be renewed with increased violence, after time had elapsed sufficient to allow the news to come back to England with the comments of Longwood. The utter impossibility of an escape from St. Helena was assumed on all such occasions, with the obvious inference that there could be no use for sentinels and domiciliary visitations at Longwood, except for the gratification of malignant power. But it is now ascertained, that throughout the whole period of the detention, schemes of evasion were in agitation at St. Helena, and that agents were busy, sometimes in London, more frequently in North America, with preparations which had no other object in view. A steam-ship, halting just beyond the line of sight, might undoubtedly have received Napoleon at certain seasons of the year without difficulty, could he only contrive to elude the nocturnal vigilance of the sentinels about the house of Longwood: and that this was impossible, or even difficult, general Gourgaud himself does not hesitate to deny. The rumours of these plots reached from time to time Sir Hudson Lowe; and, quickening of course his fears and his circumspection, kept the wounds of jealousy and distrust continually open and angry.

There were moments, however, in which Napoleon appeared, to persons likely to influence public feeling in Europe by their reports, in attitudes of a far different description. When strangers of eminence (generally officers on their way to or from

India), halting at St Helena, requested and obtained permission to pay their respects at Longwood, Napoleon received them, for the most part, with the ease and dignity of a man superior to adversity.—It was by these worthier exhibitions that the fallen emperor earned the lofty eulogy of Byron:

"—Well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide,
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
When fortune fled her spoiled and favourite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled."

Among the visiters now alluded to was captain Basil Hall; and he has, perhaps, presented the world with the most graphic sketch of Napoleon as he appeared on such occasions at Longwood.—"Buonaparte," says this traveller, "struck me (Aug. 13, 1817) as differing considerably from all the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square—larger, indeed, in every way, than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent; though, at this period, it was generally believed in England that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct; and he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions. The brilliant and sometimes

dazzling expression of his eye could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindliness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore, he was at this time out of health and low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed; for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his face, indicated a frame in perfect health, and a mind at ease."

These favourable reports, from seemingly impartial witnesses, lent new wings to the tale of Sir Hudson Lowe's oppression; and perhaps the exile of St. Helena continued to fill a larger space in the eye of the world at large, than had ever before fallen to the lot of one, removed for ever, to all appearance, from the great theatre of human passions. It was then that Lord Byron thus apostrophized him:

"Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still—and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself—nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert."

And it was then that an English nobleman of high rank, who throughout manifested especial interest in the fortunes of Napoleon, inscribed his statue, in the gardens of Holland House, with the lines of Homer:

Οὐ γαρ πω τεθνηκεν ἐπι χθονι δῖος 'Οδυσσευς,
Αλλ' ἐπι τω ζωος κατερυκεται εὐρεῖ ποντῳ
Νησῳ ἐν ἀμφιρυτῃ· χαλεποι δε μιν ἀνδρες ἐχουσιν.*

* "The godlike Ulysses is not yet dead upon the earth;
He still lingers a living captive within the breadth of ocean,
In some unapproachable island, where savage men detain him."
ODYSS. book i. v. 195.

In ordinary times, the course of Napoleon's life at Longwood appears to have been as follows. He rose early, and, as soon as he was out of bed, either mounted on horseback, or began to dictate some part of the history of his life to Montholon or Gourgaud. He breakfasted *à la fourchette*, sometimes alone, sometimes with his suite, between 10 and 11 o'clock; read or dictated until between 2 and 3, when he received such visiters as he chose to admit. He then rode out, either on horseback or in his carriage, for a couple of hours, attended generally by all his suite; then read or dictated again until near eight, at which hour dinner was served. He preferred plain food, and ate plentifully. A few glasses of claret, less than an English pint, were taken during dinner; and a cup of coffee concluded the second and last meal of the day, as the first. A single glass of champaign, or any stronger wine, was sufficient to call the blood into his cheek. His constitutional delicacy of stomach, indeed, is said to have been such, that it was at all times actually impossible for him to indulge any of the coarser appetites of our nature to excess. He took, however, great quantities of snuff. A game of chess, a French tragedy read aloud, or conversation, closed the evening. The habits of his life had taught him to need but little sleep, and to take this by starts; and he generally had some one to read to him after he went to bed at night, as is common with those whose pillows are pressed by anxious heads.

Napoleon was elaborately careful of his person. He loved the bath, and took it at least once every day. His dress at St. Helena was generally the same which he had worn at the Tuilleries as emperor, viz., the green uniform faced with red, of the chasseurs of the guard, with the star and cordon of the legion of honour. His suite to the last continued to maintain around him, as far as was possible, the style and circumstance of his court.

As early as the battle of Waterloo, reports were prevalent in France that Napoleon's health was declining; yet we have already seen that, so late as April, 1817, no symptom of bodily illness could be traced in his external appearance. From this time, however, his attendants continued to urge, with increasing vehemence, the necessity of granting more indulgence, in consequence of the declining condition of his health; and although such suggestions were, for obvious reasons, listened to at first with considerable suspicion, there can be little doubt now, that in this matter the fame of Longwood spake truth.

Dr. Arnott, an English physician, already referred to, who attended on Napoleon's death-bed, has informed us that he himself frequently reverted to the fact, that his father died of scirrhus of the pylorus. "We have high authority," says this writer, "that this affection of the stomach cannot be produced without a considerable predisposition of the parts to disease. If, then, it should be admitted that a previous disposition of the parts to this disease did exist, might not the depressing passions of the mind act as an exciting cause? It is more than probable that Napoleon Buonaparte's mental sufferings in St. Helena were very poignant. By a man of such unbounded ambition, and who had once aimed at universal dominion, captivity must have been severely felt. I can safely assert, that any one of temperate habits, who is not exposed to much bodily exertion, night air, and atmospherical changes, may have as much immunity from disease in St. Helena as in Europe; and I may, therefore, farther assert, that the disease of which Buonaparte died was *not* the effect of climate."—It is added, that out of all Napoleon's family, which, including English and Chinese servants, amounted to fifty persons, only one individual died during the five years of their stay in St. Helena, and this man, an Italian major-domo, had brought the seeds of consumption with him from Europe.

In March, 1817, lord Holland made a solemn appeal to the British parliament on the subject of Napoleon's treatment, and was answered by lord Bathurst, in such a manner that no one could be found to second him. The intelligence of this appears to have exerted a powerful influence on the spirits of the captive. It was about the 25th of September, 1818, that his health began to be affected in a manner sufficient to excite alarm in Dr. O'Meara, who informed him, that unless he took regular exercise out of doors (which of late he had seldom done) the progress of the evil would be rapid. Napoleon declared, in answer, that he would never more take exercise while exposed to the challenge of sentinels. The physician stated, that if he persisted, the end would be fatal. "I shall have this consolation at least," answered he, "that my death will be an eternal dishonour to the English nation, who sent me to this climate to die under the hands of......." O'Meara again represented the consequences of his obstinacy. "That which is written, is written," said Napoleon, looking up, "our days are reckoned."

Shortly after this, O'Meara—being detected in a suspicious correspondence with one Holmes, Napoleon's pecuniary agent in London—was sent home by Sir Hudson Lowe; and Napoleon declining to receive any physician of the governor's nomination instead, an Italian, by name Antommarchi, was sent out by his sister Pauline. With this doctor there came also two Italian priests, whose presence Napoleon himself had solicited, and selected by his uncle, cardinal Fesch.

His obstinate refusal to take bodily exercise might have sprung in some measure from internal and indescribable sensations. To all Antommarchi's medical prescriptions he opposed the like determination. "Doctor," he said (14th October 1820), "no physicking; we are a machine made to live; we are

organized for that purpose, and such is our nature; do not counteract the living principle—let it alone—leave it the liberty of self-defence—it will do better than your drugs. Our body is a watch, intended to go for a given time. The watchmaker cannot open it, and must work at random. For once that he relieves or assists it by his crooked instruments, he injures it ten times, and at last destroys it."

With the health of Napoleon his mind sunk also. Some fishes in a pond in the garden at Longwood had attracted his notice; a deleterious substance happened to mix with the water—they sickened and died. "Every thing I love," said Napoleon, "every thing that belongs to *me*—is stricken. Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me." Fits of long silence and profound melancholy were now frequent. "In those days," he once said aloud, in a reverie, "in those days I was Napoleon. Now I am nothing—my strength, my faculties forsake me—I no longer live, I only exist."

When Sir Hudson Lowe was made aware of the condition of the captive, he informed the government at home; and by his majesty's desire, authority was immediately given for removing to St. Helena from the Cape any medical officer on whom Napoleon's choice might fall. This despatch did not, however, reach St. Helena until Napoleon had breathed his last.

About the middle of April, 1821, the disease assumed such an appearance, that Dr. Antommarchi became very anxious to have the advice of some English physician, and the patient at length consented to admit the visits of Dr. Arnott, already referred to. But this gentleman also was heard in vain urging the necessity of medical applications. "Quod scriptum scriptum," once more answered Napoleon;—"our hour is marked, and no one can claim a moment of life beyond what fate has predestined."

From the 15th to the 25th of April, Napoleon occupied himself with drawing up his last will; in which he bequeathed his orders, and a specimen of every article in his wardrobe, to his son. On the 18th he gave directions for opening his body after death, expressing a special desire that his stomach should be scrutinized, and its appearances communicated to his son. "The vomitings," he said, "which succeed one another without interruption, seem to show that of all my organs the stomach is the most diseased. I am inclined to believe it is attacked with the disorder which killed my father—a scirrhus in the pylorus—the physicians of Montpellier prophesied it would be hereditary in our family." He also gave directions to the priest Vignali as to the manner in which he wished his body to be laid out in a *chambre ardente* (a state-room lighted with torches). "I am neither a physician," said Napoleon, "nor a philosopher; I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of that church, and receive the assistance which she administers."

On the 3d of May, it became evident, that the scene was near its close. The attendants would fain have called in more medical men; but they durst not, knowing his feelings on this head; "even had he been speechless," said one of them, "we could not have brooked his eye." The last sacraments of the church were now administered by Vignali. He lingered on thenceforth in a delirious stupor. On the 4th, the island was swept by a tremendous storm, which tore up almost all the trees about Longwood by the roots. The 5th was another day of tempests; and about six in the evening, Napoleon—having pronounced the words "tête d'armée," passed for ever from the dreams of battle.

On the 6th of May, the body being opened by Antommarchi, in the presence of five British medi

cal men, and a number of the military officers of the garrison, as well as Bertrand and Montholon, the cause of death was sufficiently manifest. A cancerous ulcer occupied almost the whole of the stomach.

Napoleon desired, in his will, that his body should be buried "on the banks of the Seine, among the French people, whom he had loved so well." Sir Hudson Lowe could not, of course, expect the king of France to permit this to take place; and a grave was prepared among some weeping willows beside a fountain, in a small valley called *Slane's*, very near to Longwood. It was under the shade of these willows that the emperor had had his favourite evening seat; and it was there he had been heard to say, that if he must be interred in St. Helena, he should be pleased to lie.

The body of the emperor, clad in his usual uniform, was now exposed to public view, and visited accordingly by all the population of the island. The soldiers of the garrison passed the couch slowly, in single file; each officer pausing, in his turn, to press respectfully the frozen hand of the dead. On the 8th, his household, the governor, the admiral, and all the civil and military authorities of the place, attended him to the grave—the pall spread over his coffin being the military cloak which he wore at Marengo. The road not being passable for carriages, a party of English grenadiers bore Napoleon to his tomb. The admiral's ship fired minute guns, while Vignali read the service of his church. The coffin then descended amid a discharge of three volleys from fifteen cannon; and a huge stone was lowered over the remains of one who needs no epitaph.

Napoleon confessed more than once at Longwood that he owed his downfall to nothing but the extravagance of his own errors. "It must be owned," said he, "that fortune spoiled me. Ere I was thirty

years of age, I found myself invested with great power, and the mover of great events." No one, indeed can hope to judge him fairly, either in the brilliancy of his day, or the troubled darkness of his evening, who does not task imagination to conceive the natural effects, on a temperament and genius so fiery and daring, of that almost instantaneous transition from poverty and obscurity to the summit of fame, fortune, and power. The blaze which dazzled other men's eyes, had fatal influence on his. He began to believe that there was something superhuman in his own faculties, and that he was privileged to deny that any laws were made for him. Obligations by which he expected all besides to be fettered, he considered himself entitled to snap and trample. He became a deity to himself; and expected mankind not merely to submit to, but to admire and reverence, the actions of a demon. Well says the poet,

> "Oh! more or less than man—in high or low,
> Battling with nations, flying from the field;
> Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
> More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
> An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
> But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
> However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
> Look through thine own—nor curb the lust of war,
> Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star."

His heart was naturally cold. His school-companion, who was afterward his secretary, M. de Bourienne, confesses that, even in the spring of youth, he was very little disposed to form friendships.* To say that he was incapable of such feelings, or that he really never had a friend, would be to deny to him any part in the nature and destiny of his species.—No one ever dared to be altogether alone in the world. But we doubt if any man ever passed through life, sympathizing so slightly with

* Tres peu aimant.

mankind; and the most wonderful part of his story is, the intensity of sway which he exerted over the minds of those in whom he so seldom permitted himself to contemplate any thing more than the tools of his own ambition. So great a spirit must have had glimpses of whatever adorns and dignifies the character of man. But with him the feelings which bind love played only on the surface—leaving the abyss of selfishness untouched. His one instrument of power was genius; hence his influence was greatest among those who had little access to observe, closely and leisurely, the minuteness of his personal character and demeanour. The exceptions to this rule were very few.

Pride and vanity were strangely mingled in his composition. Who does not pity the noble chamberlain that confesses his blood to have run cold when he heard Napoleon—seated at dinner at Dresden among a circle of crowned heads—begin a story with "when I was a lieutenant in the regiment of La Fere?" Who does not pity Napoleon when he is heard speaking of some decorations in the Tuilleries, as having taken place "in the time of the king, my uncle?"*

This last weakness was the main engine of his overthrow. When he condescended to mimic all the established etiquettes of feudal monarchy—when he coined titles, and lavished stars, and sought to melt his family into the small circle of hereditary princes—he adopted the surest means which could have been devised for alienating from himself the affections of all the men of the revolution, the army alone excepted, and for reanimating the hopes and exertions of the Bourbonists. It is clear that thenceforth he leaned almost wholly on the soldiery. No civil changes could after this affect his real position. Oaths and vows, charters and concessions, all were

* *Louis XVI.* See Bourienne.

alike in vain. When the army was humbled and weakened in 1814, he fell from his throne, without one voice being lifted up in his favour. The army was no sooner strengthened and re-encouraged, than it recalled him. He reascended the giddy height, with the daring step of a hero, and professed his desire to scatter from it nothing but justice and mercy. But no man trusted his words. His army was ruined at Waterloo; and the brief day of the second reign passed, without a twilight, into midnight.

We are not yet far enough from Buonaparte to estimate the effects of his career. He recast the art of war; and was conquered in the end by men who had caught wisdom and inspiration from his own campaigns. He gave both permanency and breadth to the influence of the French revolution. His reign, short as it was, was sufficient to make it impossible that the offensive privileges of caste should ever be revived in France; and, this iniquity being once removed, there could be little doubt that such a nation would gradually acquire possession of a body of institutions worthy of its intelligence. Napoleon was as essentially and irreclaimably a despot as a warrior; but his successor, whether a Bourbon or a Buonaparte, was likely to be a constitutional sovereign. The tyranny of a meaner hand would not have been endured after that precedent.

On Europe at large he has left traces of his empire, not less marked or important. He broke down the barriers every where of custom and prejudice; and revolutionized the spirit of the continent. His successes, and his double downfall, taught absolute princes their weakness, and injured nations their strength. Such hurricanes of passion as the French revolution—such sweeping scourges of mankind as Napoleon Buonaparte, are not permitted, but as the avengers of great evils, and the harbingers of great good. Of the influence of both, as regards the

continent, it may be safely said—that even now we have seen only "the beginning of the end." The reigning sovereigns of Europe are, with rare exceptions, benevolent and humane men; and their subjects, no less than they, ought to remember the lesson of all history—that violent and sudden changes in the structure of social and political order, have never yet occurred, without inflicting utter misery upon at least one generation.

It was England that fought the great battle throughout, on the same principle, without flinching; and but for her perseverance, all the rest would have struggled in vain. It is to be hoped that the British nation will continue to see, and to reverence, in the contest and in its result, the immeasurable advantages which the sober strength of a free but fixed constitution possesses over the mad energies of anarchy on the one hand, and, on the other, over all that despotic selfishness can effect, even under the guidance of the most consummate genius.

THE END.

OCT 18 1916

VALUABLE WORKS,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS,

NEW-YORK.

AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. Complete in 4 vols. 8vo. Maps, &c.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE; with a View of the Progress of Society, from the Rise of the Modern Kingdoms to the Peace of Paris, in 1763. By WILLIAM RUSSELL, LL.D.: and a Continuation of the History to the Present Time, by WILLIAM JONES, Esq. With Annotations by an American. In 3 vols. 8vo. Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. With an Account of his Life and Writings. To which are added, Questions for the Examination of Students. By JOHN FROST, A.M. In 1 vol. 8vo. With a Portrait and Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. With a View of the Progress of Society in Europe, from the Subversion of the Roman Empire to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. To which are added, Questions for the Examination of Students. By JOHN FROST, A.M. Complete in 1 vol. 8vo. With Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI., till his Accession to the Crown of England. With a Review of the Scottish History previous to that period. To which is affixed

AN HISTORICAL DISQUISITION CONCERNING THE KNOWLEDGE THE ANCIENTS HAD OF INDIA; and the Progress of Trade with that Country prior to the Discovery of the Passage to it by the Cape of Good Hope. With an Appendix, containing Observations on the Civil Policy, the Laws and Judicial Proceedings, the Arts, the Sciences, and Religious Institutions of the Indians. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. Complete in 1 vol. 8vo. With Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. In 3 vols. 18mo. With Maps and Engravings.

LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 18mo. With an Engraving.

HISTORY OF CHIVALRY AND THE CRUSADES. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 18mo. With Engravings.

NARRATIVE OF DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE IN AFRICA. From the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. With Illustrations of its Geology, Mineralogy, and Zoology. By Professor JAMESON, and JAMES WILSON and HUGH MURRAY, Esqrs. 18mo. Map and Engravings.

NARRATIVE OF DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE POLAR SEAS AND REGIONS. With Illustrations of their Climate, Geology, and Natural History, and an Account of the Whale Fishery. By Professors LESLIE and JAMESON, and HUGH MURRAY, Esq. 18mo. Maps, &c.

PALESTINE, OR THE HOLY LAND. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By the Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

A VIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT. With an Outline of its Natural History. By the Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

HISTORY OF POLAND. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By JAMES FLETCHER, Esq. With a Narrative of the Recent Events, obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman. 18mo. With a Portrait of Kosciusko.

FESTIVALS, GAMES, AND AMUSEMENTS. Ancient and Modern. By HORATIO SMITH, Esq. 18mo. With Additions, by SAMUEL WOODWORTH, Esq., of New-York.

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE. By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Map of Palestine.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF BRITISH INDIA; from the most Remote Period to the Present Time. Including a Narrative of the early Portuguese and English Voyages, the Revolutions in the Mogul Empire, and the Origin, Progress, and Establishment of the British Power; with Illustrations of the Zoology, Botany, Climate, Geology, and Mineralogy. By HUGH MURRAY, Esq., JAMES WILSON, Esq., R. K. GREVILLE, LL.D., WHITELAW AINSLIE, M.D., WM. RHIND, Esq., Prof. JAMESON, Prof. WALLACE, and Captain CLARENCE DALRYMPLE. In 3 vols. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD, as displayed in the Creation and subsequent Events to the Deluge. Attempted to be philosophically considered, in a Series of Letters to a Son. By SHARON TURNER, F.S.A. 18mo.

HISTORY OF IRELAND. From the Anglo-Norman Invasion till the Union of the Country with Great Britain By W. C. TAYLOR, Esq. With Additions. By WIILLIAM SAMPSON, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY ON THE MORE NORTHERN COASTS OF NORTH AMERICA. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By P. F. TYTLER, Esq. With Descriptive Sketches of the Natural History of the North American Regions. By Professor WILSON. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

HISTORY OF CHARLEMAGNE. To which is prefixed an Introduction, comprising the History of France from the Earliest Period to the Birth of Charlemagne. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 18mo. With a Portrait.

SKETCHES FROM VENETIAN HISTORY. By the Rev. E. SMEDLEY, M.A. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

NUBIA AND ABYSSINIA. Comprehending their Civil History, Antiquities, Arts, Religion, Literature, and Natural History. By the Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED FEMALE SOVEREIGNS. By Mrs. JAMESON. In 2 vols. 18mo.

LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. By HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. By JOHN S. MEMES, LL.D. 18mo. With Portraits.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By J. G. LOCKHART, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mc. With Portraits.

THE LIFE OF NELSON. By ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE LIFE OF FREDERIC THE SECOND, King of Prussia. By LORD DOVER. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE LIFE AND ACTIONS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By Rev. J. WILLIAMS. 18mo. With a Map.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH. With Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons of the last Fifty Years. By Rev. GEORGE CROLY. 18mo.

LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON. By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K. B., LL. D., F.R.S. 18mo. Engravings.

THE LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT BRITISH PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq. In 5 vols. 18mo. With Portraits.

LIFE OF LORD BYRON. By J. GALT, Esq. 18mo.

THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED TRAVELLERS. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. In 3 vols. 18mo.

LECTURES ON GENERAL LITERATURE, POETRY, &c. Delivered at the Royal Institute in 1830 and 1831. By JAMES MONTGOMERY. 18mo.

THE HISTORY OF ARABIA. Ancient and Modern. Containing a Description of the Country—An Account of its Inhabitants, Antiquities, Political Condition, and Early Commerce—The Life and Religion of Mohammed—The Conquests, Arts, and Literature of the Saracens—The Caliphs of Damascus, Bagdad, Africa, and Spain—The Civil Government and Religious Ceremonies of the Modern Arabs—Origin and Suppression of the Wahabees—The Institutions, Character, Manners, and Customs of the Bedouins; and a Comprehensive View of its Natural History. By ANDREW CRICHTON. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGY, APPLIED TO THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH, AND TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL EDUCATION. By ANDREW COMBE, M.D. 18mo.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT. By JOHN BARROW, Esq. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS. With numerous Engravings. 18mo.

A POPULAR GUIDE TO THE OBSERVATION OF NATURE; or, Hints of Inducement to the Study of Natural Productions and Appearances, in their Connexions and Relations. By Robert Mudie. 18mo. With Engravings.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT of PERSIA, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time: with a Detailed View of its Resources, Government, Population, Natural History, and the Character of its Inhabitants, particularly of the Wandering Tribes: including a Description of Afghanistan and Beloochistan. By James B. Fraser, Esq. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

COURT AND CAMP OF BONAPARTE. With a Portrait of Talleyrand. 18mo.

FULL ANNALS OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE, 1830. To which is added, a Particular Account of the Celebration of said Revolution in the City of New-York, on the 25th November, 1830. By Myer Moses. 12mo.

LIFE MOHAMMED; Founder of the Religion of Islam, and of the Empire of the Saracens. By Rev. G. Bush, A.M. 18mo. With an Engraving.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY; or, an Historical Account of those Indians who have been distinguished among the North American Natives as Orators, Warriors, Statesmen, and Other Remarkable Characters. By B. B. Thatcher, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT; being a condensed Narrative of his Journeys in the Equinoctial Regions of America, and in Asiatic Russia: together with Analyses of his more important Investigations. By W. Macgillivray, A.M. 18mo. With Engravings.